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THE
LUCUBRATIONS
OF

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

V O L. IV.

L O N D O N;

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12059.

1907
1908
1909



T O T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
C H A R L E S,
L o r d H A L L I F A X.

*From the House at Hampton
Wick, April 2. 1711.*

My L O R D,



W H E N I first resolv'd up-
on doing myself this Ho-
nour, I could not but in-
dulge a certain Vanity in
dating from this little Co-
vert, where I have frequently had
the Honour of your Lordship's Com-
pany, and received from You very
many Obligations. The elegant Soli-
tude

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iv *The DEDICATION.*

tude of this Place, and the greatest Pleasures of it I owe to its being so near those beautiful Manors wherein you sometimes reside: It is not Retiring from the World, but Enjoying its most valuable Blessings, when a Man is permitted to share in your Lordship's Conversations in the Country. All the bright Images which the Wits of past Ages have left behind them in their Writings, the noble Plans which the greatest Statesmen have laid down for Administration of Affairs, are equally the familiar Objects of your Knowledge. But what is peculiar to your Lordship above all the illustrious Personages that have appeared in any Age, is, That Wit and Learning have from your Example fallen into a new *Ära*. Your Patronage has produced those Arts, which before shunned the Commerce of the World, into the Service of Life; and it is to you we owe, that the Man of Wit has turned himself to be a Man of Business. The false Delicacy of Men of Genius, and the Objections which others were apt to insinuate against their Abilities for entering into Affairs, have equally vanished

The DEDICATION. v

nished. And Experience has shewn, that Men of Letters are not only qualified with a greater Capacity, but also a greater Integrity in the Dispatch of Business. Your own Studies have been diverted from being the highest Ornament, to the highest Use to Mankind, and the Capacities which would have rendered you the greatest Poet of your Age, have to the Advantage of *Great Britain* been employed in Pursuits which have made you the most able and unbiassed Patriot. A vigorous Imagination, an extensive Apprehension, and a ready Judgment, have distinguished you in all the illustrious Parts of Administration, in a Reign attended with such Difficulties, that the same Talents without the same Quickness in the Possession of them would have been incapable of conquering. The natural Success of such Abilities has advanced you to a Seat in that illustrious House, where you were received by a Crowd of your Relations. Great as you are in your Honours, and Personal Qualities, I know you will forgive an humble Neighbour, the Vanity of pretending to

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a Place in your Friendship, and subscri-
bing himself,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obliged, and

Most Devoted Servant,

Richard Steele



THE P R E F A C E.



*I*n the last Tatler I promised some Explanation of Passages and Persons mentioned in this Work, as well as some Account of the Assurances I have had in the Performance. I shall do this in very few Words; for when a Man has no Design but to speak plain Truth, he may say a great Deal in a very narrow Compass. I have, in the Dedication of the First Volume made my Acknowledgments to Dr. Swift, whose pleasant Writings, in the Name of Bickerstaff, created an Inclination in the Town towards any Thing that could appear in the same Disguise. I must acknowledge also, that at my first entering upon this Work, a certain uncommon Way of Thinking, and a Turn in Conversation peculiar to that agreeable Gentleman, rendered his Company very advantageous to one whose Imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common Subjects, though at the same Time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten Method. His Verses on the Shower in Town, and the Description of the Morning, are Instances of the Happiness of that Genius, which could raise such pleasing Ideas upon Occasions so barren to an ordinary Imagination.

The P R E F A C E.

WHEN I am upon the House of Bickerstaff, I must not forget that Genealogy of the Family sent to me by the Post, and Written, as I since understand, by Mr. Twifden, who died at the Battle of Mons, and has a Monument in Westminster-Abbey, suitable to the Respect which is due to his Wit and his Valour. There are through the Course of the Work very many Incidents which were written by unknown Correspondents. Of this Kind is the Tale in the second Tatler, and the Epistle from Mr. Downes the Prompter, with others which were very well received by the Publick. But I have only one Gentleman, who will be names't, to thank for any frequent Assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denyed to one with whom he has lived in an Intimacy from Childhood, considering the great Ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining Pieces of this Nature. This good Office he performed with such Force of Genius, Humour, Wit and Learning, that I saved like a distressed Prince, who calls in a powerful Neighbour to his Aid; I was undone by my Auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without Dependence on him.

THE same Hand writ the distinguishing Characters of Men and Women under the Names of Musical Instruments, the Distress of the News-writers, the Inventory of the Play-house, and The Description of the Thermometer, which I cannot but look upon as the greatest Embellishments of this Work.

THUS far I thought necessary to say relating to the great Hands which have been concerned in these Volumes, with Relation to the Spirit and Genius of the Work; and am far from pretending to Modesty in making this Acknowledgment. What a Man obtains from the Good Opinion and Friendship of worthy Men, is a much greater Honour than he can pos-
sibly

THE PREFACE.

libly reap from any Accomplishments of his own. But all the Credit of Wit which was given me by the Gentlemen above-mentioned (with whom I have now accounted) has not been able to atone for the Exceptions made against me for some Raillery in Behalf of that learned Advocate for the Episcopacy of the Church, and the Liberty of the People, Mr. Hoadley. I mention'd this only to defend myself against the Imputation of being moved rather by Party than Opinion; and I think it is apparent, I have with the utmost Frankness allowed Merit where-ever I found it, though joined in Interests different from those for which I have declared myself. When my Patronus is acknowledged to be Dr. Smalridge, and the amiable Character of the Dean in the Sixty-sixth Tatler, drawn for Dr. Atterbury; I hope I need say no more as to my Impartiality.

I really have acted in these Cases with Honesty, and am concerned it should be thought otherwise. For Wit, if a Man had it, unless it be directed to some useful End, is but a wanton frivolous Quality; all that one should value himself upon in this Kind is, that he had some honourable Intention in it.

AS for this Point, never Hero in Romance was carried away with a more furious Ambition to conquer Giants and Tyrants, than I have been in extirpating Comedians and Duellists. And indeed, like one of those Knights too, tho' I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again, when the Thing that first disturbed me, is presented to my Imagination. I shall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with Windmills no more: Only shall be so arrogant as to say of myself, that in Spight of all the Force of Fashion and Prejudice, in the Face of all the World, I alone bewailed the Condition of an English Gentleman, whose Fortune and Life are at this Day precarious; while his Estate

THE PREFACE.

is liable to the Demands of Gamesters, through a false Sense of Justice, and to the Demands of Duellists, through a false Sense of Honour. As to the first of these Orders of Men, I have not one Word more to say of them: As to the latter, I shall conclude all I have more to offer against them (with Respect to their being prompted by the Fear of Shame) by applying to the Duellist what I think Dr. South says somewhere of the Liar, He is a Coward to Man, and a Brave to GOD.



THE



THE
T A T L E R:

BY

Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq;*

V O L. IV.

— *Timeo Danaos & dona ferentes.* Virg.

I fear the Grecians when they Presents bring.

Nº 199.

Tuesday, June 27, 1710.

Sheer Lane, June 26.



and Benefactors.

THERE are some Occasions in Life, wherein Regard to a Man's self is the most pitiful and contemptible of all Passions; and such a Time certainly is when the true publick Spirit of a Nation is run into a Faction against their Friends which discover the real Sorrow I am in at the Oblivion, that it is now very much so in Great Britain, and have had the Honour to be pelted with several Equilles

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to expostulate with me on that Subject. Among others, one from a Person of the Number of those they call *Speakers*, who seems to admonish me out of pure Zeal and Good-will. But as there is no Character so unjust as that of talking in Party upon all Occasions, without Respect to Merit or Worth on the contrary Side; so there is no Part we can act so justifiable as to speak our Mind when we see Things urged to Extremity, against all that is Praise-worthy or valuable in Life, upon general and groundless Suggestions. But if I have talked too frankly upon such Reflections, my Correspondent has laid before me, after his Way, the Error of it in a Manner that makes me indeed thankful for his Kindness, but the more inclinable to repeat the Imprudence from the Necessity of the Circumstance.

Friend Isaac,

*The 23d of the 6th Month,
which is the Month June.*

FORASMUCH as I love thee, I cannot any longer refrain declaring my Mind unto thee concerning some Things. Thou didst thy self indite the Epistle in one of thy late Lucubrations, as thou wouldst have us call them: For verily thy Friend of Stone, and I speak according to Knowledge, hath no Fingers; and though he hath a Mouth, yet speaketh he not therewith; nor yet did that Epistle at all come unto thee from the Mansion-house of the Scarlet-Whore. It is plain therefore, that the Truth is not in thee: But since thou wouldst lie, couldst thou not lie with more Discretion? Wherefore shouldst thou insult over the Afflicted, or add Sorrow unto the Heaviness of Heart? Truly this Gall proceedeth not from the Spirit of Meekness. I tell thee moreover, the People of this Land be marvelously given to Change; insomuch that it may likely come to pass, that before thou art many Years nearer to thy Dissolution, thou may'st behold him sitting on a high Place whom thou now laughest to Scorn: And then how wilt thou be glad to humble thy self to the Ground, and lick the Dust of his Feet, that thou may'st find Favour in his Sight? If thou didst meditate as much upon the Word, as thou dost upon the profane Scribblings of

o. The TATLER. 3

wife ones of this Generation, thou wouldst have embred what happened unto *Simei*, the Son of the *Benjamite*, who cursed the good Man *David* his Distracts. *David* pardoned his Transgression, was he afterwards taken as in a Snare by the words of his own Mouth, and fell by the Sword of ~~now~~ the chief Ruler. Furthermore, I do not remember to have heard in the Days of my Youth and City, when, like thine, my Conversation was with Gentiles, that the Men of *Rome*, which is *Babylon* ever sued unto the Men of *Carthage*, for Tranquility, as thou dost aver: Neither was *Hannibal*, Son of *Hamilcar*, called Home by his Country, till these saw the Sword of their Enemies at their eyes; and then was it not Time for him, thinkest thou, to return? It appeareth therefore that thou prophesy backwards; thou dost row one Way look another; and indeed in all Things art thou much a Time-server; yet seemest thou not to consider what a Day may bring forth. Think of this, and : Tobacco.'

Thy Friend,

Aminadab.

the zealous Writer of the above Letter has any ing, it is of too high a Nature to be the Subject of Lucubrations. I shall therefore wave such high, and be as useful as I can to Persons of less Motion than any he hints at. When a Man runs into a Fame in the World, as he meets with a great deal of Reproach which he does not deserve, so does he great deal of Esteem to which he has in himself pretensions. Were it otherwise, I am sure no one would offer to put a Law-Case to me: But because I am Adept in Physick and Astrology, they will needs persuade me that I am no less a Proficient in all other sciences. However, the Point mentioned in the following Letter is so plain a one, that I think I need trouble myself to cast a Figure to be able to dis-

The

Mr. Rickerstaff.

- I T is some Years ago since the Entail of the F
- of our Family was altered, by passing a Fir
- Favour of me (who now am in question of it)
- some others decreed. The Heirs General who
- beyond Sea, were excluded by the Settlement
- the whole Estate is to pass in a new Charter a
- and my Heirs. But several Tenants of the F
- persuade me to let them hereafter hold their F
- me according to the old Customs of the Par
- not oblige them to act by the Limitations o
- Settlement. This, they say, will make me
- pular among my Dependants, and the ancient
- the Estate, to whom any Deviation from t
- Succession is always invidious.

Sbrer. La

S I R,

- Y OU have by the Fine a plain Ri
- none else of your Family can be
- titor; for which Reason, by all Means
- callage upon that Title. The contrar
- be given for no other Purpose in Natur
- you, and favour other Pretenders, I
- place a Right which is in you only
- with a Right which you have in Com
- I am,

S I R,

Your most F.

The TATLER.

5

ESSE are great Evils; but since there is no pro-
with Success in this World, without complying
Arts of it, I shall use the same Method as my
indent's Tenant's did with him, in Relation to
om I never had a Kindness for; but shall, not-
ling, presume to give him my Advice.

ckerstaff, Esq; of Great Britain, to Lewis XIV.
of France.

UR Majesty will pardon me while I take the
liberty to acquaint you, that some Passages writ-
your Side of the Water do very much obstruct your
We take it very unkindly that the Princes of Pa-
is very partial in Favour of one Set of Men among
treat the others as irreconcilable to your Interests.
riters are very large in recounting any Thing which
to the Figure and Power of one Party, but are
when they should represent the Actions of the other.
trifling Circumstance many here are apt to lay some-
on; therefore I thought fit to offer it to your Con-
n before you dispatch the next Courier.

I. B.



Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas. . Juv.
be sake of Life to lose the Means of Living.

Thursday, June 29, 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 28.

All the Evils under the Sun, that of making
Vice commendable is the greatest: For it seems
the Basis of Society, that Applause and Contempt
be always given to proper Objects. But in this
behold Things, for which we ought to have an
ence, not only received without Disdain, but even
as Motives of Emulation. This is naturally the
tion of Simplicity of Manners, Openness of
Heart.

Heart, and Generosity of Temper. When one give one's self the Liberty to range, and run over in one's Thoughts the different Genius's of Men which one meet in the World, one cannot but observe, that most of the Indirection and Artifice which is used among Men, doe not proceed so much from a Degeneracy in Nature, as an Affectation of appearing Men of Consequence by such Practices. By this Means it is, that a cunning Man is so far from being ashamed of being esteem'd such, that he secretly rejoices in it. It has been a Sort of Maxim, That the greatest Art is to conceal Art; but I know not how, among some People we meet with their greatest Cunning is to appear cunning. There is *Polypragmon* makes it the whole Business of his Life to be thought a cunning Fellow, and thinks it a much greater Character to be terrible than agreeable. When it has once enter'd into a Man's Head to have an Ambition to be thought crafty, all other Evils are necessary Consequences. To deceive, is the immediate Endevour of him who is proud of the Capacity of doing it. It is certain, *Polypragmon* does all the Ill he possibly can, but pretends to much more than he performs. He is contented in his own Thoughts, and hugs himself in his Closet, that though he is locked up there and doing nothing, the World does not know but that he is doing Mischief. To favour this Suspicion, he gives Half Looks and Shrugs in his general Behaviour, to give you to understand that you don't know what he meant. He is also wonderfully adverbial in his Expressions, and breaks off with a Perhaps and a Nod of the Head upon Matters of the most indifferent Nature. It is a mighty Practice with Men of this Genius to avoid frequent Appearance in Publick, and to be as mysterious as possible when they do come into Company. There is nothing to be done, according to them, the Common Way and let the Matter in Hand be what it will, it must be carried with an Air of Importance, and transacted, as we may so speak, with an ostentatious Secrecy. They are your Persons of long Heads, who would fain make the World believe their Thoughts and Ideas are very much superior to their Neighbours, and do not value what ~~these~~ their Neighbours think of them, provide
the

they do not reckon them Fools. These have such a Romantick Touch in Business, that they hate to perform any Thing like other Men. Were it in their Choice, they had rather bring their Purposes to bear by over-reaching the Persons they deal with, than by a plain and simple Manner. They make Difficulties for the Honour of surmounting them. *Polypragmon* is eternally busied after this Manner, with no other Prospect than that he is in hopes to be thought the most cunning of all Men, and fears the Imputation of the want of Understanding much more than that of the Abuse of it. But alas! How contemptible is such an Ambition, which is the very Reverse of all that is truly laudable, and the very Contradiction to the only Means to a just Reputation, Simplicity of Manners! Cunning can in no Circumstance imaginable be a Quality worthy a Man, except in his own Defence, and merely to conceal himself from such as are so; and in such Cases it is no longer Craft, but Wisdom. The monstrous Affectation of being thought artful, immediately kills all Thoughts of Humanity and Goodness, and gives Men a Sense of the soft Affections and Impulses of the Mind (which are imprinted in us for our mutual Advantage and Succour) as of meer Weaknesses and Follies. According to the Men of Cunning, you are to put off the Nature of a Man as fast as you can, and acquire that of a Demon, as if it were a more eligible Character to be a powerful Enemy, than an able Friend. But it ought to be a Mortification to Men affected this Way, that there wants but little more than Instinct to be considerable in it; for when a Man has arrived at being very bad in his Inclination, he has not much more to do but to conceal himself, and he may revenge, cheat, and deceive without much Employment for Understanding, and go on with great Chearfulness with the high Applause of being a prodigious cunning Fellow. But indeed, when we arrive at that Pitch of false Taste, as not to think Cunning a contemptible Quality, it is methinks, a very great Injustice that Pick pockets are had in so little Veneration, who must be admirably well turned, not only for the Theoretick, but also the practical Behaviour of cunning Fellows. After all the Endeavours of

this Family of Men whom we call cunning, their whole Work falls to Pieces, if others will lay down all Esteem for such Artifices, and treat it as an unmanly Quality which they forbear to practice only because they are able to do it. When the Spider is ranging in the different Apartments of his Web, it is true, that he only can weave so fine a Thread; but it is in the Power of the meer Drone that has Wings to fly through and destroy it.

Will's Coffee-house, June 28.

THO' the Taste of Wit and Pleasure is at present very low in this Town, yet there are some that preserve their Relish undebauched with common Impressions, and can distinguish between Reality and Imposture. A Gentleman was saying here this Evening that he would go to the Play to morrow Night to Heroism as it has been represented by some of our Tragedians, represented in Burlesque. It seems, that the Play of *Alexander* is to be then turned into Ridicule by its Bombast, and other false Ornaments in the Thought as well as the Language. The ~~Character~~ *Alexander* now is as much inconsistent with the Character of an Hero as the Roughness of *Clytus*, an Instance of the Sincerity of a bold artless Soldier. To be plain is not to be rude but rather inclines a Man to Civility and Deference; not indeed to shew it in the Gestures of the Body, but in the Sentiments of the Mind. It is, among other Things, from the impertinent Figures unskilful Dramatists draw of the Character of Men, that Youth is bewildered and prejudiced in their Sense of the World of which they have no Notions but what they draw from Books and such Representations. Thus talk to a young Man, let him be of never so good Sense, and shall smile when you speak of Sincerity in a Courtier, good Sense in a Soldier, or Honesty in a Politician. The Reason of this is, That you hardly see one Place wherein each of these Ways of Life is not drawn by Hands that know nothing of any one of them; and Truth is so far of the opposite Side to what they paint that it is more impracticable, to live in Esteem in Court than any where else, without Sincerity. Good Sense

the great Requisite in a Soldier, and Honestly the only Thing that can support a Solonician. This Way of Thinking made the Gentleman of whom I was just now speaking, say, He was glad any one had taken upon him to depreciate such unnatural Fustian as the Tragedy of *Alexander*. The Character of that Prince indeed was, That he was unequal, and given to Intemperance; but in his sober Moments, when he had warm in his Imagination the Precepts of his great Instructor, he was a Pattern of generous Thoughts and Dispositions, in Opposition to the strongest Desires which are incident to a Youth and Conqueror. But instead of representing that Hero in the glorious Character of Generosity and Chastity, in his Treatment of the beautiful Family of *Darius*, he is drawn all along as a Monster of Lust, or of Cruelty; as if the Way to raise him to the Degree of an Hero, were to make his Character as little like that of a worthy Man as possible. Such rude and indigested Draughts of Things are the proper Objects of Ridicule and Contempt, and Depreciating *Alexander*, as we have him drawn, is the only Way of restoring him to what he was in himself. It is well contrived of the Players to let this Part be followed by a true Picture of Life, in the Comedy called, *The Chances*, wherein *Don John* and *Constantia* are acted to the utmost Perfection. There need not be a greater Instance of the Force of Action than in many Incidents of this Play, where indifferent Passages, and such that conduce only to the tacking of the Scenes together, are enlivened with such an agreeable Gesture and Behaviour, as apparently shews what a Play might be, tho' it is not wholly what a Play should be.





Tecum vivere amem, tecum obitum lubens.

Hor.

I could avillingly live and die with you.

No 192.

Saturday, July 1, 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

SOME Years since I was engaged with a Coach full of Friends to take a Journey as far as the *Land's End*. We were very well pleased with one another the first Day, every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good Humour and Complaisance to the rest of the Company. This good Correspondence did not last long; one of our Party was fowred the very first Evening by a Plate of Butter which had not been melted to his Mind, and which spoiled his Temper to such a Degree, that he continued upon the Frost to the End of our Journey. A Second fell off from his good Humour the next Morning, for no other Reason that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the Coach before him, and place myself on the shady Side. This however was but my own private Grief, for he did not mention a Word of it, nor indeed of any Thing else, for three Days following. The rest of our Company held out very near Half the Way, when on a sudden Mr. *Spiggle*'s fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy Behaviour, till we came to our last Stage. There were three of us who still held up our Heads, and did all we could to make our Journey agreeable; but, to my Shame be it spoken, about three Miles on this Side *Faxter*, I was taken with an unaccountable Fit of Sullenness, that hung

hung upon me for above three-four Miles; whether it were for want of Respect, or from an accidental Tread upon my Foot, or from a foolish Maid's calling me *The old Gravel-walker*, I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good Humour to the *last* of *us*.

T H E R E was another Coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret Jealousies, Heart burnings, and Animosities. For when we joined Companies at Night, I could not but take Notice that the Passengers neglected their own Company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether Strangers to them; till at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflected upon this Journey, I often fancy it to be a Picture of Human Life, in respect to the several Friendships, Contrasts, and Alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several Periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting Engagements are generally those which pass between Man and Woman; and yet upon what Trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken? Sometimes the Parties fly asunder even in the Midst of Courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very Honey Month. Some separate before the first Child, and some after the fifth; others continue good till thirty, others till forty, while some few, whose Souls are of a happier Make, and better fixed to one another, travel on together to the End of their Journey in a continual Intercourse of kind Offices and mutual Endearments.

W H E N we therefore chuse our Companions for Life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good Humour to the last Stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the Choice we make, as well as in the Conduct on our Part. When the Persons in whom we join ourselves can stand an Examination, and bear the Scrutiny, when they mend upon our Acquaintance with them, and discover new Beauties the more we search into their Characters, our Love will naturally rise in Proportion to their Perfections.

B U T because there are very few possessed of such *Accomplishments of Body and Mind*, we ought to look
also

after those Qualifications both in ourselves and others which are indispensibly necessary towards this happy Union, and which are in the Power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. Those in my Opinion, are Chearfulness and Constancy. A chearful Temper joined with Innocence will make Behaviour attractive, Knowledge delightful, and Wit good nature. It will lighten Sickness, Poverty, and Affliction, convert Ignorance into an amiable Simplicity, and render Domesticity itself agreeable.

CONSTANCY is natural to Persons of steady Tempers and uniform Dispositions, and may be acquired by those of the greatest Fickleness, Violence of Passion, who consider seriously the Terms of Union upon which they come together, the mutual Interests which they are engaged, with all the Motives which ought to incite their Tenderness and Compassion towards those who have their Dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for Life in the same Boat of Happiness or Misery. Constancy, when it grows into the Mind upon Considerations of this Nature, becomes a moral Virtue, and a kind of good Nature, that is subject to any Change of Health, Age, Fortune, or of those Accidents which are apt to unsettle the Dispositions, that are founded rather in Constitution than in Reason. Where such a Constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed Passion may fall away, Coldness and Indifference, and the most melting Tenderness degenerate into Hatred and Aversion. I shall conclude this Paper with a Story that is very well known in the North of *England*.

ABOUT thirty Years ago, a Packet-Boat had several Passengers on Board was cast away upon a Rock, and in so great Danger of sinking, that those who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, though only those who could swim had a bare Possibility of doing it. Among the Passengers there were two Women of Fashion, who being themselves in such a disconsolate Condition, begged of their Husbands not to leave them. One of the Men chose rather to die with his Wife, than to survive her; the other, though he was moved with the unusual

Comy

Compassion for his Wife, told her, That for the Good of their Children it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great Piece of good Luck, next to a Miracle, when one of our good Men had taken the last and long Farewel in order to save himself, and the other held in his Arms the Person that was dearer to him than Life, the Ship was preserved. It is with a secret Sorrow and Vexation of Mind that I must tell the Sequel of the Story, and let my Reader know, that this faithful Pair who were ready to have died in each other's Arms, about three Years after their Escape, upon some trifling disgust grew to a Coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a Degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other Couple lived together in an uninterrupted Friendship and Felicity; and what was remarkable, the Husband, whom the Shipwreck had like to have separated from his Wife, died a few Months after her, not being able to survive the Loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the Changeableness and Inconstancy of Human Nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this Principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my Friend, or myself? In short, without Constancy there is neither Love, Friendship, or Virtue, in the World.





*Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat Et quid amicit,
Quo sit amore parens, quo sint amandus Et hæses,
Scribere personæ sit conventientia cuique.* Hor.

*He who knows what he owes to his Country and his Friends,
what Degree of Affection is due to his Father, his Brother
and a Stranger; he, I say, understands how to
give every Man his just Character.*

N^o 193.

Tuesday, July 4, 1710.

Will's Coffee house, July 3.

I HAVE of late received many Epistles, wherein the Writers treat me as a mercenary Person for some little Hints concerning Matters which they think I should not have touched upon but for sordid Considerations. It is apparent, That my Motive could not be of that Kind; for when a Man declares himself openly on one Side, that Party will take no more Notice of him, because he is sure; and the Set of Men whom he declares against, for the same Reason are violent against him. Thus it is Folly in a Plain Dealer to expect, that either his Friends will reward him, or his Enemies forgive him. For which Reason, I thought it was the shortest Way to Impartiality, to put myself beyond further Hopes or Fears, by declaring myself, at a Time when the Dispute is not about Persons and Parties, but Things and Causes. To relieve myself from the Vexation which naturally attends such Reflections, I came hither this Evening to give my Thoughts quite a new Turn, and converse with Men of Pleasure and Wit, rather than those of Humours and Intrigue. I had hardly entered the Room when I was accosted by Mr *Thermon's* *Traget*, who desired my Favour in Relation to the *Play* which was to be acted for his Benefit on *Thursday*. *He* pleased me in saying it was *The Old Batchelor*, in which

which Comedy there is a necessary Circumstance observ'd by the Author, which most other Poets either overlook or do not understand, that is to say, the Distinction of Characters. It is very ordinary with Writers to indulge a certain Modesty of believing all Men as witty as themselves, and making all the Persons of the Play speak the Sentiments of the Author, without any manner of Respect to the Age, Fortune or Quality, of him that is on the Stage. Ladies talk like Rakes, and Footmen make Similies: But this Writer knows Men; which makes his Plays reasonable Entertainments, while the Scenes of most others are like the Tunes between the Acts. They are perhaps agreeable Sounds, but they have no Ideas affixed to them. *Dogget* thanked me for my Visit to him in the Winter, and, after his Comick Manner, spoke his Request with so arch a Leer, that I promised the Drote I would speak to all my Acquaintance to be at this Play.

WHATSOEVER the World may think of the Actors, whether it be that their Parts have an Effect on their Lives, or whatever it is, you see a wonderful Benevolence among them towards the Interests and Necessities of each other. *Dogget* therefore would not let me go, without delivering me a Letter from poor old *Dowen* the Prompter, wherein that Retainer to the Theatre desires my Advice and Assistance in a Matter of concern to him. I have sent him my private Opinion for his Conduct; but the Stage and the State Affairs being so much canvassed by Parties and Factions, I shall for some Time hereafter take Leave of Subjects which relate to either of them, and employ my Cares in the Consideration of Matters, which regard that Part of Mankind, who live without interressing themselves with the Troubles or Pleasures of either. However, for a meer Notion of the present Pollaxe of the Stage, I shall give you the Letter at large as follows.

Honoured Sir,

July 1, 1710.

FINDING by divers of your late Papers, that you are a Friend to the Profession of which I am many Years an unworthy Member, I the rather make bold to crave your Advice touching a Proposal that has been lately made me of coming again into Business, and the Sub Administration

nistration of Stage Affairs. I have, from my Youth, been bred up behind the Curtain, and been a Prompter from the Time of the Restoration. I have seen many Changes, as well of Scenes as of Actors, and have known Men within my Remembrance arrive to the highest Dignities of the Theatre, who made their Entrance in the Quality of Mutes, Joint-Stools, Flower-pots, and Tapestry Hangings. It cannot be unknown to the Nobility and Gentry, That a Gentleman of the Inns of Court, and a deep Intriguer, had some Time since worked himself into the sole Management and Direction of the Theatre. Nor is it less notorious, That his restless Ambition, and subtle Machinations, did manifestly tend to the Extirpation of the good old British Actors, and the Introduction of foreign Pretenders; such as Harlequins, French Dancers, and Roman Singers; which, though they impoverish'd the Proprietors, and imposed on the Audience, were for some Time tolerated, by Reason of his dextrous Insinuations, which prevailed upon a few deluded Women, especially the Vizard Masks, to believe that the Stage was in Danger. But his Schemes were soon expos'd, and the Great ones that supported him withdrawing their Favour, he made his Exit, and remained for a Season in Obscurity. During this Retreat the Machiavilian was not idle, but secretly fomented Divisions, and wrought over to his Side some of the inferior Actors, reserving a Trap Door to himself, to which only he had a Key. This Entrance secured, this cunning Person, to complete his Company, betought himself of calling in the most eminent Strollers from all Parts of the Kingdom. I have seen them all ranged together behind the Scenes; but they are many of them Persons that never trod the Stage before, and so very awkward and ungainly, that it is impossible to believe the Audience will bear them. He was looking over his Catalogue of Plays, and indeed pick'd up a good tolerable Set of grave Faces for Counsellors, to appear in the famous Scene of Venice preserv'd, when the Danger is over; but they being but mere Outfide, and the Actors having a great Mind to play The Tempest, there is not a Man of them, when he is to perform any thing above Dumb Show, is capable of acting with a good Grace so much as the Part of Trinculo. However the Master persists in his Design, and is sitting

setting up the old Storm; but I am afraid he will not be able to procure able Sailors or experienced Officers for Love or Money.

BESSIDES all this, when he comes to cast the Parts, there is so great a Confusion amongst them for Want of proper Actors, that for my Part I am wholly discouraged. The Play with which they design to open is, 'The Duke and no Duke; and they are so put to it, that the Master himself is to act the Conjuror, and they have no one for the General but honest George Powell.

NOW, Sir, they being so much at a Loss for the Dramatic Personæ, viz. the Persons to enact, and the whole Frame of the House being designed to be altered, I desire your Opinion, Whether you think it advisable for me to undertake to prompt 'em? For though I can clasp Swords when they represent a Battle, and have yet Lungs enough left to pursue their Victories, I question, if I should prompt 'em right, whether they would act accordingly. I am

Your Honour's most humble Servant,

J. Deane.

P. S. Sir, since I writ this, I am credibly informed, That they design a new House in Lincoln's Inn Fields, near the Popish Chapel, to be ready by Michaelmas next, which indeed is but repairing an old one that has already failed. You know the honest Man who kept the Office is gone already.



Militat omnis amans. Ovid.

Every Lover is a Soldier.

From my own Apartment, July 5.

I WAS this Morning reading the Tenth Canto in the Fourth Book of *Spencer*, in which Sir Soudamere relates the Progress of his Courtship to Amoret under a
very

very beautiful Allegory, which is one of the most natural and unmixed of any in that most excellent Author. I shall transprose it, to use Mr. *Bur*'s Term, for the Benefit of many *English* Lovers, who have by frequent Letters desired me to lay down some Rules for the Conduct of their virtuous Amours; and shall only premise, That by the Shield of Love, is meant a generous, constant Passion for the Person beloved.

WHEN the Faine, says he, of this celebrated Beauty first flew abroad, I went in Pursuit of her to the *Temple of Love*. This Temple, continues he, bore the Name of the Goddess *Venus*, and was seated in a most fruitful Island, walled by Nature against all Invaders. There was a single Bridge that led into the Island, and before it a Castle garrisoned by twenty Knights. Near the Castle was an open Plain, and in the Midst of it a Pillar, on which was hung the Shield of Love; and underneath it, in Letters of Gold, was this Inscription.

*Happy the Man who well can use his Rist;
If best-ever be the Shield, Fair Amoret be his.*

MY Heart panted upon reading the Inscription: I struck upon the Shield with my Spear. Immediately issued forth a Knight well mounted, and compleatly arm'd, who, without speaking, ran fiercely at me. I received him as well as I could, and by good Fortune threw him out of the Saddle. I encounter'd the whole twenty successively, and leaving them all extended on the Plain, carried off the Shield in Token of Victory. Having thus vanquished my Rivals, I passed on without Impediment, till I came to the utmost Gate of the Bridge, which I found locked and barred. I knocked and called, but could get no Answer. At last I saw one on the other Side of the Gate, who stood peeping through a small Crevice. This was the Porter: he had a double Face resembling a *Jannu*, and was continually looking about him, as if he mistrusted some sudden Danger. His Name, as I afterwards learned, was *Puck*. Over-against him sat *Deceit*, who entertained Passengers with some idle Story, while they lost such Opportunities as were never to be recovered. As soon as the Porter saw

m)

my Shield, he opened the Gate; but upon my entering, *Deloy* caught hold of me, and would fain have made me listen to her Fooleries. However, I shook her off, and passed forward till I came to the second Gate, *The Gate of Good Desert*, which always stood wide open, but in the Porch was an hideous Giant, that stopp'd the Entrance; his Name was *Dogger*. Many Warriors of good Reputation, not able to bear the Sternness of his Look, went back again. Cowards fled at the first Sight of him; except some few, who watching their Opportunity slipped by him unobserved. I prepared to assault him; but upon the first Sight of my Shield, he immediately gave Way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder Parts much more deformed and terrible than his Face, *Hatred*, *Murder*, *Treason*, *Envy*, and *Detraction*, lying in Ambush behind him, to fall upon the Heavels and Unwary.

I now enter'd *The Island of Love*, which appeared in all the Beauties of Art and Nature, and feasted every Sense with the most agreeable Objects. Amidst a pleasing Variety of Walks and Allies, shady Seats, and flowery Banks, sunny Hills, and gloomy Vallies, were Thousands of Lovers sitting, or walking together in Pairs, and singing Hymns to the Deity of the Place.

I could not forbear envying this happy People, who were already in Possession of all they could desire. While I went forward to the Temple, the Structure was beautiful beyond Imagination. The Gate stood open. In the Entrance sat a most amiable Woman, whose Name was *Concord*.

ON either Side of her stood two young Men, both strongly armed, as if afraid of each other. As I afterwards learned, they were both her Sons, but begotten of her by two different Fathers; their Names *Love* and *Hatred*.

THE Lady so well tempered and reconciled them both, that she forced them to join Hands, though I could not but observe, that *Hatred* turned aside his Face, as not able to endure the Sight of his Younger Brother.

I at length enter'd the inmost Temple, the Roof of which was raised upon an hundred Marble Pillars, decked with Crowns, Chains and Garlands. The Ground was strewed with Flowers. An hundred Altars, at each of
which

which stood a Virgin Priestess clothed in White, blaz'd all at once with the Sacrifice of Lovers, who were perpetually sending their Vows to Heaven in Clouds of Incense.

IN the Midst stood the Goddess herself, upon an Altar, whose Substance was neither Gold nor Stone, but infinitely more precious than either. About her No less numberless Flocks of little *Leaves*, *Jays* and *Grace* and all about her Altar lay scattered Heaps of *Love*, complaining of the Disdain, Pride or Treachery of the Mistresses. One among the rest, no longer able to contain his Griefs, broke out into the following Prayer:

'*JENUS*, Queen of Grace and Beauty, Joy
' Gods and Men, who with a Smile becalmest the Sea
' and renewest all Nature; Goddess, whom all the diversest Species in the Universe obey with Joy and Fidelity,
' sure, grant I may at last obtain the Object of my Vow

THE impatient Lover pronounced this with great Vehemence; but I, in a soft Murmur, besought the Goddess to lend me her Assistance. While I was thus praying, I chanced to cast my Eye on a Company of Ladies who were assembled together in a Corner of the Temple waiting for the Anthem.

THE foremost seem'd something elder and of a more composed Countenance than the rest, who all appear'd to be under her Direction. Her Name was *Womanlike*. On one Side of her sat *Shamefastness*, with Blushes rising in her Cheeks, and her Eyes fixed on the Ground: On the other was *Cheerfulness*, with a smiling Look, that infused a secret Pleasure into the Hearts of all that saw her. With these sat *Modesty*, holding her Hand on her Head; *Courtesy*, with a graceful Aspect, and obliging Behaviour; and the two Sisters, who were always linked together and resembled each other, *Silence* and *Obedience*.

*Thus sat they all around in family Rate,
And in the midst of them a gentle Maid,
Even in the Lap of Womanhood there sat,
The which was all in like white array'd;
Where Silver Streams among the Linen play'd,
Like to the Morn, when first her rising Face,
Hath to the gloomy World begun to ray'd.*

*That same was fairest Amoret in Place, (Grace.
Shining with Beauty's Light, and Heavenly Virtue's*

AS soon as I beheld the charming *Amoret*, my Heart throbb'd with Hopes. I stepped to her, and seized her Hand; when *Humankind* immediately rising up, sharply rebuked me for offering in so rude a Manner to lay hold on a Virgin. I excus'd myself as modestly as I could, and at the same Time display'd my Shield; upon which, as soon as she beheld the God emblazon'd with Honour and Shaks, she was struck mute, and instantly retir'd.

I still held fast fair *Amoret*, and turning my Eyes towards the Goddess of the Place, saw that she favour'd my Pretensions with a Smile, which so embolden'd me, that I carried off my Prize.

THIS Maud, sometimes with Tears, sometimes with Smiles, intreated me to let her go. But I led her through the Temple Gate, where the Goddess's *Concord*, who had favour'd my Entrance, behiended my Retreat.

THIS Allegory is so natural, that it explains itself. The Persons in it are very artfully described, and disposed in proper Places. The Poets assigned to *Doubt*, *Delay*, and *Danger*, are admirable. The Gate of *Good Descent* has something noble and instructive in it. But above all, I am most pleas'd with the beautiful Groupe of Figures in the Corner of the Temple. Among these *Humankind* is drawn like what the Philosophers call an universal Nature, and is attended with beautiful Representatives of all those Virtues that are the Ornaments of the Female Sex, considered in its natural Perfection and Innocence.



N^o 195.

Saturday, July 8, 1710.

Græcian Coffee-house, July 7.

THE learned World are very much offended at many of my Ratiocinations, and have but a very mean Opinion of me as a Politician. The Reason of this is, That some erroneously conceive a Talent for Politics to consist in the Regard to a Man's own Interest; but I am of quite another Mind, and think the first and essential Quality towards being a Statesman, is to have a publick Spirit. One of the Gentlemen, who are out of Humour with me, imputes my falling into a Way, wherein I am so very awkward, to a Barrenness of Invention, and has the Charity to lay new Matter before me for the future. He is at the Bottom my Friend, but is at a Loss to know whether I am a Fool or a Physician, and is pleased to expostulate with me with Relation to the latter. He falls heavy upon Licentiates, and seems to point more particularly at us who are not regularly of the Faculty. But since he has been so civil to me as to meddle only with those who are employed no further than about Mens Lives, and not reflected upon me as of the Allopathical Sect, who concern ourselves about Lives and Fortunes also, I am not so much hurt as to stile any Part of his good Letter.

S I R,

I am afraid there is something in the Suspicion of some People, that you began to be short of Matter for your *Tatlers*. Though several of them were and then did appear somewhat dull and insipid to me, I was always charitably inclined to believe the Fault lay in my self, and that I wanted the true Key to decipher your Mysteries, and to make your Discourse more upon the clew. But since I have seen you fall into an unparadisaical Error, you

with

with a Relapse; I mean, since I have seen you turn Politician in the present unhappy Disposition, I have begun to stagger, and could not chuse but lessen the great Value I had for the Censor of our Life. How is it possible that a Man, whose Interest did naturally lead to a constant Impartiality in these Matters, and who hath Wit enough to judge, that his Opinion was not like to make many People happy, even is it possible, I say, that a little Passion (for I have still too good an Opinion of you to think you was misled by the staggering Party) could blind you so far as to offend the very better Half of the Nation, and to lessen off so much the Number of your Friends? Mr. Morphew will not have Cause to thank you, unless you give over, and endeavour to regain what you have lost. There is still a great many Things you have left untouched: Such as the ill Managements of Matters relating to Law and Physick; the sitting down Rules for knowing the Quacks in both Professions. What a large Field is there left in discovering the Abuse of the College, who had a Charter and Privileges granted them to hinder the creeping in and preventing of Quacks and Pretenders; and yet grant Licences to Rowlers, and write Letters of Commendation to the Country Towns, out of the Reach of their Practice, in Favour of meer Roges, valuing the Health and Lives of their Country even no further than they get Money by them. You have said very little or nothing about the Depopulation of the Shire in Town and Country, where Church and the Conscience is their Master.

BUT as I can't expect that the Censor of Great Britain should publish a Letter, wherein he is confuted with too much Reason himself; yet I hope you will be the better for it, and think upon the Things I have mentioned, which must certainly be of greater Service to the World, yourself, and Mr. Morphew, than to let us know whether you are a Whig or a Tory. I am still

Your Admirer and Servant,

Geo. Junius.

THIS Gentleman and I differ about the Words, Staggering and better Part; but instead of answering to the Particulars of this Epistle, I shall only acquaint my Correspondent, That I am at present forming my Thoughts

Thoughts upon the Foundation of Sir *Sindamore's* Progress in *Spencer*, which has led me from all other Amusements, to consider the State of Love in this Island; and from the Corruptions in the Government of that to reduce the chief Evils of Life. In the mean Time that I am thus employed, I have given positive Orders to *Don Saltero* of *Chelsea* the Tooth drawer, and *Dr. Thomas Smith* the Corn cutter of *King Street, Westminster*, (who have the Modesty to confine their Pretensions to Manual Operations) to bring me in, with all convenient Speed, compleat Lists of all who are but of equal Learning with themselves, and yet administer Physick beyond the Feet and Gums. These Advices I shall reserve for my future Leisure; but have now taken a Resolution to dedicate the remaining Part of this Instant *July* to the Service of the Fair Sex, and have almost finished a Scheme for settling the whole Remainder of that Sex who are unmarried, and above the Age of Twenty-five.

IN order to this good and publick Service, I shall consider the Passion of Love in its full Extent, as it is attended both with Joys and Inquietudes; and lay down, for the Conduct of my Lovers, such Rules as shall banish the Cares, and heighten the Pleasures, which flow from that amiable Spring of Life and Happiness. There is no less than an absolute Necessity that some Provision be made to take off the dead Stock of Women in City, Town, and Country. Let there happen but the least Disorder in the Streets, and in an Instant you see the Inequality of the Numbers of Males and Females. Besides that the Feminine Crowd on such Occasions is more numerous in the open Way, you may observe them also to the very Chariots huddled together, four at least at a Casement. Add to this, that by an exact Calculation of all that have come to Town by Stage Coach or Waggon for this Twelvemonth last, three Times in four the treated Persons have been Males. This Over stock of Beauty, for which there are so few buyers, calls for an immediate supply of Lovers and Husbands; and I am the studious Knight Errant who have suffered long nocturnal Contemplations to find out Methods for the Relief of all *British* Females, who at present seem to be

be devoted to involuntary Virginity. The Scheme upon which I design to act, I have communicated to none but a beauteous young Lady, (who has for some Time left the Town) in the following Letter:

To *Amanda in Kent.*

MADAM,

I SEND with this, my Discourse of Ways and Means for encouraging Marriage, and re-peopling the Island. You will soon observe, that according to these Rules, the mean Considerations (which make Beauty and Merit cease to be the Objects of Love and Courtship) will be fully exploded. I have unanswerably proved, that Jointures and Settlements are the Bane of Happiness, and not only so, but the Ruin even of their Fortunes who enter into them. I beg of you therefore to come to Town upon the Receipt of this, where I promise you, you shall have as many Lovers as Toasters; for there needed nothing but to make Men's Interests fall in with their Inclinations, to render you the most courted of your Sex. As many as love you will now be willing to marry you: Hasten then, and be the honourable Mistress of Mankind. Cassander, and many others, stand in the Gate of Good Desert to receive you. I am,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient,

Most humble Servant,

Quas Bickerstaff.





*Dulcis inexperto cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit* —————

Hor.

*An unexperienced Novice is fond of the Friendship of a
great Man, but the experienced dread it.*

N^o 196.

Tuesday, July 11, 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 10.

THE intended Course of my Studies was altered this Evening by a Visit from an old Acquaintance, who complained to me, mentioning one upon whom he had long depended, that he found his Labour and Perseverance in his Patron's Service and Interests wholly ineffectual; and he thought now, after his best Years were spent in a professed Adherence to him and his Fortunes, he should in the End be forced to break with him, and give over all further Expectations from him. He sighed, and ended his Discourse, by saying, You, Mr. *Censor*, some Time ago gave us your Thoughts of the Behaviour of great Men to their Creditors. This Sort of Demand upon them, for what they invite Men to expect, is a Debt of Honour, which, according to Custom, they ought to be most careful of paying, and would be a very worthy Subject for a Lucubration.

Of all Men living, I think, I am the most proper to treat of this Matter; because in the Character and Employment of *Censor*, I have had Encouragement so infinitely above my Desert, that what I say cannot possibly be supposed to arise from Peevishness, or any Disappointment in that Kind, which I myself have met with. When we consider Patrons and their Clients, those who receive Addresses, and those who are addressed to, it must not be understood that the Dependants are such as are worthless in their Natures, abandoned to any Vice or Dishonour, or such as without a Call

all themselves upon Men in Power; nor when we Patron, do we mean such as have it not in their
ver, or have no Obligation to add their Friends;

we speak of such Leagues where there are Power
Obligation on the one Part, and Merit and Expec-
on on the other. Were we to be very particular on
Subject, I take it, that the Division of Patron and
ut may include a third Part of our Nation. The
nt of Merit and real Worth will strike out about
ety nine in the Hundred of these, and Want of Abil-

in the Patron will dispose of as many of that
er. He who out of mere Vanity to be applied to

take up another's Time and Fortune in his Service,
se he has no Prospect of returning it, is as much
e unjust, as those who took up my Friend the Up-
ler's Goods without paying him for them; I say,
is as much more unjust, as our Life and Time is
e valuable than our Goods and Moveables. Among

by whom you see about the Great, there is a con-
ed well pleased Set, who seem to like the Atten-
ce for its own Sake, and are early at the Abodes of
Powerful, out of mere Fashion. This Sort of Va-

is as well grounded, as if a Man should lay aside
own plain Suit, and dress himself up in a gay Livery
mother's.

THERE are many of this Species who exclude
rs of just Expectation, and make those proper De-
sants appear impatient, because they are not so
nsful as those who expect nothing. I have made Ute
the Penny post for the Instruction of these voluntary
res, and informed them, that they will never be
ided for; but they double their Diligence upon Ad-
miration. *Hill-Grady* has told his Friends, that he

to have the next Thing, took ten Years; and
y *Luger* has been fourteen within a Month of a
iderable Office. However, the fantastick Complai-
e which is paid to them, may blind the Great
a seeing themselves in a just Light; they must
ds (if they in the least reflect) at some Times have
ense of the Injustice they do in raising in others a

Expectation. But this is so common a Practice in
he Sings of Power, that there are not more Crip-
ples

ples come out of the Wars, than from the Attendance of Patrons. You see in one a settled Melancholy, in another a brulled Rage, a third has lost his Memory, and a fourth his whole Constitution and Humour. In a Word, when you see a particular Call of Mind or Body, which looks a little upon the Distracted, you may be sure the poor Gentleman has formerly had great Friends. For this Reason I have thought it a prudent Thing to take a Nephew of mine out of a Lady's Service, where he was a Page, and have bound him to a Shoemaker.

BUT what, of all the Humours under the Sun, is the most pleasant to consider, is, That you see some Men lay as it were a Set of Acquaintance by them, to converse with when they are out of Employment, who had no Effect of their Power when they were in. Here Patrons and Clients both make the most fantastical Figure imaginable. Friendship indeed is most manifested in Adversity; but I do not know how to behave myself to a Man who thinks me his Friend at no other Time but that. *Dick Reptile* of our Club had this in his Head t'other Night, when he said, I am afraid of all News when I am visited by any of my old Friends. These Patrons are a little like some fine Gentlemen, who spend all their Hours of Gaiety with their Wenches, but when they fall sick, will let no one come near them but their Wives. It seems, Truth and Honour are Companions too sober for Frolics. It is certainly the most black Ingratitude to accept of a Man's best Endeavours to be pleasing to you, and return it with Indifference.

I am so much of this Mind, that *Dick Fop*, sent the Comedian, for coming one Night to our Club, tho' he laughed at us all the Time he was there, shall have our Company at his Play on *Tinctor*. A Man of Talents is to be favoured, or never admitted. Let the ordinary World truck for Money and Wares, but Men of Spirit and Conversation should in every Kind do others as much Pleasure as they receive from them. But Men are so taken up with outward Forms, that they do not consider their Actions; else how should it be, that a Man shall deny that to the Entreaties, and almost Treat

Tears of an old Friend, which he shall solicit a new one to accept of? I remember when I first came out of *Staffordshire*, I had an Intimacy with a Man of Quality, in whose Gift there fell a very good Employment. All the Town cried, There's a Thing for Mr. *Bickerstaff*! When to my great Astonishment, I found my Patron had been forced upon Twenty Artificers to surprize a Man with it who never thought of it. But sure it is a Degree of Murder to amuse Men with vain Hopes. If a Man takes away another's Life, where is the Difference, whether he does it by taking away the Minutes of his Time, or the Drops of his Blood? But indeed, such as have Hearts barren of Kindness are served accordingly by those whom they employ, and pass their Lives away with an empty Show of Civility for Love, and an insipid Intercourse of a Commerce in which their Affections are no way concerned. But on the other Side how beautiful is the Life of a Patron who performs his Duty to his Inferiors! A Worthy Merchant who employs a Crowd of Artificers! A great Lord, who is generous and merciful to the several Dependencies of his Tenants! A Countess, who uses her Credit and Power for the Welfare of his Friends! These have in their several Stations a quick Relish of the exquisite Pleasure of doing Good. In a Word, good Patrons are like the Guardian Angels of *Plato*, who are ever busy, tho' unseen, in the Care of their Wards, but ill Patrons are like the Demies of *Epicurus*, sloping, indolent, and unconcerned, tho' they see Storms in Storms and Tempests even while they are ordering Instructions to their Power.





Semper ego Auditor tantum? ———

Juw.

Still shall I only hear?

N^o 197.

Thursday, July 13, 1710.

Gravian Coffee house, July 12.

WHEN I came hither this Evening, the Man of the House delivered me a Book very finely bound. When I received it, I overheard one of the Boys whisper another, and say, It was a fine Thing to be a great Scholar! What a pretty Book that is! It has indeed a very gay Outside, and is dedicated to me by a very ingenious Gentleman, who does not put his Name to it, The Title of it, (for the Work is in Latin, is, *Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum, ad Dom. M. Ortunum Gratium, Volumina II. &c.* "The B-pistles of the obscure Writers to Ortunus, &c." The Purpose of the Work is signified in the Dedication, in very elegant Language, and fine Raillery. It seems this is a Collection of Letters which some profound Blockheads, who lived before our Times, have written in Honour of each other, and for their mutual Information in each other's Absurdities. They are mostly of the German Nation, whence from Time to Time Inundations of Writers have flowed, more pernicious to the learned World, than the Swarms of Goths and Vandals to the Politick. It is, methinks, wonderful, that Fellows could be awake, and utter such incoherent Conceptions, and converse with great Gravity like learned Men, without the least Taste of Knowledge or good Sense. It would have been an endless Labour to have taken any other Method of exposing such Impertinencies, than by an Edition of their own Works, where you see their Collier, according to the Ambition of such Virtuosi, in a most correct Edition.

LOOK.

LOOKING over these accomplished Labours, I could not but reflect upon the immense Load of Writings which the Commonality of Scholars have pushed into the World, and the Absurdity of Parents who educate Children to spend their Time in Pursuit of such cold and fruitless Endeavours to appear in publick. It seems therefore a fruitless Labour to attempt the Correction of the Taste of our Contemporaries, except it was in our Power to burn all the senseless Labours of our Ancestors. There is a secret Propensity in Nature from Generation to Generation, in the Blockheads of one Age to admire those of another; and Men of the same Imperfections are as great Admirers of each other, as those of the same Abilities.

THIS great Mischief of voluminous Follies proceeds from a Misfortune which happens in all Ages, that Men of barren Genius's, but fertile Imagination, are bred Scholars. This may at first appear a Paradox; but when we consider the talking Creatures we meet in publick Places, it will no longer be such. *Ralph Shallow* is a young Fellow, that has not by Nature any the least Propensity to strike into what has not been observed and said every Day of his Life by others; but with that Inability of speaking any Thing that is uncommon, he has a great Readiness at what he can speak of, and his Imagination runs into all the different Views of the Subject he treats of in a Moment. If *Shallow* had Learning added to the common Chit Chat of the Town, he would have been a Disputant upon all Topics that ever were considered by Men of his own Genius. As for my Part I never am teased by any empty Town Fellow, but I bless my Stars that he was not bred a Scholar. This Addision, we must consider, would have made him capable of maintaining his Follies. His being in the Wrong would have been protected by suitable Arguments; and when he was hedged in by logical Terms, and false Appearances, you must have owned yourself convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the Shame of his Triumph had been added to the Pain of his Impertinence.

THERE is a Sort of Littleness in the Minds of Men of wrong Sense, which makes them much more insat-

Insufferable than meer Fools, and has the further Inconvenience of being attended by an endless Loquacity. For which Reason, it would be a very proper Work, if some Well wisher to human Society would consider the Terms upon which People meet in publick Places, in order to prevent the unseasonable Declarations which we meet with there. I remember, in my Youth it was an Humour at the University, when a Fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, and had formed to himself a Plot to gain all our Admiration, or triumph over us with an Argument, to either of which he had no manner of Call; I say, in either of these Cases, it was the Humour to shut one Eye. This whimsical Way of taking Notice to him of his Absurdity, has prevented many a Man from being a Coxcomb. If amongst us, on such an Occasion each Man offered a voluntary Eloquentian four Shillings, it would probably produce the same Effect. As the Matter now stands, whether a Man will or no, he is obliged to be informed in whatever another pleases to entertain him with, tho' the Preceptor makes these Advantages out of Vanity, and not to instruct, but insult him.

THERE is no Man will allow him who wants Courage to be called a Soldier; but Men who want good Sense, are very frequently not only allowed to be Scholars, but esteemed for being such. At the same Time it must be granted, that as Courage is the natural Parts of a Soldier, so is a good Understanding of a Scholar. Such little Minds as these, whose Productions are collected in the Volume to which I have the Honour to be Patron, are the Instruments for artful Men to work with, and become popular with the unthinking Part of Mankind. In Courts, they make transparent Flatterers; in Camps, ostentatious Bullies; in Colleges, unintelligible Pedants; and their Faculties are used accordingly by those who lead them.

WHEN a Man who wants Judgment is admitted into the Conversation of reasonable Men, he shall remember such improper Circumstances, and draw such groundless Conclusions from their Discourse, and that with such Colour of Sense, as would divide the best Set of Company that can be got together. It is just thus
with

with a Fool who has a Familiarity with Books; he shall quote and recite one Author against another, in such a Manner as shall puzzle the best Understanding to refute him; though the most ordinary Capacity may observe, that it is only Ignorance that makes the Intricacy. All the true Use of that we call Learning, is to enoble and improve our natural Faculties, and not to disguise our Imperfections. It is therefore in vain for Folly to attempt to conceal itself by the Refuge of learned Languages. Literature does but make a Man more eminently the Thing which Nature made him; and *Poë glottes*, had he studied less than he has, and writ only in his Mother Tongue, had been known only in *Great Britain* for a Pedant.

Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Dorinda, and will both answer her Letter, and take her Advice.



Quale sit id quod amas velis circumspice mentis.

Et tua castra substruere collis iuge.

Ovid.

*Be cautious upon what you fix your Affections, and with-
draw your Neck from the Yoke.*

From my own Apartment, July 14.

The History of Celina.

IT is not necessary to look back into the first Years of this young Lady, whose Story is of Consequence only as her Life has lately met with Passages very uncommon. She is now in the 20th Year of her Age, and owes a strict, but cheerful Education, to the Care of an Aunt, to whom she was recommended by her dying Father, whose Decease was hastened by an uncontrollable

Affliction for the Loss of her Mother. As *Celia* is the Offspring of the most generous Passion that has been known in our Age, she is adorned with as much Beauty and Grace as the most celebrated of her Sex possess; but her Domestick Life, moderate Fortune, and religious Education, gave her but little Opportunity, and less Inclination, to be admired in publick Assemblies. Her Abode has been for some Years a convenient Distance from the Cathedral of *St. Paul's*, where her Aunt and she chose to reside for the Advantage of that rapturous Way of Devotion which gives Ecstasy to the Pleasures of Innocence, and, in some Measure, is the immediate Possession of those Heavenly Enjoyments for which they are addressed.

AS you may trace the usual Thoughts of Men in their Countenances, there appeared in the Face of *Celia*, a Cheerfulness, the constant Companion of unafflicted Virtue; and a Gladness, which is as inseparable from true Piety. Her every Look and Motion spoke the peaceful, mild, resigning, humble Inhabitant, that animated her beauteous Body. Her Air discovered her Body a meer Machine of her Mind, and not that her Thoughts were employed in studying Graces and Attractions for her Person. Such was *Celia* when she was first seen by *Polander* at her usual Place of Worship. *Polander* is a young Man of two and twenty, well-furnished, learned, genteel and discreet, the Son and Heir of a Gentleman of a very great Estate, and himself possessed of a plentiful one by the Gift of an Uncle. He became enamoured with *Celia*, and after having learned her Habitation, had Address enough to communicate his Passion and Circumstances with such an Air of good Sense and Integrity, as soon obtained Permission to visit and profess his Inclinations towards her. *Polander's* present Fortune and future Expectations were no Way prejudicial to his Addresses; but after the Lovers had passed some Time in the agreeable Entertainments of a successful Courtship, *Celia* one Day took Occasion to interrupt *P. L. M. D.* in the Middle of a very pleasing Discourse of the Happiness he promoted himself in so accomplished a Companion; and assuming a serious Air, told him, there was another Heart to be won, before he gained hers, which was that of his Father.

Palamack seemed much disturbed at the Overture, lamented to her, That his Father was one of those provident Parents, who only place their Thoughts in bringing Riches into their Families by Marriages, are wholly insensible of all other Considerations. But Strictness of *Cecilia's* Rules of Life made her resist this Demand; and the Son, at a proper Hour, communicated to his Father the Circumstances of his Love, and the Merit of the Object. The next Day she made her a Visit. The Beauty of her Person, same of her Virtue, and a certain irresistible Character whole Behaviour on so tender and delicate an Occasion, wrought so much upon him, in Spite of all Reflections, that he hastened the Marriage with an Impulse equal to that of his Son. Their Nuptials were united with a Privacy suitable to the Character and will of *Cecilia*, and from that Day, till a fatal one Week, they lived together with all the Joy and Happiness which attend Minds entirely united.

It should have been intimated, that *Palamack* is a son of the Temple, and usually retired thither early in the Morning, *Cecilia* still sleeping.

It happened a few Days since, that she followed thither to communicate to him something she had read in her redundant Fondness to speak of the Eve before.

When she came to his Apartment, the servant there told her, she was coming with a Letter. While *Cecilia* in an inner Room was reading a apology from her Husband, That he had been taken by some of his Acquaintance to dine at *St. Paul's*, but that he should return in the Evening, a pretty Girl, decently clad, asked, If those were not Chambers of Mr. *Palamack's*? She was answered, *Yes*, were, but that he was not in Town. The Woman asked, when he was expected at Home? The Girl replied, She would go in and ask his Wife. The young Woman repeated the Word Wife, and fainting Accident raised no less Curiosity than Amazement, *Cecilia*, who caused her to be removed into the inner Room. Upon proper Applications to revive her, the pretty young Creature returned to herself, and said *Yes*, with an earnest and beseeching Tone, Are you really

really

really Mr. *Palamede's* Wife? *Cælia* replies, I hope not look as if I were any other in the Condition you me. The Stranger answered, No, Madam, he is Husband. At the same Instant she threw a Bund Letters into *Cælia's* Lap, which confirmed the 'Tru what she asserted. Their mutual Innocence and So made them look at each other as Partners in Distress ther than Rivals in Love. The Superiority of *Cælia's* Understanding and Genius, gave her an Authority examine into this Adventure as if she had been off against, and the other the Delinquent. The Stranger spoke in the following Manner.

MADAM,

If it shall please you, Mr. Palamede having an of a good Estate near Winchester, was bred at the there, to gain the more his Good-will by bring in his His Uncle died, and left him the Estate, which my hand now has. When he was a meer Youth, he f. Affections on me; but when he could not gain his En married me; making me and my Mother, who is a mer's Widow, swear we would never tell it upon an count whatsoever; for that it would not look we him to marry such a one as me; besides, that his f would cut him off of the Estate. I was glad to him in an honest Way, and he now and then cam stoyed a Night and away at our House. But very he came down to see us, with a fine young Gentleman Friend, who stoyed behind there with us, pretend like the Place for the Summer; but ever since I Palamede went, he has attempted to abuse me; and hither to acquaint him with it, and avoid the wick tentions of his false Friend.

CÆLIA had no more Room for Doubt, by her Rival in the same Agonies she felt herself. He returns in the Evening, and finding his Wife Chambers, learned all that had passed, and hasten *Cælia's* Lodgings.

It is much easier to imagine than express the ments of either the Criminal or the Injured at th encounter.

AS soon as *Palamede* had found Way for Speech, he confessed his Marriage, and his Placing his Companion on Purpose to vitiate his Wife, that he might break through a Marriage made in his Nonage, and devote his riper and knowing Years to *Celia*. She made him no Answer, but retired to her Closet. He returned to the Temple, where he soon after received from her the following Letter.

S I R,

YOU, who this Morning were the best, are now the worst of Men who breath vital Air. I am at once overwhelmed with Love, Hatred, Rage and Disdain. Can Infamy and Innocence live together? I feel the Weight of the one too strong for the Comfort of the other. How bitter, Heaven, how bitter is my Portion! How much have I to say! but the Infant which I bear about me flirs with my agitation. I am, *Palamede*, to live in Shame, and this Creature be Heir to it. Farewel for ever.

N^o 199.

Tuesday, July 18, 1710.

WHEN we revolve in our Thoughts such Catastrophes as that in the History of the unhappy *Celia*, there seems to be something so hazardous in the Changing a single State of Life into that of Marriage, that (it may happen) all the Precautions imaginable are not sufficient to defend a Virgin from Ruin by her Choice. It seems a wonderful Inconsistence in the Distribution of publick Justice, that a Man who robs a Woman of an Ear ring or a Jewel, should be punished with Death; but one who by false Arts and Insinuations should take from her her very Self is only to suffer Disgrace. This excellent young Woman has nothing to console herself with, but the Reflection that her Sufferings are not the Effect of any Guilt or Misconduct,

duſt, and has for her Protection the Influence of a Power, which, amidſt the unjuſt Reproach of all Mankind, can give not only Patience, but Pleaſure to Innocence in Diſtreſs.

AS the Perſon, who is the Criminal againſt *Celia*, cannot be ſufficiently puniſhed according to our preſent Law; ſo are there numberleſs unhappy Perſons without Remedy according to preſent Cuſtom. That great Ill which has prevailed among us in theſe later Ages, is the Making even Beauty and Virtue the Purchase of Money. The Generality of Parents, and ſome of thoſe of Quality, inſtead of looking out for introducing Health of Conſtitution, Frankneſs of Spirit, or Dignity of Countenance, into their Families, lay out all their Thoughts upon finding out Matches for their Eſtates, and not their Children. You ſhall have one form a Plot for the Good of his Family, that there ſhall not be fix Men in *England* capable of pretending to his Daughter. A ſecond ſhall have a Son obliged, out of meer Diſcretion, for fear of doing any Thing below himſelf, to follow all the Drabs in Town. Theſe ſage parents meet; and as there is no Laſh, no Courtſhip, between the young Ones, it is no unpleaſant Obſervation to behold how they proceed to Treaty. There is ever in the Behaviour of each ſomething that denotes his Circumſtance; and honeſt *Coupler* the Conveyancer, ſays, he can diſtinguiſh upon ſight of the Parties, before they have opened any Point of their Buſineſs, which of the two has the Daughter to ſell; *Coupler* is of our Club, and I have frequently heard him declaim upon this Subject, and aſſert, that the Marriage-Settlements which are now uſed, have grown fashionable even within his Memory.

WHEN the Theatre in ſome late Reigns owed its chief Support to thoſe Scenes which were written to put Marriamony out of Countenance, and render that State terrible, then was it that Pin Money firſt prevailed, and all the other Articles inſerted which create a Diſſidence; and intimate to the young People, that they are never ſoon to be in a State of War with each other: Thoſe had ſeldom happened, except the Fear of it had been expreſſed. *Coupler* will tell you alſo, that Jointures were never frequent till the Age before his own; but
the

Women were contented with the third Part of the Law allotted them, and scorned to engage Men whom they thought capable of abusing their pen. He has also informed me, that those, who the oldest Benchers when he came to the Temple, him, the first Marriage Settlement of considerable Sum, was the Invention of an old Serjeant, who took Opportunity of two telly Fathers, who were ever biling, to bring about an Alliance between their son. These Fellows knew each other to be Knaves, the Serjeant took hold of their mutual Diffidence, to Benefit of the Law, to extend the Settlement to Skins of Parchment.

Is this great Benefactor to the Profession is owing present current Price of Lines and Words. Thus *adversus* thrown out of the Question; and the Care is, What the young Couple should do when come to hate each other? I do not question but this one Humour of Settlements, might very fairly duce, not only our present Defection in Point of us, but also our Want of People. This has given to such unreasonable Gallantries, that a Man is reproachable that deceives an innocent Woman, he has never so much Merit, if she is below him stou. The Man has no Dishonour following his chery; and her own Sex are to be debated by Force of us, as to try in the Case of the Woman, How could quest he would marry her?

Is this Means the good Offices, the Pleasures and us of Life, are not put into the Balance. The groom has given his Estate out of himself, and he is more left but to follow the blind Decree of his whether he shall be succeeded by a Son, or a of Merit, in his Fortune. On the other Side, a Woman, who has also a Fortune, is set up by Way action; her full Lover has ten to one against him, very Hour after he has opened his Heart and his Roll, he is made no other Use of but to raise her : She and her Friends lose no Opportunity of publishing it to call in new Bidders. While the poor Lover innocently waits till the Plenipotentiaries at the of Courts have debated about the Alliance, all the Partisans

Partisans of the Lady throw Difficulties in the Way, till other Offers come in; and the Man who came first is not put in Possession, till she has been refused by Half the Town. If an Abhorrence to such mercenary Proceedings were well settled in the Minds of my fair Readers, those of Merit would have a Way opened to their Advancement; nay, those who abound in Wealth only, would in Reality find their Account in it. It would not be in the Power of their Prude Acquaintance, their Waiters, their Nurses, Cousins and Whisperers, to persuade them, that there are not above twenty Men in a Kingdom, (and those such as perhaps they may never set Eyes on) whom they can think of with Discretion. As the Case stands now, let any one consider, how the great Heiresses, and those to whom they were offered, (for no other Reason but that they could make them suitable Settlements,) live together. What can be more insipid, if not loathsome, than for two Persons to be at the Head of a Crowd, who have as little Regard for them as they for each other, and behold one another in an affected Sense of Prosperity, without the least Relish of that exquisite Gladness at meeting, that sweet Inquietude at parting, together with the Charms of Voice, Look, Gesture, and that general Benevolence between well chosen Lovers, which makes all Things please, and leaves not the least Trifle indifferent.

BUT I am diverted from these Sketches for future Essays in Behalf of my numerous Clients of the Fair Sex, by a Notice sent to my Office in *Siber Lane*, That a blooming Widow in the third Year of her Widowhood, and twenty sixth of her Age, designs to take a Colonel of twenty-eight. The Parties request I would draw up their Terms of coming together, as having a Regard to my Opinion against long and dissident Settlements; and I have sent them the following Indenture:

WE John — and Mary — having Estates for Life, resolve to take each other. I John will venture my Life to enrich thee Mary; and I Mary will consult my Health to nurse thee John. To which we have interchangeably set our Hands, Hearts and Seals, this 17th of July 1710.



3. Thursday, July 20, 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 19.

HAVING devoted the greater Part of my Time to the Service of the Fair Sex, I must ask Pardon of my Correspondents if I postpone their Commands, I have any from the Ladies which lie unanswered, which follows is of Importance.

R,
I cannot think it strange if I, who know little of the World, apply to you for Advice in the Aveigh-ir of Matrimony, since you yourself have often de-
lit to be of that Consequence as to require the utmost
ation. Without further Preface therefore, give
ve to tell you, 'I but my Father at his Death left me
me sufficient to make me a Match for any Gentle-
My Mother (for she is still alive) is very pressing
to marry; and I am apt to think, to gratify her,
' venture upon one of two Gentlemen who at this
ake their Address to me. My Request is, that you
direct me in my Choice; which that you may the
to, I shall give you their Characters; and to avoid
on, desire you to call them by the Names of Philander
vius. Philander is young, and has a good Estate;
is as young, and has a better; The former has had
al Education, has seen the Town, is retired from
to his Estate in the Country, is a Man of few
and much given to Books. The latter was brought
er his Father's Eye, who gave him just Learning
to enable him to keep his Accounts; but made him
' very expert in Country Business, such as Ploughing,
' Buying, Selling, and the like. They are both
der Men, neither of their Persons is disagreeable,
' I know which to prefer till I had heard them dis-
course

court; when the Conversation of Philander so much prevailed, as to give him the Advantage, with me, in all other Respects. My Mother pleads strongly for Silvius and uses these Arguments, That he not only has the largest Estate at present, but by his good Industry and Management increases it daily: That his little Knowledge in other Affairs will make him easy and tractable; whereas (as she says) Men of Letters know too much to make good Husbands. To Part of this I imagine I answer of secretly, by saying, Philander's Estate is large enough: That they who think 2000 l. a Year sufficient, make a Difference between that and three. I easily believe his less conversant in those Affairs, the Knowledge of action he so much commends in Silvius; but I think them neither so necessary or becoming in a Gentleman, as the Accomplishments of Philander. It is no great Character of a Man to say, He rides in his Coach and Six, and understands as much as he who follows the Plough. Add to this, That the Conversation of these sort of Men seems so disagreeable to me, that though they make good Bailiffs, I can hardly be persuaded they can be good Companions. 'Tis possible may seem to have odd Notions, when I say I am not fond of a Man only for being of (what is called) a Thieving Temper. To conclude, I own I am at a Loss to conceive how good Sense should make a Man an ill Husband, or conversing with Books less complaisant.

CÆLIA

THE Resolution which this Lady is going to take she may very well say is founded on Reason: For after the Necessities of Life are served, there is no Manner of Competition between a Man of a liberal Education and a Illiterate. Men are not altered by their Circumstances but as they give them Opportunities of exerting what they are in themselves; and a powerful Clown is Tyrant in the most ugly Form he can possibly appear. There lies a seeming Objection in the thoughtful Maune of Philander: But let her consider which she shall often have Occasion to with, that Philander would speak, or Silvius hold his Tongue.

THE Train of my Discourse is prevented by the urgent Haste of another Correspondent.

M

At, Bickerfall

July 11

THIS comes to you from one of those Persons of
 twenty five Years old and upwards, that you, like
 a Patron of the *Tatler*, promised to provide for, who
 makes it his humble Request, that no occasional Storms or
 Subjects may (as they have for these or four or five last
 Days) prevent your publishing the Scheme you have com-
 mitted to Amantia, for every Day and there is of the
 greatest Consequence to himself, as to advanced an Age.
 Be quick then, if you intend to do any Service for

Your Admirer,

Diana Fortescue.

IN this important Affair, I have not neglected the
 Proposals of others. Among them is the following
 Sketch of a Lottery for Persons. The Author of it has
 proposed very ample Encouragement, not only to myself,
 but also to Charles Lisle and John Alphonse. If the
 Matter bears, I shall not be unjust to his Merit. I only
 desire to enlarge his Plans for which Purpose I lay it be-
 fore the Town, as well for the Improvement as Encouragement of it.

*The Amiable Contribution for raising the Fortunes of Ten
 young Ladies.*

IMPRIM, It is proposed to raise six hundred Guineas
 by way of Lots, which will advance for each Lady twenty
 whole Sum, together with one of the Ladies, the Gentle-
 man that shall be so happy as to draw a Prize, (provided
 they both like) will be entitled to, under such Restrictions
 hereafter mentioned. And in Case they do not like, then
 either Party that refuses, shall be entitled to twenty, only,
 and the Remainder to him or her that shall be willing to
 marry, the Man being first to declare his Mind. But it
 is provided, That if both Parties shall consent to have one
 another, the Gentleman shall, before he receives the Money
 thus raised, settle twenty, of the same substantial Hands,
 (who shall be as Trustees for the said Ladies) and shall
 have the whole and sole Disposal of it for her Life only.

NOTES

NOTE, Each Party shall have three Months Time to consider, after an Interview had, which shall be within ten Days after the Lots are drawn.

NOTE also, the Name and Place of Abode of the Prize shall be placed on a proper Ticket.

NOTE, They shall be Ladies that have had a liberal Education, between Fifteen and Twenty three, all gentle, witty, and of amiable Character.

THE Money to be raised shall be kept in one Iron Box and when there shall be seven Subscriptions, which amount to fourl. it shall be taken out and put into a Goldsmiths Hand, and the Note made payable to the proper Lady, to her Assign, (with a Charge therein to hinder her from receiving it, till the fortunate Person that draws her the first sign the Note) and so on till the whole Sum is full paid for: And as soon as any more Subscriptions are completed, and some Gentlemen were to pay the Charges, the Lottery shall be drawn at a proper Place, to be appointed fortnight before the Drawing.

NOTE, Mr. Mickenhall says to the merchants that have been mentioned, and is of Opinion, they should be commenced till after Twenty three. But he speaks to the Learned, both of Warwick lane and Bishopsgate Street on this Subject.



N^o 201.

Saturday, July 22, 1710.

White's Chocolate House, July 21.

IT has been often asserted in these Papers, That the great Source of our wrong Passions is the impertinent Manner with which we treat Women both in the common and important Circumstances of Life. In vain do we say, the whole Sex would run into England, whither the Privileges, which are allowed them, do no Way balance the Inconveniences arising from their very Immunities. Our Women have very much indulged to their

Participation of our Fortunes and our Liberty : Errors they commit in the Use of either, are by us to impartially considered, as the false Steps are made by Men. In the Commerce of Lovers, it makes the Address, assails and betrays, and yet in the same Degree of Acceptance as he was in he committed that Treachery : The Woman for her Crime but believing one whom she thought her, is treated with Shyness and Indifference at the end commonly with Reproach and Scorn. He that the Power of Beauty, may talk of this Matter as some Unconcern as of any other Subject : There

shall take upon me to consider the Sex, as they think Rules, and as they transgress them. The very Class of the Good or the Ill have very little Influence upon the Actions of others ; but the Eminent in Kind are those who lead the World below. The employed in communicating Scandal, Infamy, and, like Furies, the Good distribute Benevolence, Hope, and Health, like Angels. The Ill are d with Pain and Anguish at the Sight of all that is so lovely, so happy. The Virtuous are touched with Commiseration towards the Cuiilty, the Disagree- and the Wretched. There are those who betray secret of their own Sex, and solicit the Lewd of There are those who have abandoned the very Me- not only of Innocence, but Shame. There are who never forgave, nor could ever bear being en. There are those also who visit the Beds of the full the Cases of the Sorrowful, and double the of the Joyful. Such is the destroying Fiend, such avarian Angel, Woman.

If Way to have a greater Number of the amiable of Womankind, and lessen the Crowd of the other is to contribute what we can to the Success of well- ded Passions ; and therefore I comply with the Re- of an enamoured Man in inserting the following Billet.

A D A M,

R. Bickerstaff you always read, though we can never hear. I am obliged therefore to his Com- for the Opportunity of repeating yours — I beg
Excuse

for the most accomplished of her Sex. That is for Distinction of her to whom I write, that she may think so is no Distinction of me who write. Your Qualities are peculiar to you, my Admiration is with Thousands. I shall be present when you read, but fear every Woman will take it for her Character sooner than she who deserves it.

IF the next Letter which presents itself should from the Mistress of this modest Lover, and I them break through the Oppression of their Pass shall expect Gloves at their Nuptials.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

YOU that are a Philosopher, know every one's Make of the Mind of Women, and can best judge me in the Conduct of an Affair which highly concerns I never can admit my Lover to speak to me of. I think him impertinent when he offers to talk of any else. What shall I do with a Man that always loves me? 'Tis a strange Thing, this Distance in Men of Why did not they always urge their Fate? If ever a cure in our Severity, you lose nothing by attempting, you are Hypocrites, you certainly succeed.

From my own Apartment, July 21.

BEFORE I withdraw from Business for the day it is my Custom to receive all Addressees to me others may go to rest as well as myself, at least as far as can contribute to it. When I called to know if I would speak with me, I was informed that Mr. the Player, desired to be admitted. He was first with much Modesty acquainted me, as he did People of Note, that *Hamlet* was to be acted on Monday next for his Benefit. I had long wanted to do with this Person, because I thought I could advise him of many Things which would tend to his Improvement. In the General I observed to him, That to do Action was his Business, the Way to that Action not to study Gesture; for the Behaviour would express the Sentiments of the Mind.

ACTION to the Player, is what Speech is to an Actor. If the Matter be well conceived, Words will follow of themselves: And If the Actor is well possessed of the Nature of his Part, a proper Action will necessarily follow. He informed me, That *Mills* was to act *Hamlet*. He desired him to request of him in my Name, That he would not wholly forget Mr. *Retention*; for that he failed in the Part of *Othello*, but where he had him in View. He was forming himself by the Carriage of another, the Trick among the Widows, who lament their husbands as the Neighbours did theirs, and not according to their own Sentiments of the Deceased.

THERE is a Fault also in the Audience, which increases their Satisfaction very much, that is, the forgetting themselves the Actor in some Part wherein they particularly liked him, and not attending to the he is at that Time performing. Thus, whatever (who is the strictest Follower of Nature) is acting, vulgar Spectators turn their Thoughts upon Sir *Harry* or *Mr.* When I had indulged the Loquacity of an *Ass* for some Time in some loose Hints, I took leave of Mr. *Mills*, and was told, Mr. *Ellist* of St. *James* Coffee house would speak with me. His Business was to desire I would, as I am an Astrologer, let him know before hand who were to have the Benefit Tickets of the ensuing Lottery, which Knowledge he was of, in as much as he could turn to great Account, as he was con-

sidered in News. I granted his Request, upon an Oath of Secrecy, that he would only make his own Use of it, and not be publicly known till after they were drawn. I did not stop here, when he produced to me a Plan of what he had formed of keeping Books, with the Names of all such Adventurers, and the Numbers of their Tickets, as should come to him, in order to give an exact Account of what Tickets shall come up during the whole Time of the Lottery, the Drawing of which was to begin on *Wednesday* next. I liked his Method of keeping the Secret I had told him, and pronounced him a thriving Man, who could so well watch the Motion of Things, and profit by a prevailing Humour and Folly, as to make his honest Industry successful.

agreeable to his Customers, as it is to be the Meß of their good Fortune.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Trumpet in Shear-Lane, July 20.

ORDERED, That for the Improvement of the Jures of Society, a Member of this House, one of the wakeful of the Soporifick Assembly beyond Smithfield, and one of the Order of Story-Tellers in Holborn, may and exchange stale Matter, and report the same to Principals.

N. B. No Man is to tell above one Story in the Evening; but has Liberty to tell the same the Night following.

Mr. Bickerstaff desires his Love-Correspondents to the Names they shall assume in their future Letter that he is overstocked with Philanders.



——— Est hic,

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

You have it here at Ulubre, if you want not a con Mind.

N^o 202. Thursday, July 25, 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 24.

THIS Afternoon I went to visit a Gentlem my Acquaintance at Mile End, and passing the Stepney Church-yard, I could not forbear enter myself with the Inscriptions on the Tombs and G. Among others, I observed one with this notable mortal:

Here lies the Body of T. B.

T

THIS fantastical Desire of being remembered only by the two first Letters of a Name, led me into the Contemplation of the Vanity and imperfect Attainments of Ambition in general. When I run back in my imagination all the Men whom I have ever known and conversed with in my whole Life, there are but very few who have not used their Faculties in the Pursuit of what it is impossible to acquire, or left the Possession of what they might have been (at their setting out) Masters, to search for it where it was out of their Reach. In this Thought it was not possible to forget the Instance of *Pyrrhus*, who proposing to himself in Discourse with a Philosopher, one, and another, and another Conquest, was asked, What he would do after all that? Then, says the King, we will make merry. He was well answer'd, What hinders your doing that in the Condition you are already. The restless Desire of exerting themselves above the common Level of Mankind is not to be resisted in some Tempers; and Minds of this Make may be observed in every Condition of Life. Where such Men do not make to themselves or meet with Employment, the Soil of their Constitution runs into Tares and Weeds. An old Friend of mine, who lost a Major's Post Forty Years ago, and quitted, has ever since studied Maps, Encampments, Retreats, and Countermarches, with no other Design but to feed his Spleen and Ill humour, and furnish himself with Matter for arguing against all the successful Actions of others. He that at his first setting out in the World was the gayest Man in our Regiment, ventured his Life with Alacrity, and enjoyed it with Satisfaction, encouraged Men below him, and was courted by Men above him, has been ever since the most howard Creature breathing. His warm Complexion spends itself now only in a general Spirit of Contradiction; for which he watches all Occasions, and is in his Conversation still upon Centry, treats all Men like Enemies, with every other Impertinence of a speculative Warrior.

HE that observes in himself this natural Inquietude, should take all imaginable Care to put his Mind in some Method of Graduation, or he will soon find himself grow into the Condition of this disappointed Major.

Instead of courting proper Occasions to rise above he will be ever studious of pulling others down. It being the common Refuge of disappointed Art to ease themselves by Detraction. It would be an Argument against Ambition, that there are such Things in the Disappointment of it; but it certifies a forcible Exception, that there can be no solidness in the Success of it. If we value popularity it is in the Power of the meanest of the People to disturb us by Calumny. If the Fame of being great we cannot look into a Village but we see Circumstantial Possession of what we seek only the Appearance. To this may be added, that there is I know not what Malignity in the Minds of ordinary Men to oppose in what they see you stand of; and it is a certain ception against a Man's receiving Applause, that sibly courts it. However, this is not only the of great and undertaking Spirits, but you see it Lives of such as one would believe were far enough removed from the Ways of Ambition. 'The rural' of this Nation even eat and drink out of Vain vain glorious Fox hunter shall entertain Half a for the Ostentation of his Beef and Beer, with least Affection for any of the Crowd about him feed, them because he thinks it a Superiority over that he does so; and they devour him, because know he treats them out of Insolence. 'This in Ambition in Grotesque, but may figure to us the dition of politer Men, whose only Pursuit is When the Superior acts out of a Principle of the Dependant will be sure to allow it him; because knows it destructive of the very Applause we courted by the Man who favours him, and consequently makes him nearer himself.

BUT as every Man living has more or less Incentive, which makes Men impatient of an unequal Condition, and urges Men to attempt what means to their Reputation, it is absolutely necessary they form to themselves an Ambition which is in Man's Power to gratify. 'This Ambition would be dependent, and would consist only in acting with Man's own Mind appears most great and laudable

is a Pursuit in the Power of every Man, and is only a regular Prosecution of what he himself approves. It is what can be interrupted by no outward Accidents, for no Man can be robbed of his good Intention. One of our Society of the *Temple* therefore fluted last Night a Notion which I thought had Reason in it. It is, methinks, said he, an unreasonable Thing, that Heroick Virtue should (as it seems to be at present) be confined to a certain Order of Men, and be attainable by none but those whom Fortune has elevated to the most conspicuous Stations. I would have every Thing to be esteemed as Heroick, which is great and uncommon in the Circumstances of the Man who performs it. Thus there would be no Virtue in human Life, which every one of the Species would not have a Pretence to arrive at, and an Ambition to exert. Since Fortune is not in our Power, let us be as little as possible in hers. Why should it be necessary that a Man should be rich, to be generous? If we measure by the Quality and not the Quantity of Things, the Particulars which accompany an Action, is what should denominate it mean or great. The highest Station of human Life is to be attained by each Man that pretends to it: For every Man can be as valiant, as generous, as wise, and as merciful, as the Faculties and Opportunities which he has from Heaven and Fortune will permit. He that can say to himself, I do as much good, and am as virtuous, as my most earnest Endeavours will allow me, whatever is his Station in the World, is to himself possessed of the highest Honour. If Ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual Succession of Anxiety and Vexation. But when it has this Gail, it invigorates the Mind, and the Contrivings of its own Worth is a Reward which it is not in the Power of Envy, Reproach, or Detraction, to take from it. Thus the Seat of solid Honour is in a Man's own Bosom, and no one can want support who is in Possession of an honest Confidence, but he who would suffer the Reproaches of it for other Greatness.

P. N. I was going on in my Philosophy, when Mrs. Doe was brought in, that there was a great Crowd in

my Antechamber, who expected Audience. When they were admitted, I found they all met at my Lodgings (each coming upon the same Errand) to know whether they were of the Fortunate in the Lottery, which is now ready to be drawn. I was much at a Loss how to relieve myself from their Importunity; but observing the Assembly made up of both Sexes, I signified to them, that in this Case it would appear Fortune is not blind, for all the Lots would fall upon the Wisest and the Fairest. This gave for general a Satisfaction, that the Room was soon emptied, and the Company retired with the best Air, and the most pleasing Grace, I had any where observed. Mr. Elliot of St. James's Coffee house now stood alone before me, and signified to me, he had now not only prepared his Books, but had received a very great Subscription already. His Design was to advertise his Subscribers at their respective Places of Abode, within an Hour after their Number is drawn, whether it was a Blank or Benefit, if the Adventurer lives within the Bills of Mortality; if he dwells in the Country, by the next Post. I encouraged the Man in his Industry, and told him the ready Path to good Fortune was to believe there was no such Thing.



Ut tu Futurum, de nostro, Cibi, feremus.

Hor.

My golden Fortune, Cellars, please fill me from you.

N^o 203

Thursday, July 27, 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 26.

It is natural for the Imaginations of Men, who lead their Lives in too solitary a Manner, to prey upon themselves, and form from their own Conceptions Being and Things which have no Place in Nature. *The* often makes an Adversary as much at a Loss when he comes into the World as a meer Savage. To avoid therefore

fore that Inaptitude for Society, which is frequently Fault of us Scholars, and less to Men of Understanding and Breeding something much more shocking untractable than Rudeity itself; I take Care to all publick Solemnities, and go into Assemblies as far as my Studies will permit. This being therefore the Day of the Drawing of the Lottery, I did not let Spending a considerable Time in the Crowd is much a Philosopher as I pretend to be, I could not look with a Sort of Veneration upon the two which received the Tickets from the Wheel, as impartial and equal Dispensers of the Fortunes which to be distributed among the Crowd, who all stood Ring the same Chance. It seems at first Thought wonderful, that one Passion should to universally the Pre-eminence of another in the Possession of our Minds, as that in this City all in general have set Hope of the great Ticket. And yet for our Influence, as in going into a Battle, shall have the same Influence, as that though each Man believes will be many Thousands slain, each is conscious himself shall escape. This certainly proceeds from Vanity; for every Man sees Abundance in himself deserves Reward, and nothing which should meet Mortification. But of all the Adventurers that of the Hall, there was one who stood by me, who I did not but fancy expected the Thousand Pounds for me, as a meer Justice to his Parts and Industry, had his Pencil and Table Book, and was at the Ring of each Lot, counting how much a Man with a Ticket was now nearer the great Prize, by the Ring out another, and another Competitor. This was of the most particular Constitution I had ever ved; his Passions were so active, that he would be utmost Stretch of Hope and Fear. When one I fell before him, you might see a short Gleam of Triumph in his Countenance, which immediately vanished at the Approach of another. What added to the Solitariness of this Man, was, that he every Moment Look, either upon the Commissioners, the Wheels, the Boys. I gently whispered him, and asked, *if he thought the Thousand Pounds would come*

up? Pugh! says he, Who knows that? And it upon a little List of his own Tickets, which were pretty high in their Numbers, and said it would come this ten Days. This Fellow will have Chance, though not that which he has put it on. The Man is mechanically turned, and getting. The Simplicity and Pagriness which argues an Attention to his Points, though while labouring at does not in the least contribute to it, it not for such honest Fellows as these, the I govern the rest of their Species would have no work with: For the outward Show of the Worried on by such as cannot find out that they are nothing. I left my Man with great Reluctance to care he took to observe the whole Conduct of the Persons concerned, and compute the Inequality of Chances with his own Hands and Eyes. Dear I, they must rise early that cheat you. Ay, there's nothing like a Man's minding his Business. 'Tis very true, said I, The Master's B, the Horse fat.

As it is much the greater Number who are without Prizes, it is but very expedient to Lecture to the forming just Sentiments on that of Fortune. One said this Morning, that Lot he was content would fall upon some Part of this Gentleman is one of those wrong Tempers prove only the Unhappy, and have a natural Inclination to the Fortunate. But as it is certain that there is a great Meanness in being attached to a Man by his Fortune, there is no less a Meanness in disliking for his Happiness. It is the same Perverse different Colours, and both these Sentiments are a meer Pride.

THE true Greatness of Mind consists in Men apart from their Circumstances, or seen in their Behaviour in them. Wealth is a Distinct in Traffick; but it must not be allowed as a commendation in any other Particular, but only as it is applied. It was very prettily said, That I learn the little Value of Fortune by the Po whom Heaven is pleased to bestow it. How

is not a harder Part in human Life, than becoming Wealth and Circumstanc'd. He must be very well stock'd with Merit, who is not willing to draw from Superfluity over his Friends from his Fortune; for it is not every Man that can entertain with the Air of a Court, and do good Offices with the Mien of one that receives them.

I MUST confess, I cannot conceive how a Man can place himself in a Figure wherein he can so much enjoy his own Soul, and that greatest of Pleasures, the just Applaudation of his own Actions, as an Adventurer on this Creation, to sit and see the Loss go off without Hope or Fear, perfectly unconcerned as to himself, but taking Part in the good Fortune of others.

I WILL believe there are happy Tempers in Being, to whom all the Good that arrives to any of their Fellow Creatures gives a Pleasure. These live in a Course of continual and lasting Happyness, and have the Satisfaction to see all Men endeavour to gratify them. This State of Mind not only lets a Man into certain Enjoyments, but relieves him from all certain Anxieties. If you will not repine with happy Men, you must repine at them. *Mr. Keble* alluded to this when he said, He would hate no Man out of pure Idleness. As for my own Part, I look at Fortune quite in another View than the rest of the World; and, by my Knowledge in Futurity, tremble at the approaching Time, which I see coming to a young Lady for whom I have much Contemner, and have therefore writ her the following Letter, to be sent by *Mr. Tattler*, with the Name of her Ticket.

MADAM,

YOU exist, at the End of your Ticket, in the
an account of your being, (which only your own dear
Fortune, and I know not you, that you expect to see some
early Thing else. You had better live till the End of your
Ticket, but you must know it till the day. There is no
time to think, but you will find the best of the best.
all your Believers. I beseech you, Madam, make use of
the Advantages of having been educated near a University.
If you can sit to a blue, Fortune has indeed been a good

you, if you are actually, he is it not to be Proved against you in a Court of Law.

Of Anna Ogle's Letter, July 26

SOME TIME ago a Virtuoso, my very good Friend, sent me a Plan of a covered Summer House which a little after was rallied by another of my Court friends. I cannot therefore defer giving him an Opportunity of making his Defence to the Learned in Town Words.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

SIR,

July 15, 1711

I HAVE been this Summer upon a Road, to my several Friends and Acquaintance which is the Road to my Health, and consequently a true Friend of South Wales, being in great Part depending its Growth upon the Health of the People. I have not given you the Particulars of my Council in the Management of my several Councils, but what might seem fitting you know, that after I have written Deeds, though by their Nature to support the extravagance to you to justify even in a legal judgement, as in the best Things that require no Conjunction. Your correspondence may depend upon it, that as a golden Rule, which lies in the Sun at all Times, and the Air is often in its movement, he may have Grasp'd in the greatest Particulars, if he will be at the Point where, now, and not there. Good and Hints in general then they are exposed to the Sun and Wind, the Good is to be considered, but requires only Warmth and Moisture and if you were to be a Friend, you had should find a Joy, that the Reading of you at Marybone would not be forgotten a Letter.

With Affection, and which the Gentleman has R pleased to furnish you, is so very proper, and pleases so much, that I ought to have it put upon the Front of Greenwich in Letters of Good.

I am Sir, &c.

—Gage



—Gaudet præ nomine nobilis
Auriculae—

Soft Ears are pleas'd with Titles.

N^o 204.

Saturday, July 29, 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 28.

MANY are the Inconveniencies which happen from the improper Manner of Address in common Speech, between Persons of the same or of different Quality. Among these Errors, there is none greater than that of the impertinent Use of Title, and a paraphrastical Way of saying, You. I had the Curiosity the other Day to follow a Crowd of People near *Butcher's*, who were conducting a passionate Woman who told me to a Magistrate, in order to explain some Words which were ill taken by one of her own Quality and Profession in the publick Market. When she came to make her Defence, she was so very full of, His Worship, and of, If it should please his Honour, that we could for some Time hardly hear any other Apology she made for herself, than that of atoning for the ill Language she had been accused of towards her Neighbour by the great Civilities she paid to her Judge. But this Extravagance in her Sense of doing Honour, was no more to be wondered at, than that her many Rings on each Finger were worn as Instances of Finery and Dress. The Vulgar may thus heap and huddle Terms of Respect, and nothing better be expected from them; but for People of Rank to repeat Appellatives insignificantly, is a Folly not to be endured, neither with Regard to our Time or our Understanding. It is below the Dignity of Speech to extend it with more Words or Phrases than are necessary to explain ourselves with Elegance: And it is, methinks,

an Instance of Ignorance, if not of Servitude, to be redundant in such Expressions.

I waited upon a Man of Quality some Mornings ago. He happened to be dressing; and his Shoe-maker sitting him, told him, That if his Lordship would please to tread hard, or that if his Lordship would stamp a little, his Lordship would find his Lordship's Shoe will sit as easy as any piece of Work his Lordship should see in *England*. As soon as my Lord was dressed, a Gentleman approached him with a very good Air, and told him He had an Affair which had long depended in the Lower Courts; which, through the Inadvertency of his Ancestors on the one Side, and the ill Arts of their Adversaries on the other, could not possibly be settled according to the Rules of the Lower Courts; That therefore he designed to bring his Cause before the House a Lords next Session, where he should be glad if his Lordship should happen to be present; for he doubted not but his Cause would be approved by all Men of Justice and Honour. In this Place the Word *Lordship* was gracefully inserted, because it was applied to him in that Circumstance wherein his Quality was the Occasion of the Discourse, and wherein it was most useful to the one, and most honourable to the other.

THIS Way is so far from being disrespectful to the Honour of Nobles, that it is an Expedient for using them with greater DefERENCE. I would not put Lordship to a Man's Hat, Gloves, Wig or Cane; but to desire his Lordship's Favour, his Lordship's Judgment, or his Lordship's Patronage, is a Manner of speaking, which expresses an Alliance between his Quality and his Merit. It is this Knowledge which distinguished the Discourse of the Shoe maker from that of the Gentleman. The highest Point of good Breeding, if any one can hit it, is to shew a very nice Regard to your own Dignity, and with that in your Heart expects your Value for the Man above you.

BUT the silly Humour to the contrary has so much prevailed, that the slavish Addition of Title enervates Discourse, and renders the Application of it almost ridiculous. We Writers of Journals are nearer in our *Styles* to that of common Talk than any other Writers.

by which Means we use Words of Respect sometimes very unfortunately. The *Post Alia*, who is one of the most celebrated of our Fraternity, fell into this Misfortune Yesterday in his Paragraph from *Reveries of July 26. Count Warthenbourg*, (says he) *Great Chamberlain, and Chief Minister of this Court, who on Monday last accompanied the King of Prussia to Oranienburgh, was taken so very ill, that on Wednesday his Life was departed off; and we had a Report, that his Excellency was dead*

I humbly presume that it flattens the Narration, to say his Excellency in a Case which is common to all Men; except you would infer what is not to be inferred, to wit, That the Author designed to say, All whereon he excelled others was departed from him.

W R R R Distinctions used according to the Rules of Reason and Sense, those Additions to Men's Names would be, as they were first intended, significant of their Worth, and not their Persons; for that in some Cases it might be proper to say, The Man is dead, but his Excellency will never die. It is, methinks, very unjust to laugh at a Quaker, because he has taken up a Resolution to treat you with a Word, the most expressive of Complaisance that can be thought of, and with an Air of Court Etiquette and Charity calls you Friend. I say, it is very unjust to rally him for this Term to a Stranger, when you yourselves, in all your Phrases of Distinction, confound Phrases of Honour into no Use at all.

TOM. COURTESY, who is the Pind. of Courtesy, is an Instance of how little Moment an un distinguishing Application of Sounds of Honour are to those who understand themselves. *You*, never tuck of paying his Obedience to every Man he sees, who has Title or Office to make him conspicuous; but his Detachment is wholly given to outward Considerations. I, who know him, can tell within Half an Acre, how much I and one Man has more than another by *Your*'s Flow to him. Title is all he knows of Honour, and Civility of Friend ship: For this Reason, because he cares for no Man living, he is religiously strict in performing what he calls his Respects to you. To this End he is very learned in Pedigree, and will abate something in the Ceremony of his Approaches to a Man, if he is in any Doubt about
the

the Bearing of his Coat of Arms. What is pleasant of all his Character is, That he acts Sort of Integrity in these Impertinencies; and it would not do any Man any solid Kindness, he is fully just and careful not to wrong his Quality. Integrity is very scarce in the World, I cannot having Respect for the Impertinent: It is soon to be bound by any Thing. *Tom.* and I are u good Terms for the Respect he has for the *Integrity*. Tho' one cannot but laugh at h Consideration of Things so little essential, one i a Value even for a frivolous good Conscience.



Νῆπιος δὲ ἴσμεν ὅτι πάλιν ἔρχεται πάλιν.
καὶ ἴσμεν ὅτι πολλοὶ τὴν αὐτοῦ ἀφ' ἑαυτοῦ.

*O Folly, who know not that the Hall is for
the Hall, or that the House is not for
Leisure.*

Nº 205. *Tuesday, August 1, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, July 31.

NATURE has implanted in us two ve-
Bible, Hunger for the Preservation of
vidual, and Lust for the Support of the Species.
speak more intelligibly, the former to consume
Person, and the latter to introduce others into th
According to Mandelstam, the only "wild" organ
Appetites, they are above or below the social
field, which are used by them without a clear
purpose. The latter, like the former, is a "wild"
times, and in practice in the day of pleasures e
raped to a y. It is chiefly from this func-
cation, that we are under the Necessity of re-

the agreeable Companion, and the honourable Mistress. By this Cultivation of Art and Reason, our Wants are made Pleasures, and the Gratification of our Desires, under proper Restrictions, a Work no Way below our noblest Faculties. The wisest Man may maintain his Character, and yet consider in what Manner he shall best entertain his Friend, or divert his Mistress: Nay, it is so far from being a Derogation to him, that he can in no other Instances shew so true a taste of his Life, or his Fortune. What concerns one of the abovementioned Appetites, as it is elevated into Love, I shall have abundant Occasion to discourse of before I have provided for the numberless Crowd of Danishes I have proposed to take Care of. The Subject therefore of the present Paper shall be that Part of Society which owes its Beginning to the Common Necessity of Hunger. When this is considered as the Support of our Being, we may take in under the same Head I shall allow otherwise when we are pursuing the Glutton, the Drunkard may make his Escape. The true Choice of our Diet, and our Companions at it, seems to consist in that which contributes most to Cheerfulness and Refreshment. And these certainly are best consulted by Simplicity in the Food, and Sincerity in the Company. By this Rule are in the first Place excluded from Licence to Hippocras all Meals of State and Ceremony, which are performed in dumb Show, and greedy Solemnities. At the Board of the Great, they say, you shall have a Number attending with as good Habits and Countenances as the Court, which only Circumstance must destroy the whole Pleasure of the Repast. For if such Antecedents are introduced for the Dignity of their Appearance, modest Minds are shocked by considering them as Spectators, or else look upon them as Equals, for whose Service they are in a Kind of Sollempny. It may be here asked, that the sumptuous Side Board to an enormous Lay has often more the Air of an Altar than a Table. The most comfortable Way of enjoying ourselves at Meal, is, where the Bottle is played without being called for, where Humour takes Place of Appetite, and the good Company are too dull or too merry to know any Enjoyment in their Senses.

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THO' this Part of Time is absolutely necessary to sustain Life, it must be also considered, That self is to the endless Being of Man but what to this Life, not valuable for itself, but for the Uses of it. If there be any Truth in this, the Use of many Hours this Way is somewhat unaccountable and placing much Thought either in too great Plainness and Elegance in this Matter, or walking in Noise and Riot at it, are both, tho' not equally accountable. I have often considered these People with very great Attention, and always them with the Distinction of the Eaters, and the Drinkers. The Eaters sacrifice all their Senses to their Understanding to this Appetite: The Drinkers sacrifice themselves out of both, without pleasing this other Appetite at all. The latter are improve the former degenerated Men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead Living Men, Persons in an intermediate State of being, under the Appellation of Dozers. The Dozers are a Sect, who, instead of keeping their Appetites under Subjection, live in Subjection to them; nay, they are truly Slaves to them, that they keep at too great a Distance ever to come into their service. Within my own Acquaintance, I know those that I dare not forget that they ever were hungry, and are utter Strangers to Thirst and Weariness, who holden to Sauces for their Food, and to their own Weariness.

I have often wondered, considering the Excellent Choice Spirits that we have among our Divines, they do not think of putting vicious Habits into contemptible and unlovely Figure than they do present. So many Men of Wit and Spirit as these sacred Orders, have it in their Power to make Fashion of their Side. The Leaders in human Vice are more effectually prevailed upon this Way than easily be imagined. I have more than one Thought at this Time capable of doing the Work of all the Opposition of the most Witty, as well as the most Voluptuous. There may possibly be many more *table Subjects*, but sure there are none more useful.

is visible, that tho' Mens Fortunes, Circumstances, and Pleasures, give them Prepossessions too strong to regard any Mention either of Punishments or Rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the Imaginations of others, and by Degrees in their own.

It is certain such Topics are to be touched upon, in the Light we mean, only by Men of the most consummate Prudence, as well as excellent Wit: For these Discourses are to be made, if made to run into Example, before such as have their Thoughts more intent upon the Propriety than the Reason of the Discourse. What indeed leads me into this Way of Thinking, is, That the last Thing I read was a Sermon of the Learned Dr. South upon the *Ways of Pleasants*. This admirable Discourse was made at Court, where the Preacher was too wise a Man not to believe, the greatest Argument, in that Place against the Pleasures then in Vogue, must be, that they lost greater Pleasures by prosecuting the Course they were in. The charming Discourse has in it whatever Wit and Wisdom can put together. This Gentleman has a Talent of making all his Faculties bear to the great End of his hallowed Profession. Happy Genius! He is the better Man for bring a Wit. The best Way to praise this Author, is to quote him; and, I think, I may defy any Man to say a greater thing of him, or his Ability, than that there are no Paragraphs in the whole Discourse I speak of below these which follow.

AFTER having recommended the Satisfaction of the Mind, and the Pleasure of Conscience, he proceeds:

A N ennobling Property of it is, That it is such a Pleasure as never satiates or wearys; for it properly affects the Spirit, and a Spirit feels no Weariness, as being privileged from the Causes of it. But can the Epicure say so of any of the Pleasures that he so much dotes upon? Do they not expire while they last, and after a few Minutes Refreshment determine in Leathery and Unquieted? How short is the Interval between a Pleasure and a Sorrow? How undiscernable the Transition from one to the other? Pleasure dwells no longer upon the Appetite than the Necessities of Nature, which are quickly and easily provided for, and then all that follows is a Load and an Oppression.

Every

Every Morsel to a satisfied Hunger, is only a new to a tired Digestion. Every Draught to him th quenched his Thirst, is but a further quenching of, and a Provision for Rheum and Diseases, a Drown the Quickness and Activity of the Spirits.

He that prolongs his Meals, and sacrifices his as well as his other Conveniencies, to his Luxur quickly does he outfit his Pleasure? And then, Her the following Time bestowed upon Ceremony and S Till at length after a long Fatigue of eating, and ing, and babbling, he concludes the great Work of Gentrely, and so makes a Shift to rise from Table, may lie down upon his Bed; where, after he has sle, self into some Use of himself, by much ado he stay his Table again, and there acts over the same Scene: So that he passes his whole Life in a doze dition, between sleeping and waking, with a kind of stupe and Confusion upon his Senses, which, what I it can be, is hard to conceive. All that is of it upon the Tip of his Tongue, and within the Compass Palate. A worthy Prize for a Man to purchase a Loss of his Time, his Reason, and himself!



Mitiri si quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est.

Every Man ought to measure himself by his own.

N^o 206. Thursday, August 3, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 2.

THE general Purpose of Men in the Court their Lives I mean with Relation to th only end in g may either the Affection or the of these with whom they converse. I deem m Man powerful in Business, and Affection desire Conversation; when is certainly the Reason th agreeable Men fail of their Count in the World

who are by no means such, arrive at it with much ease. If it be visible in a Man's Carriage that he has any Passion to please, no one is much at a Loss how to creep Measures with him, because there is always a Price in People's Hand to make up with him, by giving him what he still wants in Exchange for what you are fit to deny him. Such a Person asks with Difficulty, and ever leaves Room for Denial by that Softness of his Complexion. At the same Time he himself is capable of denying nothing, even what he is not able to perform. The other Sort of Man who courts Esteem, upon a quite different View, has as different a Behaviour, and acts as much by the Dictates of his Reason, as the other does by the Impulse of his Inclination. He must pay for every Thing you have of him. He considers Mankind as a People in Commerce, and never lets out of himself what he is sure will not come in Interest from another. All his Words and Actions are directed to the Advancement of his Reputation and of his Fortune, towards which he makes hourly Progress, because he lavishes no Part of his Good will upon such as do not make some Advances to merit it. The Man who values Affection, sometimes becomes popular; he aims at Esteem, seldom fails of growing rich.

THUS far we have looked at these different Men, persons who endeavour to be valued and beloved from Power, or Ambition; but they appear quite in another Light when you observe the Men who are agreeable and valuable from the Force of their natural Inclinations. He affects the Company of him who has least Regard of himself in his Carriage, who throws himself into unbounded Gaiety, voluntary Mirth, and general good Humour; who has nothing in his Head but the present Mirth, and seems to have all his Interests and Passions sacrificed, if every Man else in the Room is as unconcerned as himself. This Man usually has no Quality or Character among his Companions, let him be born of what he will, have what great Qualities he pleases, let him be capable of assuming for a Moment what Figure he pleases, he still dwells in the Imagination of all who know him but as *Jack such a one*. This makes *Jack* taken up the Room wherever he enters, and change the

the Severity of the Company into that Gaiety and good Humour into which his Conversation generally leads them. It is not unpleasant to observe even this Sort of Creature go out of his Character, to check himself sometimes for his Familiarities, and pretend to awkwardly procuring to himself more Esteem than he finds he meets with. I was the other Day walking with *Facetious* towards *Lincoln's Inn Fields*: We met a Fellow who is a lower Officer where *Jack* is in the Direction. *Jack* cried to him, So, How is it Mr. —? He answers, Mr. *Gaiety* I am glad to see you well. This Expression of Respect gave my Friend a Pang, which appeared in the Flushing of his Countenance. Prudence *Jack*, says I, do not bring at the Man; for do what you will, the Man cannot love you, he is contented with the Image the Man has of thee; for if thou art better than any other, it must be Hatred or Contempt. I went on, and told him, 'look'ee, &c. I have heard thee sometimes talk like an Oracle for half an Hour, with the Sentiments of a *Demagogue*, the Cloquence of a Schoolman, and the Integrity of a Divine: by then, *Jack*, while I listened thee, it was upon Topics which did not concern thyself, and where the Greatness of the Subject added to thy being personally unconcerned in it: created all that was great in thy Discourse. I did not mind his being a little out of Humour, I comforted him, by giving him several Instances of Men of our Acquaintance, who had no one Quality in a Eminence, that were much more esteemed than he was with very many: But the Thing is, if your Character is to give Pleasure, Men will consider you only in this Light, and not in those Acts which turn to Esteem and Veneration.

WHEN I think of *Facetious*, I cannot but reflect also upon his Sister *Gaiety*: She is young, witty, pleasant, innocent. This is her natural Character; but when she observes any one admired for what they call a fine Woman, she is all the next Day womanly, prudent, serving and virtuous. She is every Moment asked in prudent Behaviour, Whether she is or well? Upon which she as often answers in a Fret, Do People think one must be always romping, always a Jackpudding? never fail to enquire of her, if my Lady such a one, &c.

awful Beauty, was not at the Play last Night? She knows the Connexion between that Question and her Change of Humour, and says, 'It would be very well
 • if some People would examine into themselves as much
 • as they do into others.' Or, 'Sure there is nothing in
 • the World so ridiculous as an amorous old Man.'

AS I was saying, there is a Class which every Man is in by his Post in Nature, from which it is impossible for him to withdraw to another, and become it. Therefore it is necessary that each should be contented with it, and not endeavour at any Progress out of that Tract. To follow Nature is the only agreeable Course, which is what I would fain inculcate to those jarring Companions, *Flavia* and *Lucia*. They are Mother and Daughter. *Flavia*, who is the Mamma, has all the Charms and Desires of Youth still about her, and not much turned of Thirty. *Lucia* is blooming and amorous, and but a little above Fifteen. The Mother looks very much younger than she is, the Girl very much older. If it were possible to fix the Girl to her sick Bed, and preserve the Potion (the Use of which the Mother partakes) the good Widow *Flavia* would certainly do it. But for fear of *Lucia's* Escape, the Mother is forced to be constantly attended with a Rival, that explains her Age, and draws off the Eyes of her Admirers. The Jest is, they can never be together in Strangers Company, but *Lucy* is eternally reprimanded for something very particular in her Behaviour; for which she has the Malice to say, She hopes she shall always obey her Parents. She carried her Passion and Jealousy to that Height the other Day, that coming suddenly into the Room, and surprizing Colonel *Levy* speaking Rapture on one Knee to her Mother, she clapped down by him, and asked her Blessing.

I do not know whether it is so proper to tell Family Occurrences of this Nature, but we every Day see the same Thing happen in the publick Conversation of the World. Men cannot be contented with what is laudable, but they must have all that is laudable. This Affectation is what decoys the familiar Man into Pretences to take State upon him, and the contrary Character to the Fully of aiming at being winning and complaisant. But in these

these Cases Men may easily lay aside what they are, can never arrive at what they are not.

AS to the Pursuits after Affection and Esteem Fair Sex are happy in this Particular, that with th one is much more nearly related to the other : Men. The Love of a Woman is inseparable from Esteem of her ; and as she is naturally the Object of Affection, the Woman who has your Esteem has all Degree of your Love. A Man that does on a V for her Beauty, will whisper his Friend, *That C has a great deal of Wit when you are well acquainted with her.* And if you examine the Bottom of Esteem for a Woman, you will find you have a Opinion of her Beauty that may keep clear. As Men, I design to pass most of my Time with th your *Harry Bokerstaff* ; but *William Bokerstaff*, most prudent Man of our Family, shall be my Faze



Nº 27. Saturday, August 5, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 4.

HAVING Yesterday Morning received a P Latin Verses, written with very much Eleg Honour of these my Papers, and being informed same Time that they were composed by a Young Age, I read them with much Delight, as an In his Improvement. There is not a greater Plea Old Age than seeing young People entertain the in such a Manner as that we can partake of their ments. On such Occasions we flatter ourselves, t are not quite laid aside in the World, but that either used with Gratitude for what we were, noured for what we are. A well inclined young and whose good Breeding is founded upon the P of Nature and Virtue, must needs take Delight in agreeable to his Elders, as we are truly delighte we are not the Jest of them. When I say this,

confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable Thing that there should be a Necessity for making that a Rule of Life, which should be, methinks, a meer Instinct of Nature. If Reflection upon a Man in Poverty, whom we once knew in Riches, is an Argument of Commiseration with generous Minds; sure Old Age, which is a Decay from that Vigour which the Young possess, and must certainly (if not prevented against their Will) arrive at, should be more forcibly the Object of that Reverence which honest Spirits are inclined to from a Sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

MY three Nephews, whom in *June* last was Twelve-month I disposed of according to their several Capacities and Inclinations; the first to the University, the second to a Merchant, and the third to a Woman of Quality as her Page, by my Invitation dined with me to Day. It is my Custom often, when I have a Mind to give myself a more than ordinary Cheerfulness, to invite a certain young Gentlewoman of our Neighbourhood to make one of the Company. She did me that Favour this Day. The Presence of a beautiful Woman of Honour, to Minds which are not trivially disposed, displays an Alacrity which is not to be communicated by any other Object. It was not unpleasant to me to look into her Thoughts of the Company she was in. She smiled at the Party of Pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old Man and three Boys. My Scholar, my Citizen, and myself, were very soon neglected; and the young Countess, by the Bow he made to her at her Entrance engaged her Observation without a Rival. I observed the Countess not a little discomposed at this Preference, while the Elder kept his Eye upon his Uncle. My Nephew *Will* had a thousand secret Resolutions to break in upon the Discretion of his younger Brother, who gave my fair Companion a full Account of the Fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this Complexion, and what sort of Habit appeared best upon other Shapes. He proceeded to acquaint her who of Quality was well or ill with the Bills of Mortality, and named very familiarly all his Lady's Acquaintance, not forgetting her very Words when he spoke of them.

Character.

Characters. Besides all this, he had a Road of Flatter and upon her inquiring what Sort of Woman *Levelly* was in her Person, Really, Madam, says Jackanapes, she is exactly of your Height and Shape but as you are fair, she is a brown Woman. There was no enduring that this Fop should outshine us all this unmerciful Rate; therefore I thought fit to talk my young Scholar concerning his Studies; and because would throw his Learning into present Service, I desired him to repeat to me the Translation he had made some tender Verses in *Theocritus*. He did so, with Air of Elegance peculiar to the College to which I sent him. I made some Exceptions to the Turn of Phrases; which he defended with much Modesty, as having in that Place the Matter was rather to consult Softness of a Swain's Passion, than the Strength of Expressions. It soon appeared, that *Will*, had stripped his Brother in the Opinion of our young Lady. A little Poetry to one who is bred a Scholar, has same Effect that a good Carriage of his Person has one who is to live in Courts. The Favour of Women is so natural a Passion, that I envied both the Boys their Success in the Approbation of my Guest; and I thought the only Person invulnerable was my young Trader. During the whole Meal, I could observe in the Child a mutual Contempt and Scorn of each other, arising from their different Way of Life and Education, and took Occasion to advertise them of such growing Distinctions which might mislead them in their future Life, and disappoint their Friends, as well as themselves, of the Advantages which might be expected from the Diversity of their Professions and Interests.

THE Prejudices, which are growing up between these Brothers from the different Ways of Education, which create the most fatal Misunderstandings in Life. all Distinctions of Disparagement merely from our Circumstances, are such as will not bear the Examination of Reason. The Courtier, the Trader, and the Scholar should all have an equal Pretension to the Dominion of a Gentleman. That Tradesman, who deals with me in a Commodity which I do not understand, with Uprightness, has much more Right to that Character, than

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Courtier that gives me false Hopes, or the Scholar who laughs at my Ignorance.

THE Appellation of Gentleman is never to be affixed to a Man's Circumstances, but to his Behaviour in them. For this Reason I shall ever, as far as I am able, give my Nephews such Impressions as shall make them value themselves rather as they are useful to others, than as they are conscious of Merit in themselves. There are no Qualities from which we ought to pretend to the Esteem of others, but such as render us serviceable to them: For *Free Men have no Superiors but Benefactors*. I was going on like a true old Fellow to this Purpose to my Guests, when I received the following Epistle:

S I R,

I HAVE yours, with Notice of a Benefit Ticket of 400 l. per Annum, both inclosed by Mr. Elliot, who had my Numbers for that Purpose. Your Philosophick Advice came very seasonably to me with that good Fortune; but I must be so sincere with you as to acknowledge, I owe my present Moderation more to my own Folly than your Wisdom. You will think this strange till I inform you, that I had fixed my Thoughts upon the 1000 l. a Year, and had with that Expectation laid down so many agreeable Plans for my Behaviour towards my new Lovers and old Friends, that I have received this Favour of Fortune with an Air of Disappointment. This is interpreted, by all who know me the Springs of my Heart, as a wonderful Piece of Humility. I hope my present State of Mind will grow into that; but I confess my Conduct to be now owing to another Cause. However, I know you will approve my taking bold even of Imperfections to find my Way towards Virtue, which is so feeble in us at the best, that we are often beholden to our Faults for the first Appearances of it. I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

CHLOE.



Si dixeris æstus, sudat.——Juv.

⁂ Say you are hot, he sweats.

N^o 208.

Tuesday, August 8, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 7.

AN old Acquaintance who met me this Morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I was as well as he had known me do these Forty Years continued he, not quite the Man you were when visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! *Heavens*, those are over. Do you think there are any such fine Creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on a thousand incoherent Circumstances, which, in his Relation, must needs please me; but they had the contrary Effect. The Flattery with which he began, telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet Mention of a Set of Acquaintance we had lived, recalled ten thousand Things to my Memory which made me reflect upon my present Condition with Regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after my Absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy Age, and mentioned how much he and I had to do for, who at our Time of Day could walk firmly heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up Pleasure in myself. But of all Mankind there are so shocking as these injudicious civil People. They commonly begin upon something that they know me to have a Satisfaction; but then, for Fear of the Impression of Flattery, they follow it with the last Thing in the World of which you would be reminded. It is that perplexes civil Persons. The Reason that thwarts such a general Outcry among us against Flattery is that there are so very few good Ones. It is the *Art* in this Life, and is a Part of Eloquence which

want the Preparation that is necessary to all other
 s of it, That your Audience should be your Well-
 sers: For Praise from an Enemy is the most pleasing
 all Commendations.

T is generally to be observed, that the Person most
 eable to a Man for a Constancy is he that has no
 ng Qualities, but is a certain Degree above great
 ertectious, whom he can live with as his Inferior,
 who will either overlook or not observe his little
 efts. Such an easy Companion as this, either now
 then throws out a little Flattery, or lets a Man
 tly flatter himself in his Superiority to him. If you
 Notice, there is hardly a rich Man in the World,
 has not such a led Friend of small Consideration,
 is a Darling for his Insignificance. It is a great
 to have one in our own Shape a Species below us,
 who, without being lifted in our Service, is by Na-
 of our Nature. These Dependants are of excel-

Use on a rainy Day, or when a Man has not a
 id to drink, or to exclude Solitude, when one has
 her a Mind to that or to Company. There are of
 good natured Order, who are so kind as to divide
 selves, and do these good Offices to many. Five
 six of them visit a whole Quarter of the Town, and
 ude the Modern without Vers from the Families they
 uent. If they do not perfect the Physick, they can
 Company when you take it. Very great Benefactors
 the Rich, or those whom they call People at their
 s, are your Persons of no Consequence. I have
 wn some of them, by the Help of a little Cunning,
 a delicious Flattery. They know the Courts of
 Town, and the general Characters of Persons. By

Means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable
 hexis imaginable. They will acquaint you, that
 an One of a quite contrary Party said, that tho' you
 s engaged in different Interests, yet he had the
 uest Respect for your good Sense and Address.
 on one of these has a little Cunning, he passes his
 is in the utmost Satisfaction to himself and his
 ments: For his Position is never to support or speak a
 lauding Thing to his Friend. As for letting him
 on in an Error, he knows Advice against them is
 'ol. IV. the

the Office of Persons of greater Talents and less D
cretion.

THE *Latin* Word for a Flatterer (*Assinator*) implies no more than a Person that barely consents, a indeed such an one, if a Man were able to purchase maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by fullsome Way of commending you in broad Terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same Time is ready to beg your Pardon, and gainsay ye if you chance to speak ill of your self. An old Lady is very seldom without such a Companion as this, we can recite the Names of all her Lovers, and the March refused by her in the Days when she minded such Vanities, (as she is pleased to call them, tho' she so much approves the Mention of them). It is to be noted, that a Woman's Flatterer is generally older than her self, he Years serving at once to recommend her Patroness's Age and to add Weight to her Complaisance in all other Particulars.

WE Gentlemen of small Fortunes are extremely necessitous in this Particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his Parts are so low, that all the Incense he does me is to fill his Pipe with me and to be out at just as many Whiffs as I take. This is all the Praise or Assent that he is capable of, yet there are more Hours when I would rather be in his Company than that of the brightest Man I know. I would be an hard Matter to give an Account of this Inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the Bottom of it, we shall find that the Pleasure in it is something like that of receiving Money which lay out. Every Man thinks he has an Estate of Reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it Home to him: It is no Matter how dirty a Bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a Messenger, so the Money is good. All that we want to be pleased with Flattery, is to believe that the Man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one Accident, that absurd Creatures often outrun the most skillful in this Art. Their Want of Ability is here an Advantage, and their Bluntness, as it is the seeming Effect of Sincerity, is the best Cover to Artifice.

TERENCE introduces a Flatterer talking to a Coxcomb whom he cheats out of a Livelihood, and a third Person on the Stage makes on him this pleasant Remark, *this Fellow has an Art of making Fools Mad-men*. The Love of Flattery is indeed sometimes the Weakness of a great Mind; but you see it also in Persons who otherwise discover no manner of Relish of any Thing above meer Sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves, but always debases the former. A Fool is in himself the Object of Pity till he is flattered. By the Force of that his Stupidity is raised into Affectation, and he becomes of Dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a Drole, that upon one's saying, the Times are so ticklish that there must great Care be taken what one says in Conversation; answered with an Air of Sur-liness and Honesty, If People will be free, let them be so in the Manner that I am, who never abuse a Man but to his Face. He had no Reputation for saying dangerous Truths; therefore when it was repeated, you abuse a Man but to his Face? Yes, says he, I flatter him.

IT is indeed the greatest of Injuries to flatter any but the Unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some Infirmary. In this latter Case we have a Member of our Club, that when Sir Jeffery falls asleep, wakens him with Snoring. This makes Sir Jeffery hold up for some Moments the longer, to see there are Men younger than himself among us, who are more Lethargick than he is.

WHEN Flattery is practised upon any other Consideration, it is the most abject Thing in Nature; nay, I cannot think of any Character below the Flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with Fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their Condescensions and Expressions; but they want Persons and Talents to rise up to such a Baseness. As a Coxcomb is a Fool of Parts, so a Flatterer is a Knave of Parts.

THE best of this Order, that I know, is one who disguises it under a Spirit of Contradiction or Reproof. He told an errant Driveler the other Day, That he did not care for being in Company with him, because he heard he turned his absent Friends into Ridicule. And

upon Lady *Autumn*'s disputing with him about some thing that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry Tone, Pray, Madam, give me Leave to be more of a Thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your Nurie's Arms.



No 209.

Thursday, August 10, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 9.

A NOBILER Painter, who has an Ambition to draw an History Piece, has desired me to give him a Subject on which he may shew the utmost Force of his Art and Genius. For this Purpose I have picked upon that remarkable Incident between *Alexander the Great* and his Physician. This Prince, in the Midst of his Conquests in *Asia*, was seized by a violent fever; and according to the Account we have of his Mind, his Thoughts were more employed about Recovery, as it regarded the War, than as it concerned his own Life. He protested a slow Method worse than Death to him, because it was what he dreaded, an Interruption of his Glory. He desired dangerous, so it might be a speedy Remedy. Due to this Impatience of the King, it is well known *Demetrius* had offered an immense Sum to any who should take away his Life. But *Philippus*, the most esteemed and most knowing of his Physicians, promised, within three Days Time he would prepare a Medicine for him which should restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, *Alexander* receives a Letter from the considerable of his Captains, with Intelligence that they had bribed *Philippus* to poison him. Every Circumstance imaginable favoured this Suspicion; but this March, who did nothing but in an extraordinary Manner,

ner, concealed the Letter: and while the Medicine was preparing spent all his Thoughts upon his Behaviour in this important Incident. From his long Soliloquy he came to this Resolution: *Alexander must not be here alive to be oppressed by his Enemy. I will not believe my Physician guilty; or, I will perish rather by his Cure, than my own Diffidence.*

A T the appointed Hour *Philippus* enters with the Potion. One cannot but form to one's self on this Occasion the Encounter of their Eyes, the Resolution in those of the Patient, and the Benevolence in the Countenance of the Physician. The Hero raised himself in his Bed, and holding the Letter in one Hand, and the Potion in the other, drank the Medicine. It will exercise my Friend's Pencil and Brain to place this Action in its proper Beauty. A Prince observing the Features of a suspected Traytor after having drank the Poison he offered him, is a Circumstance so full of Passion that it will require the highest Strength of his Imagination to conceive it, much more to express it. But as Painting is Eloquence and Poetry in Mechanism, I shall raise his Ideas, by reading with him the finest Draughts of the Passions concerned in this Circumstance from the most excellent Poets and Orators. The Confidence which *Alexander* assumes from the Air of *Philippus's* Face as he is reading his Accusation, and the generous Disdain which is to rise in the Features of a falsely accused Man, are principally to be regarded. In this Particular he must heighten his Thoughts, by reflecting, that he is not drawing only an innocent Man traduced, but a Man zealously affected to his Person and Safety, full of Resentment for being thought false. How shall we contrive to express the highest Admiration mingled with Disdain? How shall we in Strokes of a Pencil fix, what *Philippus* did to his Prince on this Occasion? See, my Life never depended on yours more than it does now. Without knowing this Secret, I prepared the Potion, which you have taken as what concerned *Philippus* so little than *Alexander*; and there is nothing now in this Adventure, but that it makes me still more admire the Generosity and Confidence of my Master. *Alexander* took him by the Hand, and said, *Philippus*, I am confident you had no

*ther I had any other Way to have manifested the Faith
have in you, than a Case which so nearly concerns
And in Gratitude I now assure you, I am anxious for
Effect of your Medicine, more for your Sake than my own*

MY Painter is employed by a Man of Sense & Wealth to furnish him a Gallery, and I shall join with my Friend in the designing Part. It is the great Use of Pictures to raise in our Minds either agreeable Ideas of our absent Friends; or high Images of eminent Personages. But the latter Design is, methinks carried on in a very improper Way; for to fill a Room full of Battle-Pieces, pompous Histories of Sieges, & a tall Hero alone in a Crowd of insignificant Figures about him, is of no Consequence to private Men. To place before our Eyes great and illustrious Men, those Parts and Circumstances of Life wherein their behaviour may have an Effect upon our Minds, as we do such as we partake with them merely as they were Men: Such as these, I say, may be just and useful ornaments of an elegant Apartment. In this Collection therefore that we are making, we will not have Battles, but the Sentiments of *Alexander*. The Alexander we were just now speaking of has Circumstances of the highest Nature, and yet their Grandeur has little to do with his Fortune. If by observing such a Piece, as that of his taking a Fowl of Poison with so much Magnanimity, a Man, the next Time he has a Fit of Spleen, is less forward to his Friend or his Servant thus far is some Improvement.

I have frequently thought, that if we had many Draughts which were historical of certain Passions, & had the true Figure of the great Men we see transported by them, it would be of the most solid Advantage to be givible. To consider this mighty Man on one Occasion administering to the Wants of a poor Soldier, benumbed with Cold, with the greatest Humanity; at another, barbarously stabbing a faithful Officer: At a third Time, so generously chaste and virtuous as to give his Captive *Statira* her Liberty; at another, burning a Town at the Instigation of *Iphis*. This Sort of Changes in the same Person are what would be more beneficial Lessons of Morality, than the several Revolutions

y great Man's Fortune. There are but one or two
 Age to whom the pompous Incidents of his Life
 be exemplary; but I or any Man may be as sick,
 od-natured, as compassionate, and as angry as *Alex-
 the Great*. My Purpose in all this Chat is, that
 cellent a Furniture may not for the future have fo
 ntick a Turn, but allude to Incidents which come
 n the Fortunes of the ordinary Race of Men. I do
 now but 'tis by the Force of this senseless Custom,
 People are drawn in Postures they would not for
 they are worth be surpris'd in. The unparallel'd
 ends of some rural 'Squires drawn in Red, or in
 ur, who never dreamed to destroy any Thing above
 r, is a common and Ordinary Offence of this Kind.
 shall give an Account of our whole Gallery on ano-
 Occasion.



110. Saturday, August 12, 1710.

Sheer-Lane, August 11.

DID myself the Honour this Day to make a Visit
 o a Lady of Quality, who is one of those who are
 railing at the Vices of the Age, but mean only one
 , because it is the only Vice they are not guilty of.
 went so far as to fall foul on a young Woman who
 ad Imputations; but whether they were just or not,
 ne knows but herself. However that is, she is in
 resent Behaviour modest, humble, pious and discreet.
 ight it became me to bring this censorious Lady to
 on, and let her see she was a much more vicious
 nan than the Person she spoke of.

ADAM, said I, you are very severe to this poor
 g Woman, for a Trespas which I believe Heaven
 forgiven her, and for which you see she is for ever
 of Countenance. Nay, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, she inter-
 id, if you at this Time of Day contradict People of
 us, and stand up for ill Women——No, no. Ma-
 dam,

dam, said I, not so fast, she is reclaimed, and I forever will be. Nay, nay, Madam, do not be Pation, but let me tell you what you are. You deed as good as your Neighbours, but that is very bad. You are a Woman at the Head of a l and lead a perfect Town Lady's Life. You go own Way, and consult nothing but your Glass. Imperfections indeed you see there, you imm mend as fast as you can. You may do the fi the Faults I tell you of, for they are much more Power to correct.

YOU are to know then, that your visiting that carry your Virtue from House to House much Prattle in each other's Applause, and triumph over People's Faults, I grant you have but the culation of Vice in your own Conversations, but mote the Practice of it in all others you have with.

AS for you, Madam, your Time passes a Dressing, Eating, Sleeping and Praying. Wh rise in a Morning, I grant you an Hour spe well; but you come out to dress in so froward mour, that the poor Girl, who attends you, cu very Being in that she is your Servant, for the Things you say to her. When this poor Cre put into a Way, that Good or Evil are regarded they relieve her from the Hours she has and m with you. The next you have to do with i Coachman and Footmen. They convey you I to Church. While you are praying there, t cursing, swearing and drinking in an Ale house ring the Time also which your Ladyship sets at Heaven, you are to know, that your Cook is t and sitting in Preparation for your Dinner. S ter your Meal you make Visits, and the whole that belongs to you speak all the Ill of you wh are repeating of others. You see, Madam, w Way you go, all about you are in a very bro The Morality of these People it is your proper to inquire into; and till you reform them, y best let your Equals alone; otherwise, if I all

you are not vicious, you must allow me you are not virtuous.

I took my Leave, and received at my coming Home the following Letter.

Mr. Bickerstaff.

I H A V E lived a pure and undefiled Virgin these twenty-seven Years, and I assure you, 'tis with great Grief and Sorrow of Heart I tell you, that I become weary and impatient of the Decision of the Gigglers of our Sex, who call me old Maid, and tell me I shall had soon. If you are truly a Patron of the Distressed, and an Adversary to the Oppressed, you will advise whether I shall or ought to be persecuted upon by the Impertinence of my own Sex, to give Way to the Importunity of yours. I assure you I am surrounded with both, tho' at present a Forlorn.

I am, &c.

I must defer my Answer to this Lady out of a Point of Chronology. She says, she has been twenty-seven Years a Maid; but I fear, according to a common Error, she dates her Virginity from her Birth, which is a very erroneous Method; for a Woman of twenty is no more to be thought chaste so many Years, than a Man of that Age can be said to have been so long valiant. We must not allow People the Favour of a Virtue till they have been under the Temptation to the contrary. A Woman is not a Maid till her Birth day, as we call it, of her fifteenth Year. My Plaintiff is therefore desired to inform me, whether she is at present in her twenty-eighth or forty third Year, and she shall be dispatched accordingly.

11



——— *Neque mori timeo, & ferio tantum.* Juv.

I cannot express it, but conceive it only.

No 211.

Tuesday, August 15, 1710.

Sunday, August 13.

IF there were no other Consequence of it, but barely that Human Creatures on this Day assemble themselves before their Creator, without Regard to their usual Employments, their Minds at Leisure from the Cares of this Life, and their Bodies adorned with the best Attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this meer outward Celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from Men, even that were a laudable Distinction, and a Purpose worthy the Human Nature. But when there is added to it the sublime Pleasure of Devotion, our Being is exalted above itself; and he who spends a seventh Day in the Contemplation of the next Life, will not easily fall into the Corruptions of this in the other six. They who never admit Thoughts of this Kind into their Imaginations, lose higher and sweeter Satisfaction than can be raised by any other Entertainment. The most illiterate Man who is touched with Devotion, and uses frequent Exercises of it, contracts a certain Greatness of Mind, mingled with a noble Simplicity, that raises him above those of the same Condition; and there is an indelible Mark of Goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the Fervours of a pious Mind will naturally contract such an Earnestness and Attention towards a better Being, as will make the ordinary Passages of Life go off with a becoming Indifference. By this a Man in the lowest Condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid Fortune insolent.

AS

AS to all the Intricacies and Vicissitudes under which Men are ordinarily entangled with the utmost Sorrow and Passion, one who is devoted to Heaven, when he falls into such Difficulties, is led by a Clue through a Labyrinth. As to this World, he does not pretend to Skill in the Mazes of it, but fixes his Thoughts upon one Certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, What can be a more sure Consolation than to have an Hope in Death? When Men are arrived at thinking of their very Dissolution with Pleasure, how few Things are there that can be terrible to them? Certainly nothing can be dreadful to such Spirits, but what would make Death terrible to them, Falshood towards Man, or Impiety towards Heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the Gratifications of innocent Pleasures are doubled even with Reflections upon their Imperfection. The Disappointments which naturally attend the great Promises we make ourselves in expected Enjoyments, strike no Damp upon such Men, but only quicken their Hope: of soon knowing Joys, which are too pure to admit of Alloy or Satiety.

IT is thought among the politer Sort of Mankind an Imperfection to want a Relish of any of those Things which refine our Lives. This is the Foundation of the Acceptance which Eloquence, Musick and Poetry make in the World; and I know not why Devotion, considered merely as an Exaltation of our Happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible the very Enquiry would lead Men into such Thoughts and Gratifications as they did not expect to meet with in this Place. Many a good Acquaintance has been lost from a general Prepossession in his Disfavour, and a severe Aspect has often hid under it a very agreeable Companion.

THERE are no distinguishing Qualities among Men to which there are not false Pretenders; but tho' none is more pretended to than that of Devotion, there are, perhaps, fewer successful Impostors in this Kind than any other. There is something so natively great and good in a Person that is truly devout, that an awkward Man may as well pretend to be genteel, as an Hypocrite to be
pious

propos. The Constraint in Words and Actions are equally visible in both Cases, and any Thing set up in their Room does but remove the Endeavours the farther of their Pretensions. But however the Sense of true Piety is abated, there is no other Motive of Action that can carry us thro' all the Vicissitudes of Life with Alacrity and Resolution. But Piety, like Philosophy, when it is superficial, does but make Men appear the worse for it; and a Principle that is but Half received, does but distract, instead of guiding our Behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal Conduct of *Latius*, I see many Things that run directly counter to his Interest; therefore I cannot attribute his Labours for the Publick Good to Ambition. When I consider his Disregard to his Fortune, I cannot esteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his Neglect of himself, and his Zeal for others? I have long suspected him to be a *little pious*: But no Man ever hid his Vice with greater Caution than he does his Virtue. It was the Praise of a great *Roman* That he had rather be, than appear, good. But such is the Weakness of *Latius*, that I dare say, he had rather be esteemed irreligious than devout. By I know not what Impatience of Raillery he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a Believer. A hundred little Devices are made use of to hide a Time of private Devotion; and he will allow you any Suspicion of his being ill employed, so you do not tax him with being well. But alas! How mean is such a Behaviour? To boast of Virtue is a most ridiculous Way of disappointing the Merit of it, but not so pitiful as that of being ashamed of it. How unhappy is the Wretch who makes the most absolute and independent Motive of Action the Cause of Perplexity and Inconstancy? How much another Figure does *Cicero* make with all who know him? His great and superior Mind, frequently exalted by the Raptures of Heavenly Meditation, is to all his Friends of the same Use as it an Angel were to appear at the Decision of their Disputes. They very well understand he is as much disinterested and unbiassed as such a Being. He considers all Applications made to him, as those Addresses will affect his own Application to Heaven. All his Determinations are delivered with a beautiful Humi-

lity

lity; and he pronounces his Decisions with the Air of one who is more frequently a Supplicant than a Judge.

THUS humble, and thus great, is the Man who is moved by Piety, and excited by Devotion. But behold this recommended by the Masterly Hand of a great Divine I have heretofore made bold with.

It is such a Pleasure as can never cloy or overwork the Mind; a Delight that grows and improves under Thought and Reflection; and while it exercises, does also endear itself to the Mind. All Pleasures that affect the Body must needs weary, because they transport; and all Transportation is a Violence; and no Violence can be lasting, but determines upon the falling of the Spirits, which are not able to keep up that Height of Motion that the Pleasure of the Senses raises them to. And therefore bonu inevitably does an immoderate Laughter end in a Sigh, which is only Nature's Recovering itself after a Force done to it: But the Religious Pleasure of a well disposed Mind moves gently, and therefore constantly. It does not affect by Rapture and Ecstasy, but is like the Pleasure of Health, greater and stronger than those that call up the Senses with grosser and more affecting Impressions. No Man's Body is as strong as his Appetites; but Heaven has corrected the Roundness of his voluptuous Desires by stinting his Strengths, and contracting his Capacities.——The Pleasure of the Religious Man is an easy and a portable Pleasure, such an one as he carries about in his Bosom, without alarming either the Eye or the Envy of the World. A Man putting all his Pleasures into this one, is like a Traveller putting all his Goods into one Jewel; the Value is the same, and the Convenience greater.





N^o 212. Thursday, August 17, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 16.

I HAVE had much Impertunity to answer the following Letter.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

READING over a Volume of yours, I find the Words *Simplex Munditiis* mentioned as a Description of a very well dressed Woman. I beg of you, for the Sake of the Sex, to explain these Terms. I cannot comprehend what my Brother means when he tells me they signify my own Name, which is,

S I R,

*Your humble Servant,
Plain English.*

I think the Lady's Brother has given us a very good Idea of that elegant Expression, it being the greatest Beauty of Speech to be close and intelligible. To this End nothing is to be more carefully consulted than Plainness. In a Lady's Attire this is the single Excellence; for to be what some People call fine, is the same Vice in that Case, as to be florid is in Writing or Speaking. I have studied and Writ on this important Subject till I almost despair of making a Reformation in the Females of this Island, where we have more Beauty than in any Spot in the Universe, if we did not disguise it by false Orniture, and detract from it by impertinent Improvements. I have by me a Treatise concerning Pinnets, which I have some Hopes will contribute to the Amendment of the present Head-dresses, to which I have solid and unanswerable Objections. But most of the Errors in that and other Particulars of adorning the Head, are crept into the World from the Ignorance

Ignorance of modern Tirewomen; for it is come to that Pass, that an awkward Creature in the first Year of her Apprenticeship, that can hardly stick a Pin, shall take upon her to dress a Woman of the first Quality. However it is certain, that there requires in a good Tirewoman a perfect Skill in Opticks; for all the Force of Ornament is to contribute to the Intention of the Eyes. Thus she who has a Mind to look killing, must arm her Face accordingly, and not leave her Eyes and Cheeks undressed. There is *Araminta* so sensible of this, that she never will see even her own Husband without a Hood on. Can any one living bear to see Miss *Gravel*, lean as she is, with her Hair tied back after the modern Way? But such is the Folly of our Ladies, that because one who is a Beauty, out of Ostentation of her being such, takes Care to wear something that she knows cannot be of any Consequence to her Complexion; I say, our Women run on so heedlessly in the Fashion, that tho' it is the Interest of some to hide as much of their Faces as possible, yet because a leading Toast appeared with a backward Head dress the rest shall follow the Mode, without observing that the Author of the Fashion assumed it, because it could become no one but herself.

FLAVIA is ever well dressed, and always the gentlest Woman you meet: But the Make of her Mind very much contributes to the Ornament of her Body. She has the greatest Simplicity of Manners of any of her Sex. This makes every Thing look native about her, and her Cloaths are so exactly fitted, that they appear as it were Part of her Person. Every one that sees her knows her to be of Quality; but her Distinction is owing to her Manner, and not to her Habit. Her Beauty is full of Attraction, but not of Allurement. There is such a Composure in her Looks, and Propriety in her Dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the Garb you one Day see her in for any Thing so becoming, till you next Day see her in another. There is no other Mystery in this, but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same: For there is so immediate a Relation between our Thoughts and Gestures, that a Woman must think well to look well.

1722. B U T

BUT this weighty Subject I put off for other Matters, in which my Circumstances are for Answers, which I shall do where I can, and to the Judgment of others where I cannot.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

August 15,

TAKING the Air t'other Day on Horseback the Green-Lane that leads to Southgate, I were coming towards me a Person well mounted Mask; and I accordingly expected, as any one who have been robbed. But when we came up with other, the Spark, to my greater Surprise, very pleasantly gave me the Way, which made me take Courage to ask him if he masqueraded, or how? He made Answer but still continued incognito. This was an Asi, in a Lion's Skin, a barmlejs Bull beggar, who lights to fright innocent People, and set them a gallop I thought myself of putting as good a Jest upon him had turned my Horse, with a Design to pursue him to don, and get him apprehended, on Suspicion of his Highwayman: But when I reflected, that 'twas the Office of the Magistrate to punish only knaves, and that had a Censor of Great Britain for People of another mination, I immediately determined to prosecute him in Court only. This unjustifiable Frolic I take to be a Wit nor Humour, therefore hope you will do me, as many others as were that Day frightened, Justice. I

S I R,

Your Friend and Servant,

S I R,

THE Gentleman begs your Pardon, and frees you out of Fear of frightening you, for he come out of the Small Pox.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

YOUR Distinction concerning the Time of counting Virgins is allowed to be Just. I write you Thanks for it, in the twenty-eighth Year of Life, rousish of my Virginity. But I am to ask you a

Question: May a Woman be said to live any more Years a Maid than she continues to be courted?

I am, &c.

S I R,

August 15, 1710.

I OBSERVE that the Post Man of Saturday last, giving an Account of the Action in Spain, has this elegant Turn of Expression; General Stanhope, who in the whole Action expressed as much Bravery as Conduct, received a Contusion in his Right Shoulder. I should be glad to know whether this cautious Politician means to commend or to rally him, by saying, He expressed as much Bravery as Conduct? If you can explain this dubious Phrase, it will inform the Publick, and oblige,

S I R,

Your humble Servant, &c.



Sheer-Lane, August 18.

THERE has of late crept in among the downright *English* a mighty Spirit of Dissimulation. But before we discourse of this Vice, it will be necessary to observe, that the Learned make a Difference between Simulation and Dissimulation. Simulation is a Pretence of what is not, and Dissimulation is a Concealment of what is. The latter is our present Affair. When you look round you in publick Places in this Island, you see the Generality of Mankind carry in their Countenance an Air of Challenge or Defiance; and there is no such Man to be found among us who naturally strives to do greater Honours and Civilities than he receives. This innate Sullenness or Stubbornness of Complexion is hardly to be conquered by any of our Islanders. For which Reason, however they may pretend to chouse one another, they make but very awkward Rogues; and their Dissike to each other is seldom so well dissembled, but it is suspected.

suspected. When once it is so, it had as good be professed. A Man who dissembles well must have none of what we call Stomach, otherwise he will be cold in his Professions of Good will where he hates; an Imperfection of the last ill Consequence in Business. This Preenness in our Natures is apparent from the Conduct of our young Fellows, who are not got into the Schemes and Arts of Life which the Children of the World walk by. One would think that of Course, when a Man of any Consequence for his Figure, his Mien or his Gravity, passes by a Youth, he should certainly have the first Advances of Salutation; but he is, you may observe, treated in a quite different Manner, it being the very Characteristick of an *English* Temper to defy. As I am an *Englishman*, I find it a very hard Matter to bring myself to pull off the Hat first; but it is the only Way to be upon any good Terms with those we meet with. Therefore the first Advance is of high Moment. Men judge of others by themselves, and he that will command with us, must condescend. It moves one's Spleen very agreeably to see Fellows pretend to be Dissemblers without this Lesson. They are so reservedly complaisant till they have learned to resign their natural Passions, that all the Steps they make towards gaining those whom they would be well with, are but so many Marks of what they really are, and not of what they would appear.

THE rough *Britains*, when they pretend to be artful towards one another, are ridiculous enough; but when they set up for Vices, they have not, and dissemble their Good with an Affectation of Ill, they are insupportable. I know two Men in this Town who make as good Figures as any in it, that manage their Credits so well as to be thought Atheists, and yet say their Prayers Morning and Evening. *Tom. Springly* (other Day pretended to go to an Allignment with a married Woman at *Rosimond's Pond*, and was seen soon after reading the Responses with great Gravity at Six a Clock Prayers.

Stow-Lane, August 17,

THOUGH the following Epistle bears a just Accusation of myself, yet in Regard it is a more advantageous Piece of Justice to another, I insert it at large

Curraway's Coffee-house, August 18.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

I HAVE lately read your Paper, wherein you represent a Conversation between a young Lady, your third Nephew, and yourself; and am not a little offended at the Figure you give your young Nephew in the Person of a Beauty. The 'Topic of' Love is a Subject on which a Man is more beholden to Nature for his Eloquence, than to the Instruction of the School, or my Lady's Woman. From the latter your Scholar and Page must have reap'd all their Advantage above him——I know by this Time you have pronounced me a reader. I acknowledge it, but cannot bear the Reprehension from any Person of speaking agreeably to a Fine Woman, or from any Figure of some respect that Way. You have among us Gentlemen many Well-wishers, but it is for the Justice of your Representations, which we, perhaps, are better Judges of, than you (by the Account you give of your Nephew) seem to allow.

If I give you an Opportunity of making us some Reparation, I desire you would tell me one Way the following Instance of benevolence in the City. You are to remember, that somewhere in your Hearings, for enlarging the Territories of Virtue and Honour, you have multiplied the Opportunities of attaining to benevolent Virtue, and have hinted, that in whatever State of Life a Man is, if he does things above what is ordinarily performed by Men of his Rank, he is in those Instances an Hero.

TOM. Trueman, a young Gentleman of eighteen Years of Age, fell passionately in Love with the beautiful Almina, Daughter to his Master. Her Regard for him was no less tender. Trueman was better acquainted with his Master's Affairs than his Daughter, and justly lamented, that each Day brought him by many Misadvantages nearer Wantonry than the former. This unhappy Pasture of

their Affairs the Youth suspected was owing to the ill Management of a Factor, in whom his Master had an intire Confidence. Trueman took a proper Occasion, when his Master was ruminating on his decaying Fortune, to address him for Leave to spend the Remainder of his Time with his foreign Correspondent. During three Years Stay in that Employment he became acquainted with all that concerned his Master, and by his great Address in the Management of that Knowledge serv'd him 10,000l. Soon after this Accident Trueman's Uncle left him a considerable Estate. Upon receiving that Advice he returned to England, and demanded Almira of her Father. The Father, overjoyed at the Match, offered him the 10,000l. he has saved him, with the further Proposul of resigning to him all his Business. Trueman refused both, and retired into the Country with his Bride, contented with his own Fortune, though perfectly skilled in the Methods of improving it.

It is to be noted, that Trueman refused 20,000l. with another young Lady; so that reckoning both his Self-denial, he is to have in your Court the Merit of having given 30,000l. for the Woman he loved. This Gentleman I claim your Justice to, and hope you will be convinced that some of us have larger Views than only Cash Debtor, per contra Creditor.

Yours,

Richard Traffick.

N. B. Mr. Thomas Trueman of Lime-street is entered among the Heroes of Domestick Life.

Charles Lillie.





—*Solis & aperta serena
Prospicere, & certis poteris cognoscere signis.* Vulg.

*As these of Rains, so Rains once past appear
Sure Signs of Sunshin, and of settled Fair.*

Nº 214.

Tuesday, August 22, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 21.

IN every Party there are two Sorts of Men, the *Rigid* and the *Supple*. 'The *Rigid* are an intractable Race of Mortals, who act upon Principle, and will not, forsooth, fall into any Measures that are not consistent with their received Notions of Honour. 'These are Persons of a stubborn unpliant Morality, that fullenly adhere to their Friends, when they are disgraced, and to their Principles, though they are exploded. I shall therefore give up this stiff necked Generation to their own Obstnacy, and turn my 'Thoughts to the Advantage of the *Supple*, who pay their Homage to Places, and not to Persons; and without inflaving themselves to any particular Scheme of Opinions, are as ready to change their Conduct in Point of Sentiment as of Fashion. 'The well-disciplined Part of a Court are generally so perfect at their Exercise, that you may see a whole Assembly from Front to Rear, face about at once to a new Man of Power, though at the same Time they turn their Backs upon him that brought them thither. 'The great Hardship these complaisant Members of Society are under, seems to be the Want of Warning upon any approaching Change or Revolution; so that they are obliged in a Hurry to tack about with every Wind and stop short in the Midst of a full Career, to the great Surprise and Derision of their Beholders.

WHEN a Man foresees a decaying Ministry, he has Leisure to grow a Malecontent, reflect upon the present

present Conduct, and by gradual Murmurs fall off from his Friends into a new Party, by just Steps and Measures. For want of such Notices, I have formerly known a very well bred Person refuse to return a Bow of a Man whom he thought in Disgrace, that was next Day made Secretary of State; and another, who after a long Neglect of a Minister, came to his Levee, and made Professions of Zeal for his Service the very Day before he was turned out.

THIS produces also unavoidable Confusions and Mistakes in the Descriptions of great Mens Parts and Merits. That ancient Lyrick, Mr. D'Urfey, some Years ago writ a Dedication to a certain Lord, in which he celebrated him for the greatest Poet and Critick of that Age, upon a Misinformation in Dyer's Letter, that his noble Patron was made Lord Chamberlain. In short, innumerable Votes, Speeches and Sermons, have been thrown away, and turned to no Account, merely for Want of due and timely Intelligence. Nay, it has been known, that a Panegyrick has been half printed off when the Poet upon the Removal of the Minister has been forced to alter it into a Satire.

FOR the Conduct therefore of such useful Persons as are ready to do their Country Service upon all Occasions, I have an Engine in my Study, which is a Sort of a political Barometer, or to speak more intelligibly, a *State Weather-Glass*, that by the rising and falling of a certain magical Liquor, presages all Changes and Revolutions in Government, as the common Glass does those of the *Weather*. This *Weather Glass* is said to have been invented by *Gordon*, and given by him as a Present to his great Countryman and Contemporary *Marbais*, which (by the Way) may serve to rectify a received Error in Chronology, that places one of these some Years after the other. How or when it came into my Hands, I shall desire to be excused, if I keep to myself; but so it is, that I have walked by it for the better Part of a Century to my Safety at least, if not to my Advantage; and have among my Papers a Register of all the Changes that have happened in it from the Middle of Queen Elizabeth's Reign.

IN the Time of that Prince it stood long at *Settled* by. At the latter End of King *James I.* it fell to *ruin*. It held several Years after at *Scorvy*, inasmuch as at last despairing of seeing any *Clear* Weather at home I followed the Royal Exile, and some Time after doing my *Glais* arile, returned to my native Country, in the rest of the *Loyalists*. I was then in *Hopes* to finish the Remainder of my Days in *Settled Fair*. But almost during the greatest Part of that Reign the *English* Nation was in a dead Calm, which as it is usual, was followed by high Winds and *Tempests* till of late Years; in which, with unexpressable Joy and Satisfaction, I have seen our political Weather returned to *Settled Fair*. I will only observe, that for all this last Summer my *Glais* is pointed at *Changeable*. Upon the whole, I often reply to Fortune *Affairs* in the *High*:

— *Non ulla laborum,*

O Pige, non ut facti turpioris iugit:

Quam precepti, atque animi curam uno pergit.

THE Advantages, which have accrued to those whom have admitted in their Affairs, by Virtue of this sort of reticence, have been very considerable. A Nephew of mine, who has never put his Money into the Stocks, & taken it out without my Advice, has in a few Years lifted five hundred Pounds to almost six many thousands, as for myself, who look upon Riches in countil rather in content than Possessions, and measure the Greatness of the Mind rather by its Tranquillity than its Ambition, I have seldom used my *Glais* to make my Way in the World, but often to retire from it. This is a My path of Happiness, which was first discovered to me by a most leading Apothegm of *Pythagoras*: *It is the Rich,* says he, *it is, worship the Rich.* That great Philosopher whether to make his Doctrines the more venerable, or to add his Precepts with the Heaviness of Imagination, or to awaken the Curiosity of his Disciples, for I will not suppose what is usually said, that he did it to conceal his Wisdom from the Vulgar) has couched several admirable Precepts in remote Allusions and mysterious Sentences, by the wind in this Apothegm, are such that I must

causa

canes and popular Tumults. When these arise, say
worthip the Echo; that is, withdraw yourself from
Multitude into Solitude, Winkles, Solitudes, or the
Retirements, which are the usual Habitations of the I

N^o 215.

Monday, August 24, 1710.

From my new Apartment, August 24

I S A X D E R has writ to me out of the Cin
and tells me, after many other Circumstances,
he had passed a great deal of Time with much
fury and Tranquillity, till his Happiness was invert
by an indolent Flatterer, who came down into
Paris to visit a Relation. With the Circumstan
which he represents the Matter, he had no small
reason to be offended; for he attacked him in to v
a Season, that he could not have any Relish of Ph
in it, tho' perhaps, at another Time it might have
upon him without giving him much Uneasiness.

As he had, after a long Sojourn of the Town, been to b
as to get to a Solitude, he extremely liked, and cov
a Pleasure he had long discontinued, that of rest
He was got to the Bank of a Rivulet, covered by a
long Shade, and fanned by a soft Breeze, which
his Mind into that Sort of Composure and Attention
which a Man, though with Indolence, enjoys the u
Laziness of his Spirit, and the greatest Strength o
Mind at the same Time. In this State, *Pyrrhus* r
tells that he was reading *Long's Geography*, when
sudden the Counsellor above-mentioned surpris
and without any Manner of Preparation fall upon
at once. *What! I have read your epick, and you
all over the Fleet? He, wanted you on board after
me, but you are much better employed. I have be
den that you are an excellent Scholar. But at the
same time, it is not a little strange to see the Ladies, who in*

As well, of the Pleasure of your Company? But that is indeed the Misfortune of you great Scholars, you are seldom fit for the World as those who never trouble themselves with Books. Well, I see you are taken up with your Learning there, and I'll leave you. Lyander, says he made him no Answer, but took a Resolution to complain to me.

IT is a substantial Affliction, when Men govern themselves by the Rules of good Breeding, that by the very Force of them they are subjected to the Insolence of those who either never will, or never can, understand them. The superficial Part of Mankind form to themselves little Measures of Behaviour from the Outside of Things. By the Force of these narrow Conceptions they act among themselves with Applause, and do not apprehend they are contemptible to those of higher Understanding, who are restrained by Decencies above their Knowledge from shewing a Dislike. Hence it is, that because Complaisance is a good Quality in Conversation, one Impertinent takes upon him on all Occasions to commend; and because Mirth is agreeable, another thinks it fit eternally to jest. I have of late received many Packets of Letters complaining of these breeding Evils. A Lady who is lately arrived at the *Barb* acquaints me, there was in the Stage Coach where she went down a common Flatterer, and a common Jester. These Gentlemen were (she tells me) Rivals in her Favour; and adds, if there ever happened a Case wherein of two Persons one was not liked more than another, it was in that Journey. They differed only in Proportion to the Degree of Dislike between the Nauseous and the Insipid. Both these Characters of Men are born out of a Barrenness of Imagination. They are never Fools by Nature, but become such out of an impotent Ambition of being what she never intended them, Men of Wit and Conversation. I therefore think fit to declare, That according to the known Laws of this Land, a Man may be a very honest Gentleman, and enjoy himself and his Friend, without being a Wit; and I absolve all Men from taking Pains to be such for the Future. As the present Case stands, is it not very unhappy that *Lyander* must be attacked and applauded in

in a Wood, and *Corinna* jolted at an amended Stage Coach; and this for no Manner of Reason, because other People have a Mind to shew their Parts. I grant indeed, if these People (as they have Understanding enough for it) would confine their Accomplishments to those of their own Degree of Talents, it were to be tolerated; but when they are so insolent as to interfere the Meditations of the Wise, the Conversations of Agreeable, and the whole Behaviour of the Modest becomes a Grievance naturally in my Jurisdiction. Among themselves, I cannot only overlook, but approve. I was present the other Day at a Conversation, where a Man of this Height of Breeding and Sense told a young Woman of the same Form, 'To be sure, Madam, every Thing must please that comes from a Lady. She answered, I know, Sir, you are so much a Gentleman, you think so. Why this was very well on both Sides, and it is impossible that such a Gentleman and Lady should do other than think well of one another. There are but loose Hints of the Disturbances in human Society, for which there is yet no Remedy: But I shall a little Time publish Tables of Respect and Civility, which Persons may be instructed in the proper Times and Seasons, as well as at what Degree of Intimacy a Man may be allowed to commend or rally his Companion: the promiscuous License of which is at present far felt being among the small Errors in Conversation.

P. S. The following Letter was left, with a Request to be immediately answered, lest the Artifices used against a Lady in Distress may come into common Practice.

S I R,

My eldest Sister hurried her Husband about six Months ago, and at his Funeral, a Gentleman of no more than Honesty, on the Night of his Interment, as she was not herself, but in the utmost Agony of her Grief spoke to her of the Subject of Love. In that Weak and Distraction which my Sister was in (as one ready fall is apt to lean on any Body) he obtained her Pledge of Marriage, which was accordingly consummated eleven Weeks after. There is no Affliction comes alone, but brings another. My Sister is now ready to die in.

ably acts of you, as you are a Friend to the Sex, to let
 know what is the lawful Father of this Child, or what
 you may not be informed from this second Marriage,
 having it was promised under such Circumstances as one
 may well suppose she did not what she did voluntarily,
 because she was helpless otherwise. She is advised
 nothing about Engagements made in Law, which she thinks
 same as to the Reason of the Thing. But, dear Sir,
 relies upon your Advice, and gives you her Services as

Your humble Servant,

Rebecca Nichols.

THE Case is very hard, and I fear the Plea she is
 vied to make, from the Abundance of a Man who is in
 wedd, will not prevail. But though I despair of Remedy
 as to the Mother, the Law gives the Child his Choice
 his Father where the Birth is thus legally ambiguous.

To Your Honour's Office, Sir,

the humble Petition of the Company of Linen Drapers,
 residing within the Liberty of Westminster,

SHeweth,

THAT there has of late prevailed among the Ladies
 so great an Affection of Notions, that they
 are not only left the Fashion wholly bare, but lower'd than
 any former Times below the former Mode.

THAT in particular, Mrs. Arabella Overdo has not
 the least Appearance of Linen, and our best Customers serve
 a Note above the Smell of their Noses.

THAT by this Means your Petitioners are in Danger
 of losing the Advantage of covering a much Part of every
 Person of Quality in Great Britain.

YOUR Petitioners humbly shew the Petitioner to your
 Indulgence's Consideration, and sheweth, &c.

BEFORE I answer this Petition, I am inclined to
 examine the Offenders myself.



— *Nugis addere pondus.*

To add Weight to Trifles.

N^o 216. Saturday, August 26, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of Wonders; every Atom is a standing Miracle, and endowed with such Qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a Power and Wisdom less than infinite. For this Reason, I would not discourage any Searches that are made into the most minute and trivial Parts of the Creation. However, since the World abounds in the noblest Fields of Speculation, I think, methinks, the Mark of a little Genius to be wholly conversant among Insects, Reptiles, Animalcules, and those trifling Rarities that furnish out the Apartment of a Virtuoso.

THERE are some Men whose Heads are so oddly turned this Way, that though they are utter Strangers to the common Occurrences of Life, they are able to discover the Sex of a Cockle, or describe the Generation of a Mite, in all its Circumstances. They are a little versed in the World, that they scarce know as Horse from an Ox; but at the same Time will tell you with a great deal of Gravity, that a Flea is a Rhinoceros and a Snail an Hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical Philosophers who has set a greater Value upon a Collection of Spiders than he would upon a Flock of Sheep, and has sold his Coat off his Back to purchase a Tarantula.

I would not have a Scholar wholly unacquainted with these Secrets and Curiosities of Nature; but certainly the Mind of Man, that is capable of so much higher Contemplations, should not be together fixed upon

upon such mean and disproportioned Objects. Observations of this Kind are apt to alienate us too much from the Knowledge of the World, and to make us serious upon Trifles, by which means they expose Philosophy to the Ridicule of the Witty, and Contempt of the Ignorant. In short, Studies of this Nature should be the Diversions, Relaxations and Amusements, not the Care, Business and Concern of Life.

I T is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a Sort of learned Men who are wholly employed in gathering together the Refuse of Nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their Chests and Cabinets such Creatures as others industriously avoid the Sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious Parts of their Treasure, without a Kind of an Apology for it. I have been shewn a Beetle valued at twenty Crowns, and a Toad at an hundred: But we must take this for a general Rule, That whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common Notions of the World, looks grave and philosophical in the Eye of a Virtuoso.

TO shew this Humour in its Perfection, I shall present my Reader with the Legacy of a certain Virtuoso, who laid out a considerable Estate in natural Rarities and Curiosities, which upon his Death Bed he bequeathed to his Relations and Friends, in the following Words:

The W I L L of a Virtuoso.

I *Nicholas Gimcrack*, being in sound Health of Mind, but in great Weakness of Body, do by this my Last Will and Testament bestow my worldly Goods and Chattels in Manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear Wife,
One Box of Butterflies,
One Drawer of Shells,
A Female Skeleton,
A dried Cockatrice.

Item, To my Daughter *Elizabeth*,
My Receipt for preserving dead Caterpillars.

As also my Preparations of Winter May-Dew, &
Embryo-Pickle.

Item, To my little Daughter *Fanny*,
Three Crocodiles Eggs.

And upon the Birth of her first Child, if she mar-
ries with her Mother's Consent,
The Nest of an Humming-Bird.

Item, To my eldest Brother, as an Acknowledg-
ment for the Lands he has vested in my Son *Charles*, I
bequeath

My last Year's Collection of Grasshoppers.

Item, To his Daughter *Susanna*, being his only Child,
I bequeath my

English Weeds pasted on Royal Paper,
With my large Folio of *Indian* Cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy Friend Dr. *John*
nes Elfrickius, Professor in Anatomy, and my Assessor
in the Studies of Nature, as an eternal Monument of
Affection and Friendship for him, I bequeath

My Rat's Testicles, and
Whale's Pizzle,

To him and his Issue Male; and in Default of his
Issue in the said Dr. *Elfrickius*, then to return to
my Executor and his Heirs for ever.

HAVING fully provided for my Nephew *John*
by making over to him some Years since,

A horned *Scarabeus*,
The Skin of a Rattle-Snake, and
The Mummy of an *Egyptian* King,

I make no further Provision for him in this my Will.

MY eldest Son *John*, having spoke disrespectfully
of his little Sister, whom I keep by me in Spirits
Wine, and in many other Instances behaved himself
dutyfully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly

off from any Part of this my personal Estate, by giving him a single Cockle Shell

TO my second Son *Charles* I give and bequeath all my Flowers, Plants, Minerals, Mosses, Shells, Pebbles, Fossils, Beetles, Butterflies, Caterpillars, Grasshoppers and Vermin, not above specified: As also all my Monkeys, both wet and dry, making the said *Charles* whole and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid Legacies within the Space of six Months after my Decease. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS an ignorant Upstart in Astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the World, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28th of March 1708. These are to certify all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that Time, but continues so to this present Day.

Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.



Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia Mater.

Both Gods and Stars the Mother cruel calls.

N^o 217. Tuesday, August 29, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 28.

AS I was passing by a Neighbour's House this Morning, I over-heard the Wife of the Family speaking Things to her Husband which gave me much Displeasure, and put me in Mind of a Character which I wonder I have so long omitted, and that is, an outrageous

ous Species of the fair Sex, which is distinguished by the Term *Scolds*. The Generality of Women are by Nature loquacious, therefore meer Volubility or Speech is not to be imputed to them, but should be considered with Pleasure when it is used to express such Passions as tend to sweeten or adorn Conversation; but when through Rage Females are vehement in their Eloquence, nothing in the World has so ill an Effect upon the Features; for by the Force of it I have seen the most Amiable become the most Deformed; and she that appeared one of the Graces, immediately turned into one of the Furies: I humbly conceive the great Cause of this Evil may proceed from a false Notion the Ladies have of what we call a modest Woman. They have too narrow a Conception of this lovely Character, and believe they have not at all forfeited their Pretensions to it, provided they have no Imputations on their Chastity. But alas! the young Fellows know they pick out better Women in the Side Boxes, than many of those who pass upon the World and themselves for modest.

MODESTY never rages, never murmurs, never pouts; when it is ill treated it pines, it beseeches, it languishes. The Neighbour I mention is one of your common modest Women, that is to say, those as are ordinarily reckoned such. Her Husband knows every Pain in Life with her but Jealousy. Now because she is clear in this particular, the Man can't say his Soul's his own, but she cries, No modest Woman is respected now a days. What adds to the Comedy in this Case is, that it is very ordinary with this Sort of Women to talk in the Language of Distress; they will complain of the forlorn Wretchedness of their Condition, and then the poor helpless Creatures shall throw the next Thing they can lay their Hands on at the Person who offends them. Our Neighbour was only saying to his Wife she went a little too fine, when she immediately pulled his Perwig off, and stamping it under her Feet, wrung her Hands, and said, Never modest Woman was so used. These Ladies of irresistible Modesty are those who make Virtue unamiable; not that they can be said to be virtuous, but as they live without Scandal, and being under the common Imputation of being

being such, Men fear to meet their Faults in those who are as agreeable as they are innocent.

I take the Bully among Men, and the Scold among Women, to draw the Foundation of their Actions from the same Defect in the Mind. A Bully thinks Honour consists wholly in being brave, and therefore has Regard to no one Rule of Life, if he preserves himself from the Accusation of Cowardice. The froward Woman knows Chastity to be the first Merit in a Woman; and therefore since no one can call her one ugly Name, she calls all Mankind all the rest.

THESE Ladies, where their Companions are so imprudent as to take their Speeches for any other than Exercises of their own Lungs, and their Husbands Patience, gain by the Force of being resisted, and flame with open Fury, which is no Way to be opposed but by being neglected; though at the same Time human Frailty makes it very hard to relish the Philosophy of contemning even frivolous Reproach. There is a very pretty Instance of this Infirmary in the Man of the best Sense that ever was, no less a Person than *Adam* himself. According to *Milton's* Description of the first Couple, as soon as they had fallen, and the turbulent Passions of Anger, Hatred and Jealousy, first entered their Breasts, *Adam* grew moody, and talked to his Wife, as you may find it in the 359th Page, and 9th Book, of *Paradise Lost*, in the *Octavo* Edition, which out of Heroicks, and put into domestick Stile, would run thus:

MADAM, If my Advices had been of any Authority with you when that strange Desire of Gadding possessed you this Morning, we had still been happy; but your cursed Vanity and Opinion of your own Conduict, which is certainly very wavering when it seeks Occasions of being proved, has ruined both yourself and me, who trusted you.

EVE had no Fan in her Hand to ruffle, or *Tucker* to pull down, but with a reproachful Air she answered:

SIR, Do you impute that to my Desire of Gadding, which might have happened to yourself with all your Wisdom and Gravity? The Serpent spoke so excellently,

and with so good a Grace, that ——— *Replies, What Harm had I ever done him, that he should design me any? Was I to have been always at your Side, I might as well have continued there, and born but your Rib still: But if I was so weak a Creature as you thought me, why did you not interpose your sage Authority more absolutely? You denied me going as faintly, as you say I resisted the Serpent. Had not you been too easy, neither you nor I had now transgress'd.*

ADAM replied, *Why, Eve, hast thou the Impudence to upbraid me as the Cause of thy Transgression for my Indulgence to thee? Thus will it ever be with him who trusts too much to Woman: At the same Time that she refuses to be govern'd, if she suffers by her Obstinacy, she will accuse the Man that shall leave her to herself.*

*Thus they in mutual Accusation spent
The fruitless Hours, but neither self condemning;
And of their vain Contest appear'd no End.*

THIS to the Modern will appear but a very faint Piece of Conjugal Rancour: but you are to consider, that they were but just begun to be angry, and they wanted new Words for expressing their new Passions, but her Accusing him of letting her go, and telling him how good a Speaker, and how fine a Gentleman the Devil was, we must reckon, allowing for the Improvement of Time, that she gave him the same Provocation as if she had called him *Cuckold*. The passionate and familiar Terms, with which the same Case, repeated daily for so many thousand Years, has furnished the present Generation, were not then in Use; but the Foundation of Debate has ever been the same, a Contention about their Merit and Wisdom. Our general Mother was a Beauty, and hearing there was another now in the World, could not forbear (as *Adam* tells her) shewing herself, though to the Devil, by whom the same Vanity made her liable to be betrayed.

I cannot, with all the Help of Science and Astrology. And any other Remedy for this Evil, but what was the Medicine in this first Quarrel; which was, as appears

in the next Book, that they were convinced of their being both weak, but the one weaker than the other.

IF it were possible that the Beauteous could but rage a little before a Glass, and see their pretty Countenances grow wild, it is not to be doubted but it would have a very good Effect: But that would require Temper: For Lady Firebrand, upon observing her Features swell when her Maid vexed her the other Day, stamp'd her Dressing Glass under her Feet. In this Case, when one of this Temper is moved, she is like a Witch in an Operation, and makes all Things turn round with her. The very Fabrick is in a Vertigo when she begins to charm. In an Instant, whatever was the Occasion that moved her Blood, she has such intolerable Servants, *Betty* is so awkward, *Tom* can't carry a Message, and her Husband has so little Respect for her, that she, poor Woman, is weary of this Life, and was born to be unhappy.

Defunt multa.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Season now coming on in which the Town will begin to fill, Mr. Bickerstaff gives Notice, That from the First of October next, he will be much wittier than he has hitherto been.



Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nomen & fugit urbes.

Hor.

All Writers shun the Town, and court the Fields.

N^o 218.

Thursday, August 31, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 30.

I CHANCED to rise very early one particular Morning this Summer, and took a Walk into the Country

Country to divert myself among the F Meadows, while the Green was new, and the i v s in their Bloom. As at this Season of the Year every Lane is a beautiful Walk, and every Hedge full of Nodgays, I lost myself with a great deal of Pleasure among several Thickets and Bushes that were filled with a great Variety of Birds, and an agreeable Confusion of Notes, which formed the pleasantest Scene in the World to one who had passed a whole Winter in Noise and Smoak. The Freshness of the Dews that upon every Thing about me, with the cool B of Morning, which inspired the Birds with so ny i ul Instincts, created in me the same Kind of ani . i e, and made my Heart overflow with such sec s of Joy and Satisfaction as are not to be i m or accounted for. On this Occasion I could not re upon a beautiful Simile in Milton.

*As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick, and Sewers, annoy the Air,
Forth issuing on a Summer's Morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages, and Farms
Adjoined, from each Thing met conceives Delight:
The Smell of Grain, or tadded Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairy, each rural Sight, each rural Sound.*

THOSE who are conversant in the Writings of polite Authors, receive an additional Entertainment from the Country, as it revives in their Memories those charming Descriptions with which such Authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful Simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the Windward of me a black Cloud falling to the Earth in long Trails of Rain, which made me betake myself for Shelter to a House which I saw at a little Distance from the Place where I was walking. As I sat in the Porch, I heard the Voices of two or three Persons, who seemed very earnest in Discourse. My Curiosity was raised when I heard the Names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes and as their Talk seemed to run on antient Heroes, I concluded there could not be any Ge-

cro

erest in it; for which Reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

AFTER several Parallels between great Men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surpris'd to hear one say, 'That he valued the *Black Prince* more than the *Duke of Vendôme*. How the *Duke of Vendôme* should become a Rival of the *Black Prince's*, I could not conceive: And was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great Vehemence, that if the Emperor of *Germany* was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, 'That though the Season was so changeable, the *Duke of Marlborough* was in blooming Beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd Intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the Names of several other great Generals, as the Prince of *Hesse*, and the King of *Saxony*, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, 'That the Crown of *France* was very weak, but that the Marshal *Villars* still kept his Colours. At last one of them told the Company, If they would go along with him, he would shew them a Chimney Sweeper and a Painted Lady in the same Hed, which he was sure would very much please them. The Shower which had driven them as well as myself into the House, was now over: And as they were passing by me into the Garden, I asked them to let me be one of their Company.

THE Gentleman of the House told me, if I delighted in Flowers, it would be worth my while, for that he believed he could shew me such a Blow of Tulips as was not to be matched in the whole Country.

I accepted the Offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in Terms of Gardening, and that the Kings and Generals they had mentioned were only so many Tulips, to which the Gardeners, according to their usual Custom, had given such high Titles and Appellations of Honour.

I was very much pleas'd and astonish'd at the glorious Show of these gay Vegetables, that rose in great Profusion on all the Banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the Eye of an ordinary Spectator

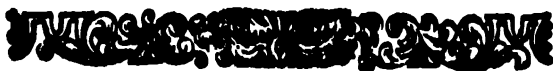
as so many beautiful Objects, with a natural Gloss, and stained with various Colours, are not to be equall'd in natural Dyes or Tinctures. Sometimes I considered every Leaf as an elaborate Piece of Tissue, in which the Arteries and Fibres were woven together into different Colours, which gave a different Colouring to the Leaves, as I glanced on the several Parts of the Surface. As I considered the whole Bed of Tulips, according to the Notion of the greatest Mathematician and Philosopher that ever lived, as a Multitude of Optick Instruments, designed for the separating Light into all those various Colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my Philosophical Speculations, by observing the Company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a Tulip as one of the finest I ever saw; upon which they told me it was a common Fool's Coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another Kind of Fool's Coat. I had the same Fate with two or three more; for which Reason I desired the Owner of the Garden to let me know which were the finest of the Flowers, for that I was so unskilful in the Art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest Colours were the most beautiful. The Gentleman smiled at my Ignorance: He seemed a very plain honest Man, and a Person of good Sense, had not his Head been touched with that Distemper which *Hippocrates* calls the *Tulippomania*; inasmuch that he would talk very rationally on any Subject in the World but a Tulip.

HE told me, that he valued the Bed of Flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty Yards in Length and two in Breadth, more than he would the best hundred Acres of Land in *England*; and added, that it would have been worth twice the Money it is, if a foolish Cook Maid of his had not almost ruined him the last Winter, by mistaking a Handful of Tulip Roots for an Heap of Onions, and by that Means (says he) made me a Dish of Porridge, that cost me above 1000 *l.* Sterling. He then shewed me what he thought the *finest of his Tulips*, which I found received all their Value

Value from their Rarity and Oddness, and put me in Mind of your great Fortunes, which are not always the greatest Beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a Piece of Happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical Tastes, nor esteemed any Thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this Reason, I look upon the whole Country in Spring-time as a spacious Garden, and make as many Visits to a Spot of Daisies, or a Bank of Violets, as a Florist does to his Borders and Parterres. There is not a Bush in Blossom within a Mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a Daffodil or Cowslip that withers away in my Neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked Home in this Temper of Mind through several Fields and Meadows with an unspeakable Pleasure, not without reflecting on the Bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful Objects the most ordinary and most common.



Salutes

*Qui capat risus hominum, famamque dicacis
Affert, niger est; hunc, tu Romane, caveto.*

*Avoid him who aims to make Men laugh, and affects the
Character of a prating Fellow; he is a dangerous Person.*

From my own Apartment, Sept. 1.

NEVER were Men so perplexed as a select Company of us were this Evening with a Couple of professed Wits, who through our ill Fortune, and their own Confidence, had thought fit to pin themselves upon a Gentleman who had owned to them that he was going.

to meet such and such Persons, and named us one by one. These pert Puppies immediately resolved to come with him, and from the Beginning to the End of the Night entertained each other with pertinences, to which we were perfect Strangers. I come Home very much tired; for the Affliction is so irksome to me, that it surpasses all other I ever knew, insomuch that I cannot reflect upon this Sorrow with Pleasure, tho' it is past.

AN easy Manner of Conversation is the most desirable Quality a Man can have; and for that Reason Coxcombs will take upon them to be familiar with People whom they never saw before. What adds to the Vexation of it, is, that they will act upon the Foot of knowing you by Fame, and rally with you, as they call it, by repeating what your Enemies say of you; and court you, as they think, by uttering to your Face at a wrong Time all the kind Things your Friends speak of you in your Absence.

THESE People are the more dreadful, the more they have of what is usually call'd Wit: For a lively Imagination, when it is not governed by a good Understanding, makes such miserable Havock both in Conversation and Business, that it lays you defenceless, and fearful to throw the least Word in its Way, that may give it new Matter for its further Errors.

TOM. MERCET has as quick a Fancy as any one living? but there is no reasonable Man can bear him half an Hour. His Purpose is to entertain, and it is of no Consequence to him what is said, so it be what is called well said; as if a Man must bear a Wound with Patience, because he that pushed at you came up with a good Air and Mien. That Part of Life which we spend in Company, is the most pleasing of all our Moments; and therefore I think our Behaviour in it should have its Laws as well as the Part of our Being, which is generally esteemed the more important. From hence it is, that from long Experience I have made it a Maxim, that however we may pretend to take Satisfaction in sprightly Mirth and high Jollity, there is no great Pleasure in any Company where the Basis of the Society is not mutual Good will. When this is in the Room, every trifling Circumstance, the most minute Accident,

the

the Absurdity of a Servant, the Repetition of an old Story, the Look of a Man when he is telling it, the most indifferent and the most ordinary Occurrences, are Matters which produce Mirth and good Humour. I went to spend an Hour after this Manner with some Friends who enjoy it in Perfection whenever they meet, when those Destroyers abovementioned came in upon us. There is not a Man among them has any Notion of Distinction of Superiority to one another, either in their Fortunes or their Talents, when they are in Company. Or if any Reflection to the contrary occurs in their Thoughts, it only strikes a Delight upon their Minds, that so much Wisdom and Power is in Possession of one whom they love and esteem.

IN these my Lucubrations, I have frequently dwelt upon this one Topick. It would make short Work for us Reformers, for it is only want of making this a Position that renders some Characters bad, which would otherwise be good. *Tom. Mercet* means no Man ill, but does ill to every Body. His Ambition is to be witty; and to carry on that Design, he breaks through all Things that other People hold sacred. If he thought Wit was no way to be used but to the Advantage of Society, that Sprightliness would have a new Turn, and we should expect what he is going to say with Satisfaction instead of Fear. It is no Excuse for being mischievous, that a Man is mischievous without Malice; nor will it be thought an Atonement, that the Ill was done not to injure the Party concerned, but to divert the Indifferent.

IT is, methinks, a very great Error, that we should not profess Honesty in Conversation as much as in Commerce. If we consider, that there is no greater Misfortune than to be ill received, where we love the turning a Man to ridicule among his Friends, we rob him of greater Enjoyments than he could have purchased by his Wealth; yet he that laughs at him, would perhaps be the last Man who would hurt him in this Case of less Consequence. It has been said, the History of *Don Quixot* utterly destroyed the Spirit of Gallantry in the *Spanish* Nation; and I believe we may say much more truly, that the Humour of Ridicule has done as much Injury to the true Relish of Company in England.

SUCH

SUCH Satisfaction as arise from the secret Compari-
son of ourselves to others, with relation to their inferior
Fortunes or Merit, are mean and unworthy. The true
and high State of Conversation is when Men communi-
cate their Thoughts to each other upon such Subjects, and
in such a Manner, as would be pleasant if there were no
such Thing as Folly in the World; for it is but a low
Condition of Wit in one Man which depends upon Folly
in another,

P. S. I was here interrupted by the Receipt of my
Letters, among which is one from a Lady, who is not a
little offended at my Translation of the Discourse between
Adam and Eve. She pretends to tell me my own, as
she calls it, and quotes several Passages in my Works
which tend to the utter Disunion of Man and Wife.
Her Epistle will best express her. I have made an Extract
of it, and shall insert the most material Passages.

*I suppose you know we Women are not too apt to for-
give: For which Reason, before you concern yourself any
further with our Sex, I would advise you to answer what
is said against you by those of your own. I inclose to you
Business enough till you are ready for your Promise of being
witty. You must not expect to say what you please, with-
out admitting others to take the same Liberty. Marry come
up! You a Censor? Pray read over all these Pamphlets,
and these Notes upon your Incubrations, by that Time you
shall hear further. It is, I suppose, from such as you that
People learn to be censorious, for which I and all our Sex
have an utter Aversion; when once People come to take
the Liberty to wound Reputations:—*

THIS is the main Body of the Letter; but she bids
me turn over, and there I find—

Mr. Bickerstaff.

*If you will draw Mrs. Sissy Trippet according to the
inclosed Description, I will forgive you all.*

To Isaac Richerstaff, Esq;

The humble Petition of Joshua Fairlove of Stepney,

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioner is a general Learner, who for some Months last past has made it his whole Business to frequent the By paths and Roads near his Dwelling, for no other Purpose but to hand such of the Fils Sex as are obliged to pass through them.

THAT he has been at great Expence for clean Gloves to offer his Hand with.

THAT towards the Evening he approaches near London, and employs himself as a Carrier towards Home.

Your Petitioner therefore most humbly prays,
That for such his humble Services, he may be allowed the Title of an Esquire.

Mr. Morphew has Orders to carry the proper Instruments, and the Petitioner is to be hereafter writ upon gilt Paper, by the Title of *Joshua Fairlove, Esq;*

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*Infans sumus nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.* Her.

*Let the sober Man be call'd mad, and the just unjust, if he
court Virtue more than is proper.*

N^o 420.

Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 4.

HAVING received many Letters filled with Compliments and Acknowledgments for my late useful Discovery of the political Barometer, I shall here communicate to the Publick an Account of my Ecclesiastical Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest Prognostications

tions of the Changes and Revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in State, and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent Subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

THE Church Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the Reign of Henry the Eighth, about the Time when that religious Prince put some to Death for owning the Pope's Supremacy, and others for denying Transubstantion. I do not find however any great Use made of this Instrument, till it fell into the Hands of a Learned and vigilant Priest or Minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other) who was some Time Vicar of Bray. This Gentleman lived in his Vicarage to a good old Age; and after having seen several Successions of his neighbouring Clergy either burnt or banished, departed this Life with the Satisfaction of having never deserted his Flock, and died Vicar of Bray. As this Glass was first designed to calculate the different Degrees of Heat in Religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation, it was marked at several Distances, after the Manner our ordinary Thermometer is to this Day, viz. *Extream hot, Sultry hot, very Hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extream Cold.*

IT is well known, that Toricellius, the Inventor of the common Weather-Glass, made the Experiment in a long Tube which held thirty-two Foot of Water; and that a more modern Virtuoso finding such a Machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two Inches of Quicksilver weighed as much as so many Foot of Water in a Tube of the same Circumference, invented that sizable Instrument which is now in Use. After this Manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now speaking of to the present Constitution of our Church, as divided into *High* and *Low*, I have made some necessary Variations both in the Tube and the Fluid it contains. In the first Place, I ordered a Tube to be cast in a planetary Hour, and took Care to seal it hermetically, when the Sun was in Conjunction with *Saturn*. I then took the proper Precautions about the Fluid, which is a Compound of two
very

very different Liquors; one of them a Spirit drawn out of a strong heady Wine; the other particular Sort of Rock-Water, colder than Ice, and clearer than Chryſtal. The Spirit is of a red fiery Colour, and ſo very apt to ferment, that unleſs it be mingled with a Proportion of the Water, or pent up very cloſe, it will burſt the Veſſel that holds it, and fly up in Fume and Smoak. The Water on the contrary is of ſuch a ſubtle piercing Cold, that unleſs it be mingled with a Proportion of the Spirits, it will ſink almoſt through every Thing that it is put into, and ſeems to be of the ſame Nature as the Water mentioned by *Quintus Curtius*, which ſays the Hiſtorian, could be contained in nothing but in the Hoof or (as the *Oxford* Manuſcript has it) in the Skull of an Aſs. The Thermometer is marked according to the following Figure, which I ſet down at length, not only to give my Reader a clear Idea of it, but alſo to fill up my Paper.

Ignorance.

Perſecution.

Wrath.

Zeal.

CHURCH.

Moderation.

Luke-warmneſs.

Infidelity.

Ignorance.

The Reader will obſerve, that the Church is placed in the middle Point of the Glaſs, between *Zeal* and *Moderation*, the ſituation in which ſhe always flouriſhes, and in which every good *Engliſhman* wiſhes her, who is a Friend to the Conſtitution of his Country. However, when it mounts to *Zeal*, it is not amiſs; and when it ſinks to *Moderation*, is ſtill in a moſt admirable Temper. The worſt of it is, that when once it begins to riſe, it has ſtill an Inclination to aſcend, inſomuch that it is apt to climb up from *Zeal* to *Wrath*, and from *Wrath* to *Perſecution*, which always ends in *Ignorance*, and very often proceeds from it. In the ſame Manner it frequently takes its Progreſs through the lower Half of the Glaſs; and when it has a Tendency to fall, will gradually de-
ſcend

scend from *Moderation* to *Luke-warmness*, and from *Luke-warmness* to *Infidelity*, which very often terminates in *Ignorance*, and always proceeds from it.

IT is a common Observation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be affected by the breathing of People who are in the Room where it stands; and indeed, it is almost incredible to conceive how the Glass I am now describing will fall by the Breath of a Multitude crying *Papery*; or on the contrary, how it will rise when the same Multitude (as it sometimes happens) cry out in the same Breath, *The Church is in Danger*.

AS soon as I had finished this my Glass, and adjusted it to the abovementioned Scale of Religion, that I might make proper Experiments with it, I carried it under my Cloak to several Coffee-houses, and other Places of Resort about this great City. At *St. James's* Coffee house, the Liquor stood at *Moderation*; but at *Will's*, to my great Surprise, it subsided to the very lowest Mark on the Glass. At the *Grecian* it mounted but just one Point higher; at the *Rainbow* it still ascended two Degrees; *Child's* fetched it up to *Zeal*, and other adjacent Coffee-houses to *Wrath*.

IT fell in the lower Half of the Glass as I went further into the City, till at length it settled at *Moderation*, where it continued all the Time I staid about the *Change*, as also while I passed by the *Bank*. And here I cannot but take Notice, that through the whole Course of my Remarks, I never observed my Glass to rise at the same Time that the Stocks did.

TO compleat the Experiment, I prevailed upon a Friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences to make a Progress with my Glass through the whole Island of *Great Britain*; and after his Return, to present me with a Register of his Observations. I guessed before-hand at the Temper of several Places he passed through, by the Characters they have had Time out of Mind. Thus that facetious Divine, *Dr. Fuller*, speaking of the Town of *Ranbury*, near a hundred Years ago, tells us, it was a Place famous for Cakes and *Zeal*, which I find by my Glass is true to this Day as to the latter Part of this Description; though I must confess, it is not in the same Reputation for Cakes that

the Time of that learned Author; and thus
 does. In short, I have now by me, digested
 in Alphabetical Order, all the Counties, Corporations
 and Towns in *Great Britain*, with their respective
 as they stand related to my Thermometer.
 I shall keep to myself, because I would by no
 any Thing that may seem to influence any
 actions.

Point of Doctrine which I would propagate
 of Invention, is the same which was long ago
 by that able Teacher *Horace*, out of whom
 I have my Text for this Discourse: We should be
 to over-shoot ourselves in the Pursuits even
 of Virtue. Whether *Zeal* or *Moderation* be the Point
 to be kept, let us keep Fire out of the one, and Frost
 out of the other. But alas! the World is too wise to
 take such a Precaution. The Terms *High-Church* and
Low-Church, as commonly used, do not so much denote
 a Party, as they distinguish a Party. They are like
 the Battle, that have nothing to do with their
 signification, but are only given out to keep a
 Men together, and to let them know Friends
 from Enemies.

I confess, I have considered, with some little
 the Influence which the Opinions of these
 Sects have upon their Practice; and do
 not think it as one of the unaccountable Things of our
 age, that Multitudes of honest Gentlemen, who en-
 deavour in their Lives, should take it in their Heads
 to change their Religion.





— *Sicut mens est mos,*
Nescio quid meditantur nugarum, & totus in illis. Hor.

*As it is my Custom, musing on I know not what, awfully
 intent upon Trifles.*

No 221. Thursday, Sept. 7, 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 6.

AS I was this Morning going out of my House, a little Boy in a black Coat delivered me the following Letter. Upon asking who he was, he told me, that he belonged to my Lady *Gimerack*. I did not at first recollect the Name; but upon Enquiry, I found it to be the Widow of Sir *Nicholas*, whose Legacy I lately gave some Account of to the World. The Letter ran thus:

Mr. Bickerstaff,

I HOPE you will not be surprized to receive a Letter from the Widow *Gimerack*. You know, Sir, that I have lately lost a very whimsical Husband, who I find by one of your last Week's Papers, was not altogether a Stranger to you. When I married this Gentleman, he had a very handsome Estate; but upon buying a Set of Microscopes, he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society; from which Time I do not remember ever to have heard him speak as other People did, or talk in a Manner that any of his Family could understand him. He used, however, to pass away his Time very innocently in Conversation with several Members of that learned Body; for which Reason I never advised him against their Company for several Years, till at last I found his Brain was quite turned with their Discourses. The first Symptom which he discovered of his being a Virtuoso, as you

• you call him, poor Man! was about fifteen Years
 • ago, when he gave me positive Orders to turn off an
 • old Wooding-woman that had been employed in the
 • Family for several Years. He told me at the same
 • Time, that there was no such Thing in Nature as a
 • Weed, and that it was his Design to let his Garden
 • produce what it pleased; so that you may be sure it
 • makes a very pleasant Show as it now lies. About
 • the same Time he took a Humour to ramble up and
 • down the Country, and would often bring Home with
 • him his Pockets full of Moss and Pebbles. This you
 • may be sure gave me a heavy Heart; though at the
 • same Time I must needs say, he had the Character
 • of a very honest Man, notwithstanding he was reck-
 • oned a little weak, till he began to sell his Estate,
 • and buy those strange Baubles that you have taken
 • Notice of. Upon *Midsummer-Day* last, as he was
 • walking with me in the Fields, he saw a very odd-
 • coloured Butterfly just before us. I observed that he
 • immediately changed Colour, like a Man that is sur-
 • prised with a Piece of good Luck, and telling me
 • that it was what he had looked for above these twelve
 • Years, he threw off his Coat, and followed it. I
 • lost Sight of them both in less than a Quarter of an
 • Hour; but my Husband continued the Chase over
 • Hedge and Ditch till about Sunset; at which Time,
 • as I was afterwards told, he caught the Butterfly as
 • she rested herself upon a Cabbage, near five Miles
 • from the Place where he first put her up. He was here
 • lifted from the Ground by some Passengers in a very
 • shining Condition, and brought Home to me about
 • Midnight. His violent Exercise threw him into a
 • Fever, which grew upon him by Degrees, and at
 • last carried him off. In one of the Intervals of his
 • Distemper, he called to me, and after having excused
 • himself for running out his Estate, he told me, That
 • he had always been more industrious to improve his
 • Mind than his Fortune; and that his Family must
 • rather value themselves upon his Memory as he was a
 • wife Man, a rich one. He then told me, That
 • it was a Custom among the *Romans*, for a Man to
 • give his Slaves their Liberty when he lay upon his

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• Death-bed. I could not imagine what this meant, till
 • after having a little composed himself, he ordered me
 • to bring him a Flea which he had kept for seven
 • Months in a Chain, with a Design, as he said, to
 • give it its Manumission. This was done accordingly.
 • He then made the Will, which I have since seen printed
 • in your Works Word for Word. Only I must
 • take Notice, that you have omitted the Codicil, in
 • which he left a large *Concha Veneris*, as it is then
 • called, to a Member of the Royal Society, who was
 • often with him in his Sickness, and assisted him in his
 • Will. And now, Sir, I come to the chief Business
 • of my Letter, which is to desire your Friendship and
 • Assistance in the Disposal of those many Rarities and
 • Curiosities which lie upon my Hands. If you know
 • any one that has an Occasion for a Parcel of dry
 • Spiders, I will sell them a Pennyworth. I could
 • likewise let any one have a Bargain of Cockle-Shell
 • I would also desire your Advice, whether I had better
 • sell my Beetles in a Lump, or by Retail. The Gentleman
 • abovementioned, who was my Husband's
 • Friend, would have me make an Auction of all my
 • Goods, and is now drawing up a Catalogue of every
 • Particular for that Purpose, with the two following
 • Words in great Letters over the Head of them, *Ad
 • Gimcrackiana*. But upon talking with him, I begin to
 • suspect he is as mad as poor Sir *Nicholus* was. Your
 • Advice in all these Particulars will be a great Piece of
 • Charity to,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

Elizabeth Gimcrack

I shall answer the foregoing Letter, and give the
 Widow my best Advice, as soon as I can find out Charitable
 men for the Wares she has to put off. In the mean Time
 I shall give my Reader the Sight of a Letter which I
 have receiv'd from another Female Correspondent by the
same Post.

Good Mr. Bickerstaff,

Am convinced by a late Paper of yours, that a passionate Woman (which among the common People goes by the Name of a Scold) is one of the most insupportable res in the World. But alas! Sir, what can we have made a thousand Vows and Resolutions every day to guard myself against this Frailty, but have daily broken them before Dinner, and could never in my old out till the second Course was set upon the Table. What most troubles me is, that my Husband is as patient and natured as your own Worship, or any Man living. Pray give me some Directions, for I would observe the strictest and severest Rules you can think of to myself of this Distemper, which is apt to fall into my every Moment. I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, &c.

In answer to this most unfortunate Lady, I must acquaint her, That there is now in Town an ingenious Physician of my Acquaintance, who undertakes to cure all Vices and Defects of the Mind by inward Medicines or outward Applications. I shall give the World account of his Patients and his Cures in other Papers, I shall be more at Leisure to treat upon this Subject.

I shall only here inform my Correspondent, That the Benefit of such Ladies as are troubled with virginal-tongues, he has prepared a Cold Bath, over which is fastened, at the End of a long Pole, a very convenient Chair, curiously gilt and carved. When the Patient is seated in this Chair, the Doctor lifts up the Pole, gives her two or three total Immersions in the Cold till such Time as she has quite lost the Use of her Tongue. This Operation so effectually chills the Tongue, and refrigerates the Blood, that a Woman, who at her entrance into the Chair is extremely passionate and noisy, will come out as silent and gentle as a Lamb. The Doctor told me he would not practise this Experiment upon Women of Fashion, had not he seen it made upon a *meaner* Condition with very good Effect.

————— *Chryseidis udas*
Ebrius ante fores extincta cum faco cantat. Per

*Mellon with Wine he sings at Chryseis's Door,
 Torch put out.*

N^o 222. | *Saturday, September 9, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, September 8.

WHEREAS by Letters from Nottingham, have Advice, That the young Ladies of Place complain for Want of Sleep, by Reason of riotous Lovers, who for this last Summer have very infested the Streets of that eminent City, with Violin Bass-Viols, between the Hours of Twelve and For the Morning, to the great Disturbance of many of Majesty's peaceable Subjects. And whereas I have importun'd to publish some Edict against those Mid-Alarms, which under the Name of Serenades, do greatly annoy many well disposed Persons, not only in the abovementioned, but also in most of the polite Towns this Island.

I have taken that Matter into my serious Consideration and do find that this Custom is by no Means to be indulged in this Country and Climate.

It is indeed very unaccountable, that most of British Youth should take such great Delight in nocturnal Expeditions. Your robust true-born Briton that has not yet felt the Force of Flames and Darts, a natural Inclination to break Windows; while whose natural Ruggedness has been soothed and soothed by gentle Pallions, have as strong a Propensity to lay under them, especially if they have a Fiddler by

them to utter their Complaints: For, as the Custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young Man of any Fashion in a Corporation who does not make Love with the Town Musick. The Waits often help him through his Courtship; and my Friend Mr. *Nauesser* has told me, he was proffered five hundred Pounds by a young Fellow to play but one Winter under the Window of a Lady that was a great Fortune, but more cruel than ordinary. One would think they hoped to conquer their Mistresses Hearts as People tame Hawks and Eagles, by keeping them awake, or breaking their Sleep when they are fallen into it.

I have endeavoured to search into the Original of this Impertinent Way of making Love, which according to some Authors, is of great Antiquity. If we may believe *Monsieur Duier* and other Critics, *Horace's* tenth Ode of the third Book was originally a Serenade. And if I was disposed to shew my Learning, I could produce a Line of him in another Place, which seems to have been the Burthen of an old Heathen Serenade.

—— Audis minus & minus Jam,
Meo tuo longas perreunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?

BUT notwithstanding the Opinions of many learned Men upon this Subject, I rather agree with them who look upon this Custom, as now practised, to have been introduced by castrated Musicians, who found out this Way of applying themselves to their Mistresses at these Hours, when Men of hoarser Voices express their Passions in a more vulgar Method. It must be confessed, That your *Italian* Eunuchs do practise this Manner of Courtship to this Day.

BUT whoever were the Persons that first thought of the Serenade, the Authors of all Countries are unanimous in ascribing the Invention to *Italy*.

THERE are two Circumstances which qualified that Country above all other for this Midnight Musick.

a Commerce between the Parties concerned, suitable to the mean Motives upon which they at first came together. I have heretofore given an Account, that this Method of making Settlements was first invented by a gripping Lawyer, who made Use of the covetous Tempers of the Parents of each Side to force two young People into these vile Measures of Diffidence, for no other Kind but to increase the Skins of Parchment, by which they were put into each other's Possession out of each other's Power. The Law of our Country has given an ample and generous Provision for the Wife, even the Third of the Husband's Estate, and left to her good Humour and his Gratitude the Expectation of further Provision; but the fantastical Method of going further, with Relation to their Heirs, has a Foundation in nothing but Pride and Folly: For as all Men with their Children as like themselves, and as much better as they can possibly, it seems monstrous that we should give out of ourselves the Opportunities of rewarding and discouraging them according to their Deserts. This wife Institution has no more Sense in it, than if a Man should begin a Deed with, *Whereas no Man living knows how long he shall continue to be a reasonable Creature, or an honest Man: And whereas I B. am going to enter into the State of Matrimony with Mrs. D. therefore I shall from henceforth make it indifferent to me whether from this Time forward I shall be a Fool or a Knave: And therefore in full and perfect Health of Body, and a sound Mind, not knowing which of my Children will prove better or worse, I give to my First born, be he perverse, ungrateful, impious or cruel, the Lump and Bulk of my Estate; and leave one Year's Purchase only to each of my younger Children, whether they shall be brave or beautiful, merry or honourable, from the Time of the Date hereof, wherein I resign my Senses, and hereby promise to employ my Judgment no further in the Distribution of my worldly Goods from the Day of the Date hereof, hereby further confessing and covenanting, that I am from henceforth married, and dead in Law.*

THERE is no Man that is conversant in modern Settlements, but knows this is an exact Translation of what is inserted in these Instruments. Many Persons

could only make them submit to such Terms; and therefore all unreasonable Bargains in Marriage ought to be set aside, as well as Deeds extorted from Men under Force or in Prison, who are altogether as much Masters of their Actions as he that is possessed with a violent Passion.

HOW strangely Men are sometimes partial to themselves, appears by the Rapine of him that has a Daughter's Beauty under his Direction. He will make no Scruple of using it to force from her Lover as much of his Estate as is worth 10000*l*. and at the same Time, as a Justice on the Bench, will spare no Pains to get a Man hanged that has taken but a Horse from him.

IT is to be hoped the Legislature will in due Time take this Kind of Robbery into Consideration, and not suffer Men to prey upon each other, when they are about making the most solemn League, and entering into the strictest Bonds. The only sure Remedy is to fix a certain Rate on every Woman's Fortune; one Price for that of a Maid, and another for a Widow: For it is of infinite Advantage that there should be no Frauds or Uncertainties in the Sale of our Women.

IF any Man should exceed the settled Rate, he ought to be at Liberty after seven Years are over, by which Time his Love may be supposed to abate a little, if it is not founded upon Reason, to renounce the Bargain, and be freed from the Settlement upon restoring the Portion; as a Youth married under Fourteen Years old may be off, if he pleases, when he comes to that Age, and as a Man is discharged from all Bargains but that of Marriage, made when he is under Twenty, one.

IT grieves me when I consider, that these Restraints upon Matrimony take away the Advantage we should otherwise have over other Countries, which are sunk much by those great Checks upon Propagation, the Convents. It is thought chiefly owing to these that *Italy* and *Spain* want above Half their Complement of People. Were the Price of Wives always fixed and settled, it would contribute to filling the Nation more than all the Encouragements that can possibly be given to Foreigners to transplant themselves hither.

I therefore as *Centor of Britain*, till a Law be made, will lay down Rules which shall be observed with Penalty of degrading all that break them, into *Proty Fellows, Smarts, Squibs, Hunting-Horns, Drums and Bagpipes*.

THE Females that are guilty of breaking my Orders, I shall respectively pronounce to be *Kits, Hornpipes, Dulcimers and Kettle-Drums*. Such Widows as wear the Spoils of one Husband I will bury, if they attempt to rob another.

I ordain, That no Woman ever demand one Shilling to be paid after her Husband's Death, more than the very Sum she brings him, or an Equivalent for it in Land.

THAT no Settlement be made, in which the Man settles on his Children more than the Reversion of the Jointure, or the Value of it in Money; so that at his Death he may in the Whole be bound to pay his Family but Double to what he has received. I would have the eldest, as well as the rest, have his Provision out of this.

WHEN Men are not able to come up to those Settlements I have proposed, I would have them receive so much of the Portion only as they can come up to, and the rest to go to the Woman by Way of Pin-Money, or Separate Maintenance. In this, I think, I determine equally between the two Sexes.

IF any Lawyer varies from these Rules, or is above two Days in drawing a Marriage-Settlement, or uses more Words in it than one Skin of Parchment will contain, or takes above five Pounds for drawing it, I would have him thrown over the Bar.

WERE these Rules observed, a Woman with a small Fortune, and a great deal of Worth, would be sure to marry according to her Deserts, if the Man's Estate were to be less incumbered in Proportion as her Fortune is less than he might have with others.

A Man of a great deal of Merit, and not much Estate, might be chosen for his Worth; because it would not be difficult for him to make a Settlement.

THE Man that loves a Woman best, would not lose her for not being able to bid so much as another, or for not complying with an extravagant Demand.

Any Woman would no more be set up to Auction than a Horse. When a Man puts in for her, her Friends must take Care to publish it; and the Man that was first Bidder is made no other Use of but to raise the Price. He that loves her, will continue in Waiting as long as she pleases, (if her Fortune be thought equal to) and under Pretence of some Failure in the Rent Roll, or Difficulties in drawing the Settlement, he is put off till her Bargain is made with another.

But, the set of the Sex that are not rich or beautiful, the highest Degree, are plainly Damers, and I have married to last, that the least charming of these soon grow Beauties to the Bachelors.

But if Women might be easily married, if they would as they do now, set up for difficult, only by being silly.

If making Matrimony cheap and easy, would be created Discouragement to Vice: The Limiting the use of Children would not make Men ill inclined, said of having them in a regular Way, and the use of Merit would not live unmarried, as they often do, because the Goodness of a Wife cannot be seen so cheap: but the Loss of an Estate is certain, and a Man would never have the Affliction of a worthless Heir, as that of a bad Wife.

But the more serious, large, and particular on this Point, because my Exhortations, designed for the Engagement of Virtue, cannot have the desired Success, as this Incumbrance of Gentleness continues upon many.



I therefore as *Centor of Britain*, till a Law be made, will lay down Rules which shall be observed with Penalty of degrading all that break them, into Fretty Fellows, Smarts, Squibs, Hunting-Horns, Drums and Bagpipes.

THE Females that are guilty of breaking my Orders I shall respectively pronounce to be Kits, Hornpipes, Dulcimers and Kettle-Drums. Such Widows as wear the Spoils of one Husband I will bury, if they attempt to rob another.

I ordain, That no Woman ever demand one Shilling to be paid after her Husband's Death, more than the very Sum she brings him, or an Equivalent for it in Land.

THAT no Settlement be made, in which the Man settles on his Children more than the Reversion of the Jointure, or the Value of it in Money; so that at his Death he may in the Whole be bound to pay his Family but Double to what he has received. I would have the eldest, as well as the rest, have his Provision out of this.

WHEN Men are not able to come up to these Settlements I have proposed, I would have them receive as much of the Portion only as they can come up to, and the rest to go to the Woman by Way of Pin-Money, or Separate Maintenance. In this, I think, I determined equally between the two Sexes.

If any Lawyer varies from these Rules, or is above two Days in drawing a Marriage Settlement, or uses more Words in it than one Skin of Parchment will contain, or takes above five Pounds for drawing it, I would have him thrown over the Bar.

WERE these Rules observed, a Woman with a small Fortune, and a great deal of Worth, would be sure to marry according to her Deserts, if the Man's Estate were to be less incumbered in Proportion as her Fortune is less than he might have with others.

A Man of a great deal of Merit, and not much Estate, might be chosen for his Worth; because it would not be difficult for him to make a Settlement.

THE Man that loves a Woman best, would not lose her for not being able to bid so much as another, or for not complying with an extravagant Demand.

A fine Woman would no more be set up to Auction as she is now. When a Man puts in for her, her Friends or herself take Care to publish it; and the Man that was the first Bidder is made no other Use of but to raise the Price. He that loves her, will continue in Waiting as long as she pleases, (if her Fortune be thought equal to his) and under Pretence of some Failure in the Rent Roll, or Difficulties in drawing the Settlement, he is put off till a better Bargain is made with another.

A L L the rest of the Sex that are not rich or beautiful to the highest Degree, are plainly Gamers, and would be married to fast, that the least charming of them would soon grow Beauties to the Bachelors.

W I D O W S might be easily married, if they would not, as they do now, set up for discreet, only by being mercenary.

T H E making Matrimony cheap and easy, would be the greatest Discouragement to Vice: The Limiting the Expence of Children would not make Men ill inclined, or afraid of having them in a regular Way; and the Men of Merit would not live unmarried, as they often do now, because the Goodness of a Wife cannot be ensured to them; but the Loss of an Estate is certain, and a Man would never have the Affliction of a worthless Heir, added to that of a bad Wife.

I am the more serious, large, and particular on this Subject, because my Exhortations, designed for the Encouragement of Virtue, cannot have the desired Success as long as this Incumbrance of Settlements continues upon Matrimony.





Materiam superabat opus.——Ovid.

The Workmanship excelled the Substance.

N^o 224.

Thursday, Sept. 14, 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 13.

IT is my Custom, in a Dearth of News, to enter myself with those Collections of Advertisements appear at the End of all our publick Prints. They consider as Accounts of News from the little World the same Manner that the foregoing Parts of the Paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a Sover Prince is fled from his Capital City, in the other we find of a Tradesman who hath shut up his Shop, and away. If in one we find the Victory of a General the other we see the Defection of a private Soldier. must confess I have a certain Weakness in my Temper that is often very much affected by these little Domestic Occurrences, and have frequently been caught with Them in my Eyes over a melancholy Advertisement.

BUT to consider this Subject in its most ridiculous Lights, Advertisements are of great Use to the Vulgar First of all, as they are Instruments of Ambition. Man that is by no Means big enough for the Game may easily creep into the Advertisements; by which Means we often see an Apothecary in the same Paper News with a Plenipotentiary, or a Running Foot with an Ambassador. An Advertisement from *Piazza* goes down to Posterity, with an Article from *Mansel* and *John Barthlett* of *Goodman's Fields* is celebrated in same Paper with the Emperor of *Germany*. Thus *Fable* tells us, that the *Wren* mounted as high as *Eagle*, by getting upon his Back.

A second Use which this Sort of Writings hath been turned to of late Years, has been the Management of Controversy, insomuch that above Half the Advertisements one meets with now a-days are purely polemical. The Inventors of *Strups for Razors* have written against one another this Way for several Years, and that with great Bitterness; as the whole Argument *pro* and *con* in the Case of the *Morning-Gloun* is still carried on after the same Manner. I need not mention the several Proprietors of Dr. *Anderson's* Pills; nor take Notice of the many Satirical Works of this Nature so frequently published by Dr. *Clark*, who has had the Confidence to advertise upon that learned Knight, my very worthy Friend, Sir *William Read*: But I shall not interpose in their Quarrel; Sir *William* can give him his own in Advertisements, that in the Judgment of the Impartial, are as well penn'd as the Doctor's.

THE third and last Use of these Writings is to Inform the World where they may be furnished with almost every Thing that is necessary for Life. If a Man has Pains in his Head, Cholicks in his Bowels, or Spots in his Cloaths, he may here meet with proper Cures and Remedies. If a Man would recover a Wife or a Horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new *Bermans*, *Electuaries*, *Asses Milk*, or any Thing else, either for his Body or his Mind, this is the Place to look for them in.

THE great Art in writing Advertisements, is the Finding out a proper Method to catch the Reader's Eye; without which a good Thing may pass over unobserv'd, or be lost among Commissions of Bankrupts, Asterisks and Hands were formerly of great Use for this Purpose. Of late Years the *N. H.* has been much in Fashion, as also little Cuts and Figures, the Invention of which we must ascribe to the Author of *Spring-Trusses*. I must not here omit the blind *Italian* Character, which being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the Eye, and gives the curious Reader something like the Satisfaction of prying into a Secret.

BUT the great Skill in an Advertiser is chiefly seen in the Style which he makes Use of. He is to mention *The universal Elysium, or general Reputation, of Things*
that

that were never heard of. If he ^{or After-} longer, he must change his Tongue ^{family,} and (though he never saw any Body in ^{London} his own Family) give publick Notice of it, *For the Information of the Nobility and Gentry.* Since I am thus usefully employed in writing Criticisms on the Works of these diminutive Authors, I must not pass over in Silence an Advertisement, which has lately made its Appearance, and is written altogether in a *Ciceronian* Manner. It was sent to me, with five Shillings, to be inserted among my Advertisements; but as it is a Pattern of good Writing in this Way, I shall give it a Place in the Body of my Paper.

THE highest compounded Spirit of *Lavender*, the most glorious (if the Expression may be used) enlivening Scent and Flavour that can possibly be, which so raptures the Spirits, delights the Gust, and gives such Air to the Countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest Sort of the Thing is admired by most Gentlemen and Ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common Esteem. It is sold (in neat Flint Bottles fit for the Pocket) only at the *Golden Key in W'burton's Court near Holbourn-Barri*, for 3 s. 6 d. with Directions.

AT the same Time that I recommend the several Flowers in which this Spirit of *Lavender* is wrapped up (if the Expression may be used) I cannot excuse my Fellow Labourers for admitting into their Papers several unclearly Advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the Works of polite Writers. Among these I must reckon the *Carminative Wind expelling Pills*. If the Doctor had call'd them only his *Carminative Pills*, he had been as cleanly as one could have wished; but the second Word entirely destroys the Decency of the first. There are other Absurdities of this Nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this Subject with a publick Admonition to *Michael Parrot*, That he do not presume any more to mention a certain Worm he knows of, which, by the Way,

Way, has grown seven Foot in my Memory; for if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine Foot long about six Months ago.

BY the Remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a Collection of Advertisements is a Kind of Miscellany; the Writers of which, contrary to all Authors, except Men of Quality, give Money to the Book-sellers who publish their Copies. The Genius of the Book-seller is chiefly shewn in his Method of ranging and digesting these little Tracts. The last Paper I took up in my Hand places them in the following Order.

The true *Spanish* Blacking for Shoes, &c.
 The beautifying Cream for the Face, &c.
 Pease and Plasters, &c.
 Nectar and Ambrosia, &c.
 Four Freehold Tenements of 15 *l.* per Annum, &c.
 * * * The Present State of *England*, &c.
 ††† Annotations upon the *Tatler*, &c.



— *Si quid novisti rectius istis,*
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum. Her.

If you know any better Rules than these, be candid, and impart them; if not, use mine.

N^o 225. Saturday, Sept. 16, 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 15.

THE Hours which we spend in Conversation are the most pleasing of any which we enjoy: yet, methinks, there is very little Care taken to improve ourselves for the frequent Repetition of them. The common Fault in this Case, is that of growing too intimate, and falling into displeasing Familiarities: For it is a very ordinary Thing for Men to make no other
 Use

Use of a close Acquaintance with each other's Affairs, but to tease one another with unacceptable Allusions. One would pass over patiently such a converse like Animals, and salute each other with Bangs on the Shoulder, fly Kaps with Canes, or other robust Pleasantries practised by the rural Gentry of this Nation: But even among those who should have more polite Ideas of Things, you see a Set of People who invert the Design of Conversation, and make frequent Mention of ungrateful Subjects; say, mention them because they are ungrateful; as if the Perfection of Society were in knowing how to offend on the one Part, and how to bear an Offence on the other. In all Parts of this popular Town you find the merry World made up of an active and a passive Companion; one who has Good Nature enough to suffer all his Friend shall think fit to say, and one who is resolved to make the most of his Good Humour to snew his Parts. In the Trading Part of Mankind I have ever observ'd the Jest went by the Weight of Purse, and the Ridicule is made up by the Gains which arise from it. Thus the Packer allows the Clothier to say what he pleases, and the Broker has his Countenance ready to laugh with the Merchant, tho' the Abuse is to fall on himself, because he knows that, as a Go between, he shall find his Account in being in the good Graces of a Man of Wealth. Among these just and punctual People the richest Man is over the better Jester; and they know no such Thing as a Person who shall pretend to a superior Laugh at a Man, who does not make him Amends by Opportunities of Advantage in another Kind: But among People of a different Way, where the pretended Distinction in Company is only what is raised from Sense and Understanding, it is very absurd to carry on a rough Rallery so far, as that the whole Discourse should turn upon each other's Infirmitie, Follies, or Misfortunes.

I was this Evening with a Set of Wags of this Class. They appear generally by twos and twos; and what is most extraordinary, is, that those very Persons who are most together, appear least of a Mind when joined by other Company. This Evil proceeds from an indifereet Familiarity, whereby a Man is allowed to say the most grating Thing imaginable to another, and it shall be accounted

accounted Weakness to shew an Impatience for the Unkindness. But this and all other Deviations from the Design of pleasing each other when we meet, are derived from Interlopers in Society, who want Capacity to put in a Stock among regular Companions, and therefore supply their Wants by stale Histories, sly Observations, and rude Hints, which relate to the Conduct of others. All Cohabitants in general run into this unhappy Fault; Men and their Wives break into Reflections, which are like so much *Arabick* to the rest of the Company; Sisters and Brothers often make the like Figure from the same unjust Sense of the Art of being intimate and familiar. It is often said, such a one cannot stand the Mention of such a Circumstance; if he cannot, I am sure it is for want of Discourse, or a worse Reason, that any Companion of his touches upon it.

FAMILIARITY, among the truly Well bred, never gives Authority to trespass upon one another in the most minute Circumstance, but it allows to be kinder than we ought otherwise to presume to be. *Fishkin* has Wit, Humour and Spirit; but there never was a Man in his Company who wished he had less; for he understands Familiarity so well, that he knows how to make Use of it in a Way that neither makes himself or his Friend contemptible; but if any one is lessened by his Freedom, it is he himself, who always likes the Place, the Diet and the Reception, when he is in the Company of his Friends. Equality is the Life of Conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any Part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the Society. Familiarity in Inferiors is Sauciness; in Superiors, Condescension; neither of which are to have Being among Companions, the very Word implying that they are to be equal. When therefore we have abstracted the Company from all Considerations of their Quality or Fortune, it will immediately appear, that to make it happy and polite, there must nothing be started which shall discover that our Thoughts run upon any such Distinctions. Hence it will arise, that Benevolence must become the Rule of Society, and he that is most obliging must be most diverting.

THIS Way of talking I am fallen into from the Reflection, that I am, wherever I go, entertained with some Absurdity, Mistake, Weakness, or ill Luck of some Man or other, whom not only I, but the Person, who makes me those Relations, has a Value for. It would therefore be a great Benefit to the World, if it could be brought to pass that no Story should be a taking one, but what was to the Advantage of the Person of whom it is related. By this Means he that is now a Wit in Conversation, would be considered as a Spreader of false News in Business.

BUT above all, to make a Familiar fit for a Bosom Friend, it is absolutely necessary that we should always be inclined rather to hide than rally each others Infirmities. To suffer for a Fault is a Sort of Atonement, and no Body is concerned for the Offence for which he has made Reparation.

P. S. I have received the following Letter, which rallies me for being Witty sooner than I designed; but I have now altered my Resolution, and intend to be facetious till the Day in *October* heretofore mentioned, instead of beginning from that Day.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

Sept. 6, 1710.

BY your own Reckoning, you came Yesterday about a Month before the Time you looked yourself, much to the Satisfaction of

Your most obliged

Humble Servant,

Plain English



— *Thwart*



— *Juvenis quondam, nunc fœmina Cœtus,*
Rufus & in ætæram fato revoluta figuram. Væg.

— *Hand in Hand sumo Cœnæus go*
A Virgin once, by the Decrees of Fate
(Now after Death) resumes her former State.

N^o 226.

Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 18.

IT is one of the Designs of this Paper to transmit to Posterity an Account of every Thing that is monstrous in my own Times. For this Reason I shall here publish to the World the Life of a Person who was neither Man nor Woman, as written by one of my ingenious Correspondents, who seems to have imitated *Plutarch* in that multifarious Erratickion, and those occasional Dissertatode, which he has wrought into the Body of his History. The Life I am putting out, is that of *Margery*, alias *John Young*, commonly known by the Name of *Dr. Young*, who (as the Town very well knows) was a Woman that practis'd Physick in a Man's Clothes, and after having had two Wives and several Children, died about a Month since.

S I R,

I H E R E make bold to trouble you with a short Account of the famous *Dr. Young's* Life, which you may call (if you please) a second Part of the Farce of the Sham Doctor. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who (if I am not mistaken) have some where mentioned with Honour your Sister Kireous as a Practitioner both in Physick and Astrology; But in the common Opinion of Mankind, a *She-Quack* is altogether as strange and astonishing a Creature as the Centaur that practis'd Physick in the
 Days

Days of Achilles, or as King Phis in the Rehearsal. Aesculapius, the great Founder of your Art, was particularly famous for his Beard, as we may conclude from the Behaviour of a Tyrant, who is branded by Heathen Historians as guilty both of Sacrilege and Blasphemy, having robbed the Statue of Aesculapius of a thick bushy Golden Beard, and then alledged for his Excuse, That it was a Shame the Son should have a Beard, when his Father Apollo had none. This latter Instance indeed seems something to favour a Female Professor, since (as I have been told) the ancient Statues of Apollo are generally made with a Head and Face of a Woman: Nay I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous Apollo in the Belvidera did very much resemble Dr. Young. Let that be as it will, the Doctor was a Kind of Amazon in Physick, that made us great Devastations and Slaughters as any of our chief Heroes in the Art, and was as fatal to the English in these our Days as the famous Joan d' Arc was in those of our Forefathers.

I do not find any thing remarkable in the Life I am about to write, till the Year 1695. at which Time the Doctor, being about twenty-three Years old, was brought to Bed of a Ruffard Child. The Scandal of such a Misfortune gave so great an Uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy, (for that was the Name by which the Doctor was then called) that she left her Family, and followed her Lover to London, with a fixed Resolution some Way or other to recover her lost Reputation: But instead of changing her Life, which she would have expected from so good a Dispensation of Mind, she took it in her Head to change her Sex. This was soon done by the Help of a Savord and a Pair of Breuchts. I have Reason to believe, that her first Design was to turn Man Mistris, having herself had some Experience in those Affairs: But thinking this too narrow a Foundation for her future Fortune, she at length bought her a Gold Button Coat, and set up for a Physician. Thus we see the same fatal Miscarriage in her Youth made Mrs. Young a Doctor, that formerly made one of the same Sex a Pope.

The Doctor succeeded very well in his Business at first, but very often met with Accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial Voice which

Year of my Age; but by the Virtue of my Medicaments, have maintained myself in the same Beauty and Freshness I had at Fifteen. For this *Reuben Hippocrates* lays it down as a Rule, That a Student in Physick should have a sound Constitution, and a healthy Look; which indeed are as necessary Qualifications for a Physician, as a good Leg, and vigorous Limbs, for a Warrior. But to return to our Subject. About two Years ago the Doctor was very much afflicted with the Pox, which grew upon him to such a Degree, that about six Weeks since they made an End of him. His Death shew'd the Disgrace he had met with, and brought him back again to his former Sex. It is said, that at his Burial the Pall was held up by six Women of pure Religion. The Doctor left behind him a Widow, and two Catholic Children, (if they may be called so) besides the little Boy before mentioned. In Relation to whom we may say of the Doctor, as the good old Ballad about The Children in the Wood says of the ungrateful Uncle, that he was Father and Mother both to me. There are all the Circumstances that I could learn of Doctor Young's Life, which might have given Occasion to many strange Fictions: But as I know that would never have gained a Place in your Paper, I have not troubled you with any Impertinences of that Nature. Amongst such is the Truth very frequently, as I always do when I intend to write.

B I R,

Yours, &c.

I shall add, as a Postscript to this Letter, that I am informed the famous Scholar, who tells Coffee in his Museum at Oxford, has by him a Curiosity which helped the Doctor to carry on his Impotence, and will give great Satisfaction to the Curious Inquirer.



Omnibus invidus, Zoile, nemo tibi.

Martial.

You, Zoilus, envy every Body, and no Body envies you.

Nº 227.

Thursday, Sept. 21, 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 21.

IT is the Business of Reason and Philosophy to sooth and allay the Passions of the Mind, or turn them to a vigorous Prosecution of what is dictated by the Understanding. In order to this good End, I would keep a watchful Eye upon the growing Inclinations of Youth, and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themselves in such Sentiments as may murther their more advanced Age. I have now under care a young Gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all Men living the most miserably envious. I desired the Circumstances of his Distemper; upon which, with a sigh that would have moved the most inhuman Breast, *Mr. Harkness*, said he, I am Nephew to a Gentleman of a very great Estate, to whose Favour I have a Cousin that has equal Pretensions with myself. This Cousin of mine is a young Man of the highest Merit imaginable, and has a Mind so tender, and so generous, that I can observe he returns my envy with Pity. He makes me, upon all Occasions, the most obliging Condescensions: And I cannot but take Notice of the Concern he is in to see my Life blasted with this racking Passion, though it is against himself. In the Presence of my Uncle, when I am in the Room, he never speaks to well as he is capable of, but always lowers his Talents and Accomplishments out of Regard to me. What I beg of you, dear Sir, is to instruct me how to love him as I know

• he

' he does me : And I beseech you, if possible, to set
' my Heart right, that it may no longer be tormented
' where it should be pleased, or hate a Man whom I
' cannot but approve.'

THE Patient gave me this Account with such Candour and Openness, that I conceived immediate Hopes of his Cure ; because in Diseases of the Mind, the Person affected is half recovered when he is sensible of his Distemper. Sir, said I, the Acknowledgment of your Kinsman's Merit is a very hopeful Symptom ; for it is the Nature of Persons afflicted with this Evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a Contempt of the Person envied, if they are taxed with that Weakness. A Man who is really envious, will not allow he is so ; but upon such an Accusation is tormented with the Reflection, that to envy a Man is to allow him your Superior. But in your Case, when you examine the Bottom of your Hearts I am apt to think it is Avarice, which you mistake for Envy. Were it not that you have both Expectations from the same Man, you would look upon you Cousin's Accomplishments with Pleasure. You, that now consider him as an Obstacle to your Interest, would then behold him as an Ornament to your Family. I observed my Patient upon this Occasion recover himself in some Measure ; and he owned to me, that he hoped it was as I imagined ; for that in all Places but where he was his Rival, he had Pleasure in his Company. This was the first Discourse we had upon this Malady ; but I do not doubt but, after two or three more, I shall by just Degrees soften his Envy into Emulation.

SUCH an Envy as I have here described, may possibly creep into an ingenuous Mind ; but the Envy which makes a Man uneasy to himself and others is a certain Distortion and Perverseness of Temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleased with any Thing without him that has either Beauty or Perfection in it. I look upon it as a Distemper in the Mind, (which I know no Moralists that has described in this Light) when a Man cannot discern any Thing which another is Master of that is agreeable. For which Reason I look upon the good-natured Man to be endowed with a cer-

tain discerning Faculty which the Raviours are altogether deprived of. Shallow Wits, superficial Critics, and conceited Fops, are with me so many blind Men in respect of Excellencies. They can behold nothing but Faults and Blemishes, and indeed see nothing that is worth seeing. Show them a Poem, it is Stuff; a Picture it is Daubing. They find nothing in Architecture that is not Irregular, or in Musick that is not out of Tune. These Men should consider, that it is their Envy which deforms every Thing, and that the Ugliness is not in the Object, but in the Eye. And as for nobler Minds, whose Merits are either not discovered, or are misrepresented by the envious Part of Mankind, they should rather consider their Defamers with Pity than Indignation. A Man cannot have an Idea of Perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself. Mr. Lock tells us, That upon asking a blind Man, what he thought Scarlet was? He answered, 'That he believed it was like the Sound of a Trumpet.' He was forced to form his Conceptions of Ideas which he had not, by those which he had. In the same Manner, an envious Man what he Thinks of Virtue? He will call it Design; What of Good Nature? And he will term it Dulness. The Difference is, That as the Person before-mentioned was born blind, your envious Men have contracted the Dislemper themselves, and are troubled with a Sort of an acquired Blindness. Thus the Devil in Milton, though made an Angel of Light, could see nothing to please him even in Paradise, and hated our first Parents, though in their State of Innocence.



~~FRAGMENT~~

— Veniet manus, auxilio qua
Sis mihi ————— Illos.

I shall have Assistance from some Hand or other

N^o 228. Saturday, September 23, 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 22.

A MAN of Business who makes a publick Entertainment, may sometimes leave his Guests beg them to divert themselves as well as they can his Return. I shall here make use of the same leze, (being engaged in Matters of some Importance relating to the Family of the *Nickerstuffs*) and must my Readers to entertain one another till I can Leisure to attend them. I have therefore furnished this Paper, as I have done some few others, with L of my ingenious Correspondents, which I have Reason believe will please the Publick, as much as my own elaborate Lucubrations.

S I R,

Lincoln, Se

I HAVE long been of the Number of your Admirers and take this Opportunity of telling you so. I am not only a Man so famed for Astrological Observations, may not be also a good Casuist, upon which Presumption it is I ask your Advice in an Affair that at present lies quite but slender Stock of Divinity I am Master I have now been some Time in Holy Orders, and Fellow of a certain College in one of the Universities but as of that unactive Life, I resolve to be doing Good in this Generation. A worthy Gentleman has lately offer'd me Rectory, but means, I preserve his Kindness and have the Benefit of the Clergy. I am a Novice in

The TATLER. 147

and confess, it startles me how the Body of
bigail can be annexed to cure of Souls. Sir,
you give us in one of your Tatlers the Original and
is of Smock-Simony, and shew us, that where the
are silent, Mens Consciences ought to be so too, you
it more oblige our Fraternity of young Divines, and
the rest,

Your Humble Servant,

Higb-Church.

I am very proud of having a Gentleman of this Name
Admirer, and may some Time or other write
Treatise as he mentions. In the mean Time I
see why our Clergy, who are very frequently
of good Families, should be reproached, if any of
hance to espouse a Hand-Maid with a Rectory in
adam, since the best of our Peers have often joined
lves to the Daughters of very ordinary Tradesmen
he same valuable Considerations.

Globe in Moorfields, Sept. 16.

dear Sir,

*I*VE now finished my Almanack for the next Year,
all the Parts of it, except that which concerns the
er; and you having shewn your self, by some of your
orks, more Weatherwise than any of our modern
gers, I most humbly presume to trouble you upon this
You know very well, that in our ordinary Al-
ks the Wind and Rain, Snow and Hail, Clouds
n-shine, have their proper Seasons, and come up as
ly in their several Months as the Fruits and Plants
Earth. As for my own Part, I freely own to you,
generally steal my Weather out of some antiquated
ack, that sortold it several Years ago. Now Sir,
I humbly beg of you is, that you would lend me your
Weather-Glass, in order to fill up this vacant Co-
in my Works. This, I know, would sell my Alma-
eyond any other, and make me a richer Man than
Robin. If you will not grant me this Favour, I must
Resourse to my old Method, and will copy after an
H 2 *Almanack*

~~Reflected~~

— Veniet manus, auxilio qua

Sis mihi ————— Hor.

I shall have Assistance from some Hand or other.

N^o 228. Saturday, September 23, 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 28.

A MAN of Business who makes a publick Entertainment, may sometimes leave his Guests, and beg them to divert themselves as well as they can of his Return. I shall here make use of the same Privilege, (being engaged in Matters of some Importance relating to the Family of the *Bickerstaffs*) and must desire my Readers to entertain one another till I can have Leisure to attend them. I have therefore furnished on this Paper, as I have done some few others, with Letters of my ingenious Correspondents, which I have Reason to believe will please the Publick, as much as my own more elaborate Lucubrations.

S I R,

Lincoln, Sept. 9.

I HAVE long been of the Number of your Admirers, and take this Opportunity of telling you so. I know not why a Man so famed for Astrological Observation may not be also a good Councillor upon which Presumption it is I ask your Advice in an Affair that at present puzzles quite that slender Stock of Divinity I am Master of. I have now been some Time in Holy Orders, and Fellow of a certain College in one of the Universities, but weary of that unactive Life, I resolve to be doing Good in my Generation. A worthy Gentleman has lately offer'd me a fine Rectory, but means, I perceive his Kinswoman should have the Benefit of the Clergy. I am a Novice in the

World,

World, and confess, it flatters me how the Body of Mrs. Abigail can be annexed to cure of Souls. Sir, would you give us in one of your Tatlers the Original and Progress of Smack Simony, and show us, that where the Laves are silent, Mens Consciences ought to be so too, you could not more oblige our Fraternity of young Divines, and among the rest,

Your Humble Servant,

High-Church.

I am very proud of having a Gentleman of this Name for my Admirer, and may some Time or other write such a Treatise as he mentions. In the mean Time I do not see why our Clergy, who are very frequently Men of good Families, should be reproached, if any of them chance to espouse a Hand Maid with a Rectory in *Commendam*, since the best of our Peers have often Joined themselves to the Daughters of very ordinary Tradesmen upon the same valuable Considerations.

Globe in Moorfields, Sept. 16.

Honoured Sir,

I HAVE now finished my Almanack for the next Year, in all the Parts of it, except that which concerns the Weather; and you having shewn your self, by some of your late Works, more Weatherwise than any of our modern Astrologers, I most humbly presume to trouble you upon this Head. You know very well, that in our ordinary Almanacks the Wind and Rain, Snow and Hail, Clouds and Sunshine, have their proper Seasons, and come up as regularly in their several Months as the Fruits and Plants of the Earth. As for my own Part, I freely own to you, that I generally steal my Weather out of some antiquated Almanack, that foretold it several Years ago. Now Sir, what I humbly beg of you is, that you would lend me your State Weather-Glass, in order to fill up this vacant Column in my Works. This, I know, would sell my Almanack beyond any other, and make me a richer Man than Poor Robin. If you will not grant me this Favour, I must bow down to my old Method, and will copy after an

*Almanack which I have by me, and which I think
for the time, when the great Storm goes, I am,*

S I R,

The most Humble of

Your Admirers,

T. PAUL

THIS Gentleman does not consider, what a
Appearance his Almanack would make to the Iga-
should he transpose his Weather, as he must do,
follow the Dictates of my Climate. What would
World say to see Summers filled with Colds and
and Winters with Calms and Sun shine, accord-
the Variations of the Weather, as they might ac-
tually appear in a State Barometer? But let that be
will, I shall apply my own Invention to my own
and if I do not make my Fortune by it, it will
own Fault.

THE next Letter comes to me from another
interested Solicitor.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

I AM going to set up for a Stationer, and have a
of a Project which may turn both to your Honour
mine. It came into my Head, upon reading that I
and useful Paper of yours concerning Advertisements.
must understand, I have made myself Master in the
Art of Advertising, both as to the Style and the
Now if you and I could so manage it, that no Body
quarre Advertisements besides myself, we print them
where but in your Paper, we might both of us get a
in a little time. For this End I would propose
that you should enlarge the Design of Advertisements
beyond what you have in these Samples of my Work
Kind, which I have made for particular Friends, a
and to open Shop with. The best is for a Gentleman
would willingly marry, if he could find a Wife to
long; the second is for a poor Wife, who is lately
out of his Post; and the third for a Person of a
Story, who is willing to get into one

WHEE

WHERRAS *A. B.* next Door to the *Post and Mortar*, being about Thirty Years old, of a spare Make, with dark colour'd Hair, bright Eye, and a long Nose, has Occasion for a good humour'd, tall, fair young Woman, of about *young* Fortune. These are to give Notice, That if any such young Woman has a Mind to dispose of herself in Marriage to such a Person as the above mentioned, she may be provided with a Husband, a Coach and Horses, and proportionable Settlement.

C. D. desirous to quit his Place, has great Quantities of Paper, Parchment, Ink, Wax and Waters to dispose of, which will be sold at very reasonable Rates.

E. F. a Person of good Behaviour, six Foot high, of a black Complexion, and sound Principles, wants an Employ. He is an excellent Penman and Accountant, and speaks *French*.



Resistam meritis sumo superbium.

Hec.

Assume the Pride, the Purchase of your Merit.

N^o 229. *Tuesday, September 26, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, September 25.

THE whole Creation preys upon itself: Every living Creature is inhabited. A Flea has a thousand invisible Insects that teaze him as he jumps from Place to Place, and revenge our Quarrel upon him. A very ordinary Microscope shows us, that a Louse is itself a very lousy Creature. A Whale, besides those Seas and Oceans in the several Vellicks of his Body, which are filled with innumerable Shoals of little Animals, carries about it a whole World of Inhabitants, inasmuch as if we believe the Calculations some have

made, there are more living Creatures which are small for the naked Eye to behold about the Leviathan than there are of visible Creatures upon the Face of the whole Earth. Thus every nobler Creature is, were, the Basis and Support of Multitudes that are Inferiours.

THIS Consideration very much comforts me, I think on those numberless Vermin that feed upon Paper, and find their Subsistence out of it; I mean small Wits and Scribblers that every Day turn a Corn by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been advantageous to this little Species of Writers, that, if I do me Justice, I may expect to have my Statue set in *Cock street*, as being a common Benefactor to the Quarter.

THEY say, when a Fox is very much troubled with Fleas, he goes into the next Pool with a Lock of Wool in his Mouth, and keeps his Body in Water till the Vermin get into it, after which he throws the Wool, and diving, leaves his Tormentors to for themselves, and get their Livelihood where they can. I would have these Gentlemen take Care I do not serve them after the same Manner; for though I have hitherto kept my Temper pretty well, it is impossible but I may some Time or other disengage myself, and what will then become of them? Should I lay my Paper, what a Famine would there be among Hawkers, Printers, Book-sellers and Authors? It would be like Dr. *Hugoe's* dropping his Cloak, with the whole Congregation hanging upon the Skirts of it. I can enumerate some of these my doughty Antagonists, that stand to be answered weekly *Tit for Tat*: I was derided by the *Hesperus*, haunted by *Tom. Br. Gibbet*, scolded at by a *Friend to Truth*, and slandered another of the same Character, under the Title of *Antis*. I have been annotated, retatted, examined, confuted: But it being my standing Maxim, Never speak Ill of the Dead, I shall let these Authors rest in Peace, and take great Pleasure in thinking that I sometimes been the Means of their getting a Belly. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable Enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red

Spencer's Dog of Error, who after he has cut off the
 agon's Head, and left it wallowing in a Flood of Ink,
 is a thousand monstrous Reptiles making their Attempts
 on him, one with many Heads, another with none,
 I all of them without Eyes.

*The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
 That, well nigh choaked with the deadly Stink,
 His Forces fail, he can no longer fight;
 His brave Courage when the Fiend perceiv'd to shrink,
 She pour'd forth out of her Hellish Sink
 Her fruitful curled Spawn of Serpents small,
 Diamond Moustres, foul, and black as Ink;
 Which swarming all about his Legs did crawl,
 And him encumber'd fast, but could not hurt at all.*

*As gentle Shepherd in favour Even tide,
 When ruddy Phœbus gins to sink in West,
 High on an Hill, his Flock to viewen wide,
 Marks which do bite their hasty Supper best;
 A cloud of cumbersome Gnats do him molest,
 All striving to infix their fishy Strings,
 That from their Noyance be no where can rest;
 But with his cherishing Hands their tender Wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their Murmurs.*

IF ever I should want such a Fry of little Authors
 attend me, I shall think my Paper in a very decaying
 condition. They are like Ivy about an Oak, which
 ornaments the Tree at the same Time that it eats into it; or
 as a great Man's Equipage, that do Honour to the Per-
 son whom they feed. For my Part, when I see my
 self thus attacked, I do not consider my Antagonists as
 malicious, but hungry, and therefore am resolv'd never
 to take any Notice of them.

AS for those who detract from my Labours without
 being prompted to it by an empty Stomach, in Return
 for their Centures I shall take Pains to excel, and never
 be so periwade myself, that their Enmity is nothing but
 their Envy or Ignorance.

GIVE me Leave to conclude like an old Man, and
 Moralist, with a Fable:

THE Owls, Hares, and several other Birds of Night, were one Day got together in a thick Shade, where they abused their Neighbours in a very sociable Manner. Their Satire at last fell upon the Sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent and inquisitive. Upon which the Sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this Manner: Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that you know could in an Instant teach you up, and burn every Mother's Son of you: But the only Answer I shall give you, or the Revenge I shall take of you, is, to *shine on*.



No 230. *Thursday, September 28, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, September 27.

THE following Letter has laid before me many great and manifest Evils in the World of Letters which I had overlooked; but they open to me a very busy Scene, and it will require no small Care and Application to amend Errors which are become so universal. The Affectation of Politeness is exposed in this Epistle with a great deal of Wit and Discernment; so that whatever Discomfites I may fall into hereafter upon the Subjects the Writer treats of, I shall at present lay the Matter before the World without the least Alteration from the Words of my Correspondent.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

S I R,

THERE are some Abuses among us of great Consequence, the Reformation of which is properly your Province; though as far as I have been conversant in your Papers, you have not yet considered them. These are the deplorable Ignorance that for some Years hath reigned among our English Writers, the great Dependancy of our

Taste, and the continual Corruption of our Style. I say nothing here of those who handle particular Sciences, Divinity, Law, Physick, and the like; I mean the Readers in History and Politics, and the Belles Lettres; together with those by whom Books are not translated, but (as the common Expressions are) Dunc out of French, Latin, or other Language, and made English. I cannot but observe to you, that till of late Years a Civilisest Book was always bound in Sheep Skin, with justable Print and Paper, the Price never above a Shilling, and taken off nobly by every man 'treadsmen or Country Pedlars; but now they appear in all Sizes and Shapes, and in all Places. They are bound about from Lapsfulls in every Coffee house to Pages of Quality; are shown in Westminster Hall and the Court of Requests. You may see them gilt and in Royal Paper of five or six hundred Pages, and sold accordingly. I would engage to furnish you with a Catalogue of English Books published within the Compass of seven Years past, which at the first Hand would cost you a hundred Pounds, whereas you shall not be able to find ten Lines together of common Grammar or common Sense.

I HENK two Evils, Ignorance, and Want of Taste, have produced a third; I mean the continual Corruption of our English Tongue, which, without some timely Remedy, will suffer more by the false Refinements of twenty Years past, than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to oblige upon, turning the former Evils to your Advantage.

BUT instead of giving you a List of the late Refinements crept into our Language, I have sent you the Copy of a Letter I received from some age from a most accomplished Person in the Way of Writing; upon which I shall make some Remarks. It is in these Terms:

S I R,

- **I** Can't n^t get the Things you sent for all about
- You - - I that to be come down myself, and
- then I d^d be^d 'em; but I be^d not d^d, and I believe I
- can't do't that's Posse - - You begins to gr^d me!f. Ans,
- because be's going with the Plaupe's - - 'Tis said the
- French King will bombard us again, which causes many
- Speculations. The Jacks and others of that Kind;

' are very *supple*, and *alert upon's*, as you may see by
' their *Phiz's*——*Will. Haward* has got the *Hipps*, ha-
' ving lost *to the Tune* of five hundr'd Pound, *tho'* he un-
' derstanda *Play* very well, *no Body better*. He has pro-
' mis't me upon *Rep*, to leave off *Play*; but you know
' 'tis a Weakness *he's* too apt to *give into*, *tho'* he has as
' much Wit as any Man, *no Body more*. He has lain
' *incap* ever since——'The *Mobb's* very quiet with us now
' —I believe you *tho't* I *haunter'd* you in my last like a
' Country Put—I *shan't* leave Town this Month, &c.

THIS Letter is in every Point an admirable Pattern of the present polite Way of Writing, nor is it of less Authority for being an Epistle: You may gather every Flower in it, with a thousand more of equal Sweetness, from the Books, Pamphlets, and single Papers offer'd us every Day in the Coffee houses: And these are the Beauties introduced to supply the Want of Wit, Sense, Humour and Learning, which formerly were looked upon as Qualifications for a Writer. If a Man of Wit, who died forty Years ago, were to rise from the Grave on Purpose, How would he be able to read this Letter? And after he had got through that Difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first Thing that strikes your Eye, is the *Breaks* at the End of almost every Sentence, of which I know not the Use, only that it is a Refinement, and very frequently practis'd. Then you will observe the Abbreviations and Elisions, by which Consonants of most obdurate Sound are joined together, without one softening Vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one Syllable of two, directly contrary to the Example of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, altogether of the *Gothick* Strain, and a natural Tendency towards relapsing into Barbarity, which delights in Monosyllables, and uniting of mute Consonants, as it is observable in all the Northern Languages. And this is still more visible in the next Refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first Syllable in a Word that has many, and dismissing the rest, such as *Phiz's*, *Hipps*, *Mobb*, *Pox's*, *Rep*, and many more, when we are already overloaded with Monosyllables, which are the Disgrace of our Language. Thus we *crum* one Syllable, and cut off the rest, as the Owl

fettered

fattened her Mice after she had bit off their Legs, to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the same Reason for Maiming our Words, it will certainly answer the End, for I am sure no other Nation will desire to borrow them. Some Words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their Way to Perfection, as *Incog*, and *Phanop*: But in a short Time, 'tis to be hoped, they will be further docked to *Inc*. and *Phn*. This Reflection has made me of late Years very impatient for a Peace, which I believe would save the Lives of many brave Words, as well as Men. The War has introduced Abundance of Polyfyllables, which will never be able to live many more Campaigns, *Speculations*, *Operations*, *Preliminaries*, *Ambassadors*, *Palliatives*, *Communication*, *Circumvallation*, *Battalions*, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our Coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to Flight, and cut off the Rear.

THE third Refinement observable in the Letter I send you, consists in the Choice of certain Words invented by some pretty Fellow, such as *Bauts*, *Bamboozle*, *Country Put*, and *Kilney*, as it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the Vogue, and others are in Possession of it. I have done my utmost for some Years past, to stop the Progress of *Alabb* and *Bauter*, but have been plainly born down by Numbers and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

IN the last Place you are to take Notice of certain choice Phrases scatter'd through the Letter, some of them tolerable enough, till they were worn to Rags by servile Imitators. You might easily find them though they were not in a different Print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

THESE are the false Refinements in our Style which you ought to correct: First, by Argument and fair Means; but if those fail, I think you are to make Use of your Authority as Censor, and by an annual *Index Expurgatorius* expunge all Words and Phrases that are offensive to good Sense, and condemn those barbarous Mutilations of Vowels and Syllables. In this last Point the usual Pretence is, That they Spell as they Speak: A noble Standard for Language! To depend upon the
Caprice

Caprice of every Coxcomb, who, because Words : Cloathing of our Thoughts, cuts them out and them as he pleases, and changes them ofner th Drefs. I believe all reasonable People would be e that such Refiners were more sparing in their Work liberal in their Syllables : And upon this Head I be glad you would bestow some Advice upon young Readers in our Churches, who coming up the University full fraught with Admiration of our Politeness, will needs correct the Style of their l Books. In reading the Absolution, they are very ful to say *Pardons* and *Absolves* ; and in the Pray the Royal Family, it must be *enduc'um*, *curich'um* *per'um*, and *bring'um*. Then in their Sermons th all the modern Terms of Art, *Sham*, *Ranter*, *Alch ble*, *Bully*, *Cutting*, *Shuffling*, and *Palming* ; all and many more of the like Stamp, as I have hear often in the Pulpit from such young Sophisters, so read them in some of *those Sermons that have ma Noise of late*. The Design, it seems, is to ave dreadful Imputation of Pedantry ; to shew us, tha know the Town, understand Men and Manner have not been poring upon old unfashionable Book University.

I should be glad to see you the Instrument of in cing into our Style that Simplicity which is the b truest Ornament of most Things in Life, which the Ages always aimed at in their Building and Drefs, *piex munditiis*) as well as their Productions of Wit manifest that all new affected Modes of Speech, v borrowed from the Court, the Town, or the T are the first perishing Parts in any Language ; an could prove by many hundred Instances, have bee ours. The Writings of *He ker*, who was a C Clergyman, and of *Pierius* the Jesuit, both in the of Queen *Elizabeth*, are in a Style that, with ve Allowances, would not offend any present Reader, more clear and intelligible than those of Sir H. i Sir R. Nant. n, *O'Brien*, *Daniel* the Historian, v several others who writ later ; but being Men of the and affecting the Phrases then in Fashion, they a *either not to be understood, or appear perfectly rid*

WHAT Remedies are to be applied to these Evils, I have not Room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your Paper. Besides, I think it is our Office only to represent Abuses, and yours to redress them. I am with great Respect,

S I R,

Your, &c.



Principiis obsta——

Prevent the Beginnings of Evil.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 29.

THERE are very many ill Habits that might with much Ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a Sort of Proverbial Expression, of *taking a Woman down in her Wedding shoes*, if you would bring her to Reason. An early Behaviour of this Sort, had a very remarkable good Effect in a Family wherein I was several Years an intimate Acquaintance.

A Gentleman in *Lincolnshire* had four Daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no Way inferior to any of her Sisters, either in Person or Accomplishments, had from her Infancy discovered so imperious a Temper, (usually called a high Spirit) that it continually made great Uneasiness in the Family, became her known Character in the Neighbourhood, and deterred all her Lovers from declaring themselves. However, in Process of Time, a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune and long Acquaintance, having observed that Quickness of Spirit to be her only Fault, made his Addresses, and obtained her Consent in due Form. The Lawyers finished the Writings, (in which,

which, by the Way, there was no Pin-Money) and they were married. After a decent Time spent in the Father's House, the Bridegroom went to prepare his Seat for her Reception. During the whole Course of his Courtship, though a Man of the most equal Temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate Creature breathing. By this one Intimation, he at once made her understand Warmth of Temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that Constitution in himself. She at the same Time thought herself highly obliged by the composed Behaviour which he maintained in her Presence. Thus far he with great Success soothed her from being guilty of Violence, and still resolved to give her such a terrible Apprehension of his fiery Spirit, that she should never dream of giving Way to her own. He return'd on the Day appointed for carrying her Home; but instead of a Coach and six Horses, together with the gay Equipage suitable to the Occasion, he appear'd without a Servant, mounted on the Skeleton of a Horse, which his Huntsman had the Day before brought in to feast his Dogs on the Arrival of his new Mistress, with a Pillion fixed behind, and a Case of Pistols before him, attended only by a Favourite Hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but somewhat positive) Manner, desired his Lady to seat herself on the Cushion; which done, away they crawled. The Road being obstructed by a Gate, the Dog was commanded to open it. The poor Cur looked up and wagged his Tail; but the Master, to shew the Impatience of his Temper, drew a Pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand Apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begg'd as many Pardons for his Excuse before one for whom he had to profound a Respect. Soon after their Steed stumbled, but with some Difficulty recovered: However, the Bridegroom took Occasion to swear, it he frightened his Wife to again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor Animal being now almost tired, made a second Trip; immediately on which the careful Husband alights, and with great ceremony, first takes off his Lady, then the Accoutrements, draws his Sword, and gives the Huntsman

Humphrey the Trouble of killing him: Then says to his Wife, Child, prithee take up the Saddle; which she readily did, and tugged it Home, where they found all Things in the greatest Order suitable to their Fortune and the present Occasion. Some Time after, the Father of the Lady gave an Entertainment to all his Daughters and their Husbands, where, when the Wives were retired, and the Gentlemen passing a Toast about, our last married Man took Occasion to observe to the rest of his Brethren, how much, to his great Satisfaction, he found the World mistaken as to the Temper of his Lady, for that she was the most meek and humble Woman breathing. The Applause was received with a loud Laughter: But as a Trial which of them would appear the most Master at Home, he proposed they should all by Turns send for their Wives down to them. A Servant was dispatched, and Answer was made by one, Tell him I will come by and by; and another, That she would come when the Cards were out of her Hand, and so on. But no sooner was her Husband's Desire whispered in the Ear of our last married Lady, but the Cards were clapp'd on the Table, and down she comes with, My Dear, would you speak with me? He received her in his Arms, and after repeated Caresses tells her the Experiment, confesses his Good Nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her Temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

I receiv'd the following Letter with a Dozen of Wine, and cannot but do Justice to the Liquor, and give my Testimony, that I have tried it upon several of my Acquaintance, who were given to impertinent Abbreviations, with great Success.

Mr. Bickenstaff,

I send you by this Bearer, and not per Bearer, a Dozen of that Claret which is to be sold at Garraway's Coffee-house on Thursday the fifth Day of October next. I am assure you I have found by Experience the Efficacy of it, in removing a Fault you complain of in your Lust. The very first Draught of it has some Effect upon the Speech of the Drinker, and restores all the Letters taken away by the Elisions so justly complained of. Will. Ha-

ward

ward was cured of his Hypochondria by three Cigars, and the Gentleman who gave you an Account of his late Indisposition, has in public Company, after the first Quarrel, spoke every Syllable of the Word Impotency.

Yours, &c.



N^o 232.

Tuesday, October 3, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 2.

I Have received the following Letter from my unfortunate old Acquaintance the Upholsterer, who, I observed, had long absented himself from the Bench at the upper End of the Mall. Having not seen him for some Time, I was in Fear I should soon hear of his Death, especially since he never appeared, though the Noons have been of late pretty warm, and the Air at that Place very full from the House of Commons, which the Sages of that Board have been in the habit of attending, while the unthinking Part of the Assembly have been drinking for the Support of the House, without any Regard to the

S I R,

I Should have thought
discouraged you upon
I have to be well
felt my Friend
broke the
self to
have re
Day in
the Aug
see the
in

is for, if I may be allowed to say so, these are not
 res to jest in. As for my own Part, you know very well
 I am of a publick Spirit, and never regarded my own
 rest, but looked further; and let me tell you, that
 some People are minding only themselves and Families,
 others are thinking only of their own Country, Things
 are strangely in the North. I foresee very great Evils
 sing from the Neglect of Translating at a Distance; for
 such Reason I am now writing a Letter to a Friend in
 Country, which I design as an Answer to the Cesar of
 iscovy's Letter to the Grand Seigneur concerning his Ar-
 my of Sweden. I have endeavoured to prove, that it is
 reasonable to expect that his Swedish Majesty should
 be Bearer without forty thousand Men; and I have ad-
 ded to this an Apology for the Colliack. But the Mu-
 ltiplies upon me, and I grow dim with much Writing;
 restore desire, if you have an old green Pair of Spectacles,
 be as you used about your fiftieth Year, that you would
 send them to me; as also, that you would please to desire
 Mr. Morphew to find me in a Bushel of Coals on the Cre-
 of my Answer to his Ottoman Majesty; for I design
 shall be printed for Morphew, and the Weather grows
 up. I shall take it kindly if you would order him also to
 send me the Papers as they come out. If there are no fresh
 implets published, I compute that I shall know before the
 end of the next Month what has been done in Town to this
 day. If it were not for an ill Custom lately introduced by
 certain Author, of talking Latin at the Beginning of
 papers, Matters would be in a much clearer Light than
 they are: But to our Comfort, there are solid Writers who
 are not guilty of this Pedantry. The Post Man writes
 in an Angel: The Moderator is fine Reading: It would
 do you no Harm to read the Post Boy with Attention; he is
 very deep of late. He is instructive; but I confess a little
 satirical: A sharp Pen! He cares not what he says. The
 examiner is admirable, and is become a grave and substan-
 tial Author. But above all, I am at a loss how to go-
 vern myself in my Judgment of those whose whole Writings
 consist in Interrogatories: And then the Way of answering,
 proposing Questions as hard to them, is quite as extraor-
 dinary. As for my Part, I tremble at these Novelities; we
 expose, in my Opinion, our Affairs too much by it. You
 may

may be sure the French King will spare no Cost to come at the Reading of them. I do not think if the Fable of the Black Birds should fall into his Hands. But I will not venture to say more till I see you. In the mean Time,

I am, &c.

P. S. I take the Bended Letter in the Examiner to be Spurious.

THIS unhappy Correspondent, whose fantastical Loyalty to the King of Swedes has reduced him to this low Condition of Reason and Fortune, would appear much more monstrous in his Madness, did we not see Crowds very little above his Circumstances from the same Cause, a Passion to Politicks.

It is no unpleasant Entertainment to consider the Commerce even of the Sexes interrupted by Difference in State Affairs. A Wench and her Gallant parted last Week upon the Words *Unlimited* and *Passion*: And there is such a Jargon of Terms got into the Mouths of the very silliest of the Women, that you cannot come into a Room even among them, but you find them divided into *High* and *Low*. What heightens the Humour is, that all the hard Words they know, they certainly suppose to be Terms useful in the Disputes of the Parties. I came in this Day where two were in very hot Debate, and one of them proposed to me to explain to them what was the Difference between Circumcision and Predestination. You may be sure I was at a Loss; but they were too angry at each other to wait for my Explanation, but proceeded to lay open the whole State of Affairs, instead of the usual Topics of Diet, Gallantry and Scandal.

I have often wondered how it should be possible that this Turn to Politicks should so universally prevail, to the Exclusion of every other Subject out of Conversation; and upon mature Consideration, find it is for want of Discourse. Look round you among all the young Fellows you meet, and you see those who have the least Relish for Books, Company or Pleasure, though *they have no Manner of Qualities to make them succeed*

in those Passions, shall make very passible Politicians. Thus the most barren Imagination shall find enough to try to make one appear an able Man in the Pop Culture. It is but adding a certain Vehemence in uttering yourself, let the Thing you say be never so flat, and you shall be thought a very sensible Man, if you were not too hot. As Love and Honour are the noisiest Masters of Life, to the Pretenders to them, without being animated by them, are the most contemptible of all Sorts of Pretenders. The unjust Affectation of any Thing that is laudable, is ignominious in Proportion to the Worth of the Thing we affect. Thus, as Love of one's Country is the most glorious of all Passions, to lose the most ordinary Folds in a Nation give themselves Also that Way, without any one good Quality in their own Life, has done thing in it romantic, yet not so ridiculous as actions

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Mckinall has received Naylor's Letter from the Bath, and his Sister is fit and able to leave. Her Father, who is one of the Judges for the Term, is desired to bring her into Company, and oblige her with a Mission in his next Journey.

THE FAITHFUL

And your friends, you to
Yet your letter personal concern is better.

1101.

There are certain expectations, which will delight you
when you have read the next story over.

No 234. Thursday, October 4, 1770.

From my own Apartment, October 4.

WHEN the Mind has been perplexed with anxious
Care and Passions, the best Method of bringing
it to its usual state of Tranquillity, is, as much as we
possibly

possibly can, to turn our thoughts to the Adversary Persons of higher Consideration in Virtue and Merit ourselves. By this Means all the little Incidents of our own Lives, if they are unfortunate, seem to be a Sett of Justice upon our Faults, and Indiscretions. Those whom we know to be excellent and deserving better Fate are wretched, we cannot but resign our whom most of us know to merit a much worse than that we are placed in. For such and many Occasions, there is one admirable Relation which might recommend for certain Periods of one's Life, touch, comfort, and improve the Heart of Man. says somewhere, 'The Pleasures of an Husband are next to those of a Philosopher. In like Manner one says, (for methinks they bear the same Proportion) the Pleasures of Humanity are next to the Devotion. In both these latter Satisfactions, there is a certain Humiliation which exalts the Soul above the ordinary State. At the same Time that it lessens our Value of ourselves, it enlarges our Estimation of the History I am going to speak of is that of the Holy Writ, which is related with such majestic simplicity, that all the Parts of it strike us with Touches of Nature and Compassion, and he must be a Stranger to both who can read it with Attention not be overwhelmed with the Vicissitudes of Joy and Sorrow. I hope it will not be a Prophanation to say, that they, who may be unthorough enough to be more frequently Readers of such a History, than of Sacred Writ, may be advertised to the greatest Pleasures the Imagination can be enterprised with, are to be found there, and that even the Sense of the Scriptures is more than human.

JOSEPH, a beloved Child of Israel, became odious to his elder Brethren, for no other Reason than his superior Beauty and Excellence of Body and Intellect, insomuch that they could not bear his growing up and let him live. They therefore conspired his Death, but Nature pleaded so strongly for him in the End, that one of them, that by his Persuasion they determined rather to bury him in a Pit, than to be his immediate executioners with their own Hands. When thus mu-

obtained for him, their Minds still softened towards him, and they took the Opportunity of some Challenger to sell him into *Agypt*. *Israel* was persuaded by the Artifice of his Sons, that the Youth was torn to Pieces by wild Beasts: But *Joseph* was sold to Slavery, and still exposed to new Misfortunes, from the same Cause as before, his Beauty and his Virtue. By a false Accusation he was committed to Prison, but in Process of Time delivered from It, in Consideration of his Wisdom and Knowledge, and made the Governor of *Pharaoh's* House. In this Elevation of his Fortune, his Brothers were sent into *Agypt* to buy Necessaries of Life in a Famine. As soon as they are brought into his Presence, he beholds, but he beholds with Compassion, the Men who had sold him to Slavery, approaching him with Awe and Reverence. While he was looking over his Brethren, he takes a Resolution to indulge himself in the Pleasure of stirring their and his own Affections, by keeping himself concealed, and examining into the Circumstances of their Family. For this End, with an Air of Severity, as a watchful Minister to *Pharaoh*, he accuses them as Spies, who are come into *Agypt* with Designs against the State. This led them into the Account which he wanted of them, the Condition of their antient Father and little Brother, whom they had left behind them. When he had learned that his Brother was living, he demands the bringing him to *Agypt*, as a Proof of their Veracity.

BUT it would be a vain and empty Endeavour to attempt laying this excellent Representation of the Passions of Man in the same Colours as they appear in the Sacred Writ, in any other Manner, or almost any other Words, than those made use of in the Page itself. I am obliged therefore to turn my designed Narration rather into a Comment upon the several Parts of that beautiful and passionate Scene. When *Joseph* expects to see *Benjamin*, How natural and how forcible is the Reflection, *This Affliction is come upon us in that we saw the Anguish of our Brother's Soul without Pity?* How moving must it be to *Joseph* to hear *Reuben* accuse the rest, that they would not hear what he pleaded in Behalf of his Innocence and Distress? He turns from them and weeps,
but

but commands his Passion so far as to give Orders for binding one of them in the Presence of the rest, while he at Leisure observed their different Sentiments and Concern in their Gesture and Countenance. When *Hem-jam* is demanded in Bondage for stealing the Cup, with what Force, and what Resignation does *Judah* address his Brother.

IN what Words shall I speak to my Lord? With what Confidence can I say any Thing? Our Guilt is but too apparent, we submit to our Fate. *It's our Lord's Servants, both we and he with whom the Cup is found.* When that is not accepted, how pathetically does he recapitulate the whole Story? And approaching nearer to *Joseph*, delivers himself as follows; which, if we fix our Thoughts upon the Relation between the Trader and the Judge, it is impossible to read without Tears.

S I R,

• I LET me intrude so far upon you even in the high
• Condition in which you are, and the miserable one in
• which you see me and my Brethren, to inform you of
• the Circumstances of us unhappy Men that prostrate
• ourselves before you. When we were first examined
• by you, you enquired, (for what Reason my Lord en-
• quired we know not) but you enquired, Whether we
• had not a Father or a Brother? we then acquainted
• you, that we had a Father, an old Man, who had a
• Child of his old Age, and had buried another Son
• whom he had by the same Woman. You were pleased
• to command us to bring the Child he had remaining
• down to you: We did so, and he has forfeited his Li-
• berty. But my Father said to us, You know that my
• Wife bare me two Sons, one of them was torn in
• Pieces. If Misfort betal this also, it will bring my
• grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave. Accept there-
• fore, Oh my Lord! me for your Bondman, and let the
• Lad return with his Brethren, that I may not see the
• Evil that shall come on my Father.' Here *Joseph's*
• Passion grew too great for further Disguise, and he re-
• veals himself with Exclamations of Transport and Ten-
• derness.

AFTER their Recovery from their first Afflictment, his Mother was seized with Fear for the Injuries they had done him; but how generously does he keep them in Commemoration, and make an Apology for them. *Be not angry with yourselves for killing me before; call it not so, but think Providence sent me before you to preserve Life.*

I should be enabled to go through all the Beauties of this sacred Narrative; but any one who shall read it, at an Hour when he is disengaged from all other Regards or Interests than what arise from it, will feel the alternate Passion of a Father, a Brother, and a Son, to warn in him, that they will induce him to exert himself (in such of those Characters as happen to be his) much above the ordinary Course of his Life.

SCOTLANDS DICTIONARY

From my own Apartment, October 6.

I HAVE Reason to believe, that certain of my Contemporaries have made Use of an Art (I some time ago professed) of being often designedly dull; and for that Reason shall not exert myself when I see them lazy. He that has so much to struggle with as the Man who pretends to venture others, must keep up his Fire for an Ouse, and may be allowed to carry his Arms a little carelessly upon an ordinary March. This Paper therefore shall be taken up by my Correspondents, two of which have sent me the two following plain, but sensible and honest Letters, upon Subjects no less important than those of Education and Devotion.

M I N,

I AM an old Man, and I am all acquainted with the Town, but what I have from your Paper, just the best Entertainment of my Solitude, yet being still a Well-wisher to my Country, and the Concomitant of Learning, 62

(à qua confiteor nullam Ætatis mee partem abhorruisse) and hoping the plain Phrase in Writing that was current in my younger Days would have lasted for my Time, I was startled at the Picture of modern Politeness, (transmitted by your ingenious Correspondent) and grieved to see our Sterling English Language fallen into the Hands of Clippers and Coiners. That mutilated Epistle, consisting of Hippo, Rep's, and such like enormous Cartailings, was a mortifying Spectacle, but with the Reserve of Comfort to find this and other Abuses of our Mother Tongue, so pathetically complained of, and to the proper Person for redressing them, the Center of Great Britain.

HE I, a before represented the deplorable Ignorance that for several Years past has reigned amongst our English Writers, the great Depravity of our Taste, and continual Corruption of our Style. But, Sir, before you give yourself the Trouble of prescribing Remedies for these Distempers (which you even will require the greatest Care and Application) give me leave (having long had my Eye upon these Mischiefs, and Thoughts exercised about them) to mention what I humbly conceive to be the Cause of them, and in your Friend Horace's Words, Quo fonte derivata clades in patriam populumque fluxit.

I take our corrupt Ways of Writing to proceed from the Mistakes and wrong Measures in our common Methods of Education, which I always looked upon as one of our National Grievances, and a Singularity that renders us, no less than our Situation.

—Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

This puts me upon consulting the most celebrated Critics on that Subject, to compare our Practice with their Precepts, and find where it was that we came short or went aside.

BUT after all, I found our Case required something more than these Doctors had directed, and the principal Defect of our English Discipline to lie in the Initiatory Part, which, although it needs the greatest Care and Skill, is usually left to the Conduct of those blind Guides, viz. Chance and Ignorance.

I will trouble you but with a single Instance, pursuant to what your sagacious Friend has said, That he could furnish

furnish you with a Catalogue of *English* Books, that would cost you an hundred Pounds at first Hand, wherein you could not find ten Lines together of common *Grammar*; which is a necessary Consequence of our Mismanagement in that Province.

FOR can any thing be more absurd than our Way of Proceeding in this Part of Literature? To push tender *Wits* into the intricate Mazes of Grammar, and a Latin Grammar? to learn an unknown Art by an unknown Tongue? To carry them a dark round about Way to let them in at a Back-door? Whereas by teaching them first the Grammar of their Mother-Tongue (so easy to be learned) their Advance to the Grammars of Latin and Greek would be gradual and easy; but our precipitate Way of hurrying them over such a Gulph, before we have built them a Bridge to it, is a Shock to their weak Understandings, which they seldom, or very late, recover. In the mean Time we wrong Nature, and slender Infants, who want neither Capacity nor Will to learn, till we put them upon Service beyond their Strength, and then indeed we baulk them.

THE Liberal Arts and Sciences are all beautiful as the Graces; nor has Grammar (the severe Mother of all) so frightful a Face of her own; it is the Vizard put upon it that scares Children. She is made to speak hard Words, that to them sound like Conjuring. Let her talk intelligibly, and they will listen to her.

IN this, I think, as on other Accounts, we shew ourselves true Britains, always overlooking our natural Advantages. It has been the Practice of the wisest Nations to learn their own Language by stated Rules, to avoid the Confusion that would follow from leaving it to vulgar Use. Our English Tongue (says a learned Man) is the most determinate in its Construction, and reducible to the fewest Rules; Whatever Language has less Grammar in it, is not intelligible; and whatever has more, all that is has more is superfluous; for which Reasons he would have it made the Foundation of learning Latin and all other Languages.

TO speak and write without Absurdity the Language of one's Country, is commendable in Persons of all Stations, and to some indispensably necessary; and to this Purpose I would recommend above all Things the having a Grammar of our Mother Tongue first taught in our Schools,

which would facilitate our Youth learning their Latin and Greek Grammars, with spare Time for Arithmetick Astronomy, Cosmography, History, &c. that would make them pass the Spring of their Life with Profit and Pleasure, that is now miserably spent in Grammatical Perplexities.

BUT here, methinks, I see the Reader smile, and ready to ask me (as the Lawyer did Sexton Diego on his bequeathing rich legacies to the Poor of the Parish, where are these mighty Sums to be raised?) Where is there such a Grammar to be had? I will not answer, as he did, Even where your Worship pleases. No, it is our good Fortune to have such a Grammar with Notes, now in the Press, and to be published next Term.

I hear it is a chargeable Work, and wish the Publisher to have Customers of all that have need of such a Book; yet fancy that he cannot be much a Sufferer, if it is only bought by all that have more Need for it than they think they have.

A certain Author brought a Poem to Mr. Cowley, for his Perusal and Judgment of the Performance, which he demanded at the next Visit with a Poetaster's Assurances; and Mr. Cowley, with his usual Modesty, desired that he would be pleas'd to look a little to the Grammar of it. To the Grammar of it! What do you mean, Sir, Would you send me to School again? Why Mr.——, Would it do you any Harm?

WE put me on considering how this Passage of Literature may be made with more Safety and Profit, Expedition and Delight; and at last, for complementing so good a Service, to request your Directions in so deplorable a Cause; hoping that, as you have had Compassion on our overgrown Coxcombs in Concern of life Consequence, you will exert your Charity towards Innocents, and vouchsafe to be Guardian to the Children and Youth of Great Britain in this important Affair of Education, wherein Mistakes and wrong Measures have so often occasioned their Aversion to Books, that had otherwise proved the chief Ornament and Pleasure of their Life. I am with greatest Respect,

B I R,
Yours, &c.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

St. Clements, Oct. 8.

I OBSERVE, as the Season begins to grow cold, so does Peoples Devotion, insomuch that instead of filling the Churches, that united Zeal might keep one warm there, one is left to freeze in almost bare Walls by those who in hot Weather are troublesome the contrary Way. This, Sir, needs a Regulation that none but you can give to it, by causing those who absent themselves on Account of Weather only this Winter time, to pay the Apothecaries Bills occasion'd by Coughs, Catearrhs, and other Distempers contracted by sitting in empty Seats. Therefore to you I apply myself for Redress, having got such a Cold on Sunday was Seven night, that has brought me almost to your Worship's Age from Sixty within less than a Fortnight. I am

Your Worship's in all Obedience,

H. K.

*Scit genius natale comes qui temperat aeternum.*

Hor.

Your Genius knows (your Companion) which rules
your Birth-Day Star.

From my own Apartment, October 9.

A MONG those Inclinations which are common to all Men, there is none more unaccountable than that unequal Love by which Parents distinguish their Children from each other. Sometimes Vanity and Self-love appear to have a Share towards this Effect; and in other Instances I have been apt to attribute it to mere Instinct; But however that is, we frequently see the Child,

Child, that has been beholden to neither of these Impulses in their Parents, in spite of being neglected, snubb'd and thwarted at Home, acquire a Behaviour which makes it as agreeable to all the rest of the World, as that of every one else of their Family is to each other. I fell into this way of Thinking from an Intimacy which I have with a very good House in our Neighbourhood, where there are three Daughters of a very different Character and Complexion. The eldest has a great deal of Wit and Cunning; the second has good Sense, but no Artifice; the third has much Vivacity, but little Understanding. The first is a fine, but scornful Woman; the second is not charming, but very winning; the third is no Way commendable, but very desirable. The Father of these young Creatures was ever a great Pretender to Wit, the Mother a Woman of as much Coquetry. This Turn in the Parents has biased their Affections towards their Children. The old Man supposes the eldest of his own Genius, and the Mother looks upon the youngest as her self renewed. By this Means, all the Lovers that approach the House are discarded by the Father for not observing Mrs. Mary's Wit and Beauty, and by the Mother for being blind to the Mien and Air of Mrs. Biddy. Come never so many Pretenders, they are not suspected to have the least Thought of Mrs. Betty, the middle Daughter. Betty therefore is mortified into a Woman of a great deal of Merit, and knows she must depend on that only for her Advancement. The middlemost is thus the Favourite of all her Acquaintance, as well as mine, while the other two carry a certain Insolence about them in all Conversations, and expect the Partiality which they meet with at Home to attend them where-ever they appear. So little do Parents understand that they are of all People the least Judges of their Children's Merit, that what they reckon such is seldom any Thing else but a Repetition of their own Faults and Infirmities.

THERE is, methinks some Excuse for being particular when one of the Offspring has any Defect in Nature. In this Case, the Child, if we may so speak, is so much the longer the Child of its Parents, and calls

for the Continuance of their Care and Indulgence from the Slowness of its Capacity, or the Weakness of its Body. But there is no smiling in the Man amongst'd only at the Sight of their own Importunness repeated, and to observe, as we may sometimes, that they have a secret Dislike of their Children for a Mannerly Sense their very Crimes. Commend me to Lady Jemmy; she is equal to all her own Children, but prefers them to those of all the World beside. My Lady is a perfect Hen in the Care of her Hens; she fights and squalls with all that appear where they come, but is wholly unbiased in dispensing her Favours among them. It is no small Pains she is at to defend all the young Women in her Neighbourhood by Vile, Whispers, Intimations, and Hearsays; all which she ends with thanking Heaven that no one living is so blessed with such obedient and well inclined Children as herself. Perhaps says she, *Amey* cannot dance like Mrs. *Beauties*, and it is no great Matter whether she does or not; but she cannot do a Minn with a good Grace, though she says it that should not, she looks like a Gentlewoman. Then if Mrs. *Reverie* is not so talkative as the mighty Wit Mrs. *Glauber*; yet she is discreet, she knows better what she says when she does speak. If her Wit be there, her Tongue never runs before it. This kind Parent lifts up her Eyes and Hands in Congratulation of her own good Fortune, and is multibully thankful that none of her Girls are like any of her Neighbours. But this Preference of her own to all others, is grounded upon an Impulse of Nature; while those, who like me before another of their own, are so unparadoxically unjust, that it could hardly be equalled in the Children, though they preferred all the rest of the World to such Parents. It is an unpleasant Entertainment to see a Ball at a Dancing School, and observe the Joy of Relations when the young ones, for whom they are concerned, are in Motion. You need not be told whom the Parents belong to: At their first Appearance the Father of their Parents are in their Faces, and there is always a kind of Approbation shewn at a good Step, or a graceful Turn.

I remember among all my Acquaintance but one Man whom I have thought to live with his Children with
 Equanimity

Equanimity and a good Grace. He had three Sons and one Daughter, whom he bred with all the Care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous Way. I have often heard him say, he had the Weakness to love one much better than the other, but that he took as much Pains to correct that as any other criminal Passion that could arise in his Mind. His Method was, to make it the only Pretension in his Children to his Favour to be kind to each other; and he would tell them, That he who was the best Brother, he would reckon the best Son. This turned their Thoughts into an Emulation for the Superiority in kind and tender Affection towards each other. The Boys behaved themselves very early with a manly Friendship; and their Sister, instead of the gross Familiarities, and impertinent Freedoms in Behaviour, usual in other Houses, was always treated by them with as much Complaisance as any other young Lady of their Acquaintance. It was an unspeakable Pleasure to visit, or sit at a Meal, in that Family. I have often seen the old Man's Heart flow at his Eyes with Joy, upon Occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were Strangers to the Turn of his Mind; but a very slight Accident, wherein he saw his Childrens Good-will to one another, created in him the God like Pleasure of loving them because they loved each other. This great Command of himself, in bidding his first Impulse to Partiality, at last improved to a steady Justice towards them; and that which at first was but an Expedient to correct his Weakness, was afterwards the Measure of his Virtue.

THE Truth of it is, Those Parents who are interested in the Care of one Child more than that of another, no longer deserve the Name of Parents, but are in Effect as childish as their Children, in having such unreasonable and ungoverned Inclinations. A Father of this Sort has degraded himself into one of his own Offspring; for none but a Child would take Part in the Passions of Children.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TATLER.

*Nescis quoniam anteb, totum delictum mentem
Tangit, & immemoriam non fuit 25. Jul. Ovid.*

*I know not by what strange Pleasure a Man is deceiv'd
to lose his native Soil, the Memory of which can
never be rooted out of his Mind.*

N^o 236. Thursday, October 14, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

I FIND in the Registers of my Family, that the Branch of the *Hicks*, from which I am descended came originally out of *Ireland*. This has given me a Kind of natural Affection for that Country. It is therefore with Pleasure that I see not only some of the greatest Warriors, but also of the greatest Wits, to be Natives of that Kingdom. The Gentleman who writes the following Letter is one of these last. The Matter of Fact contained in it is literally true, though the diverting Manner in which it is told may give it the Colour of a Fable.

To Isaac Nickerhall, Esq; at his House in Great Britain

S I R, P. 11.
FINDING by several Passages of your Works, that you are a Person curious in natural Knowledge, I thought it would not be unacceptable to you to give you the following History of the Migration of Frogs into this Country. There is an ancient Tradition among the wild Philosophers of the Kingdom, that the whole Island was once as much infested by Frogs, as that wherein *H'Whittington* made his Fortune was by Mice. Inasmuch that it is said, *Alcock* would

the *Pist* could no more sleep, by Reason of these *Dutch Nightingales*, (as they are called at *Paris*) than *Pharaoh* could when they croaked in his Bed-chamber. It was in the Reign of this great Monarch, that *St. Patrick* arrived in *Ireland*, being as famous for destroying of Vermin as any Rat-catcher of our Times. If we may believe the Tradition, he killed more in one Day than a Flock of Storks could have done in a Twelvemonth. From that Time for about five hundred Years, there was not a Frog to be heard in *Ireland*, notwithstanding the Bogs still remained, which in former Ages have been so plentifully stock'd with those Inhabitants,

WHEN the Arts began to flourish in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and that great Monarch had placed himself at the Head of the Royal Society, to lead them forward into the Discoveries of Nature, it is said, That several Proposals were laid before his Majesty, for the Importing of Frogs into *Ireland*: In order to it, a Virtuoso of known Abilities was unanimously elected by the Society, and intrusted with the whole Management of that Affair. For this End he took along with him a sound able bodied Frog, of a strong hale Constitution, that had given Proof of his Vigour by several Leaps, that he made before that learned Body. They took Ship, and sailed together till they came within Sight of the Hill of *Howth*, before the Frog discovered any Symptoms of being indisposed by his Voyage: But as the Wind chopped about, and began to blow from the *high* Coast, he grew Sea sick, or rather Land sick; for his learned Companion ascribed it to the Particles of the Soil with which the Wind was impregnated. He was confirmed in his Conjecture, when, upon the Wind's turning about, his Fellow Traveller sensibly recovered, and continued in good Health till his Arrival upon the Shore, where he suddenly relapsed, and expired upon a *Ring's End* Car in his Way to *Dublin*. The same Experiment was repeated several Times in that Reign, but to no Purpose. A Frog was never known to take three Leaps upon *high* Turf, before he stretched himself out and died.

• **WHETHER** it were that the Philosophers on
 • this Side the Water, despair'd of stocking the Island
 • with this useful Animal, or whether in the following
 • Reign it was not thought proper to undo the Miracle
 • of a Popish Saint, I do not hear of any further Pro-
 • gress made in this Affair till about two Years after the
 • Battle of the *Boynes*.

• I 'T was then that an ingenious Physician, to the
 • Honour as well as Improvement of his Native Coun-
 • try, performed what the *English* had been so long at-
 • tempting in vain. 'This learned Man, with the Hazard
 • of his Life, made a Voyage to *Liverpool*, where he
 • filled several Barrels with the choicest Spawn of Frogs
 • that could be found in those Parts. 'This Cargo he
 • brought over very carefully, and afterwards dispos'd
 • of it in several warm Beds that he thought most ca-
 • pable of bringing it to Life. 'The Doctor was a very
 • ingenious Physician, and a very good Protestant; for
 • which Reason, to shew his Zeal against Popery, he
 • placed some of the most promising Spawn in the
 • very Fountain that is dedicated to the Saint, and
 • known by the Name of *St. Patrick's Well*, where
 • these Animals had the Impudence to make their first
 • Appearance. 'They have since that Time very much
 • increased and multiplied in all the Neighbourhood of
 • this City. We have here some curious Enquirers into
 • natural History who observe their Motions, with a
 • Design to compute in how many Years they will be
 • able to hop from *Dublin* to *Wexford*; though, as I am
 • inform'd, not one of them has yet pass'd the Moun-
 • tains of *Wicklow*.

• I am further inform'd, that several Grasiers of the
 • County of *Cork* have enter'd into a Project of planting
 • a Colony in those Parts, at the Instance of the *French*
 • Protestants; and I know not but the same Design may
 • be on Foot in other Parts of the Kingdom, if the Wis-
 • dom of the *British* Nation do not think fit to prohibit
 • the further Importation of *English* Frogs.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

T. R.

TATLER

THERE is no Study more becoming a rational Creature, than that of natural Philosophy; but as several of our modern Virtuoso's manage it, their Speculations do not so much tend to open and enlarge the Mind, as to contract and fix it upon Trifles.

THIS in *England* is in a great Measure owing to the worthy Elections that are so frequently made in our Royal Society. They seem to be in a Confederacy against Men of polite Genius, noble Thought, and diffusive Learning; and chuse into their Assemblies such as have no Pretence to Wisdom, but Want of Wit; or to natural Knowledge, but Ignorance of every Thing else. I have made Observations in this Matter so long, that when I meet with a young Fellow that is an humble Admirer of these Sciences, but more dull than the rest of the Company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.



*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.* ————— Ovid.

Of Bodies chang'd to other Forms I sing.

N^o 237. Saturday, October 14, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 13.

COMING Home last Night before my usual Hour I took a Book into my Hand, in order to divert myself with it till Bed time. *Adam* chanced to be my Author, whose admirable Poem of *Paradise Lost* serves at once to fill the Mind with pleasing Ideas, and with good Thoughts, and was therefore the most proper Book for my Purpose. I was amusing myself with that beautiful Passage in which the Poet represents *Eve* sleeping by *Adam's* Side, with the Devil sitting at her Ear, and inspiring evil thoughts, under the Shape of a Toad.

Ithuriel, one of the Guardian Angels of the Place, taking his nightly Rounds, saw the great Enemy of Mankind hid in this loathsome Animal, which he touch'd with his Spear. This Spear being of a Celestial Temper, had such a Secret Virtue in it, that whatever it was applied to, immediately slung off all Disguise, and appeared in its natural Figure. I am afraid the Reader will not pardon me if I content myself with explaining the Passage in Prose, without giving it in the Author's own inimitable Words.

———On he led his radiant Files,
 Dawling the Morn : Thence to the Bower direct,
 In Search of whom they sought. Him there they found,
 Squat like a Toad, close at the Ear of Eve ;
 Effaying by his devilish Art to reach
 The Organs of her Fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams ;
 Or if, inspiring Venom, he might taint
 The Animal Spirits, (that from pure Blood arise
 Like gentle Breaths from Rivers pure) thence ruijs
 At least dissemper'd, discontented Thoughts,
 Vain Hopes, vain Aims, inordinate Desires,
 Blown up with high Conceits, ingendring Pride.
 Him thus intent, *Ithuriel* with his Spear
 Touch'd lightly ; for no Falshood can endure
 Touch of Celestial Temper, but returns
 Of Force to his own Likeness. Up he starts
 Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a Spark
 Lights on a Heap of nitrous Powder, laid
 Fit for the Tun, some Magazine to store
 Against a rumour'd War, the smutty Grain,
 With sudden Blaze diffus'd, inflames the Air ;
 So started up in his own Shape the Fiend.

I could not forbear thinking how happy a Man would be in the Possession of this Spear ; or what an Advantage it would be to a Minister of State, were he Master of such a White Staff. It would let him discover his Friends from his Enemies, Men of Abilities from Pretenders : It would hinder him from being impos'd upon by Appearances and Professions, and might be made use
of

of as a Kind of State-Test, which no Artifice could elude.

THESE Thoughts made very lively Impressions on my Imagination, which were improv'd, instead of being defaced by Sleep, and produced in me the following Dream: I was no sooner fallen asleep, but methought, the Angel *Ithuriel* appeared to me, and with a Smile that still added to his Celestial Beauty, made me a Present of the Spear which he held in his Hand, and disappeared. To make Trials of it, I went into a Place of publick Resort.

THE first Person that pass'd by me, was a Lady that had a particular Shyness in the Cast of her Eye, and a more than ordinary Reservedness in all the Parts of her Behaviour. She seem'd to look upon Man as an obscene Creature, with a certain Scorn and Fear of him. In the Height of Airs I touch'd her gently with my Wand, when, to my unspeakable Surprise, she fell upon her Back, and kick'd up her Heels in such a Manner, as made me blush in my Sleep. As I was hastening away from this undisguis'd Prude, I saw a Lady in earnest Discourse with another, and over-heard her say, with some Vehemence, Never tell me of him, for I am resolv'd to die a virgin! I had a Curiosity to try her; but as soon I laid my Wand upon her Head, she immediately fell in Labour. My Eyes were diverted from her by a Man and his Wife, who walk'd near me Hand in Hand after a very Loving Manner. I gave each of them a gentle Tap, and the next Instant saw the Woman in Breeches, and the Man with a Fan in his Hand. It would be tedious to describe the long Series of Metamorphoses that I entertained myself with in my Night's Adventure, of Whigs disguis'd in Tories, and Tories in Whigs; Men in red Coats that denounc'd Terror in their Countenances, trembling at the Touch of my Spear; others in Black with Peace in their Mouths, but Swords in their Hands. I could tell Stories of Noblemen chang'd into Usurers, and Magistrates into Headles; of Free-Thinkers into Penitents, and Reformers into Whoremasters. I must not however omit the Mention of a grave Citizen who pass'd by me with an huge clasped Bible under his Arm, and a Band of a most immoderate

Breadth; but upon a Touch on the Shoulder, he let drop his Book, and fell a picking my Pocket.

IN the general I observed, that those who appeared good, often disappointed my Expectations; but that on the contrary, those who appeared very bad, still grew worse upon the Experiment; as the Tomb in *Albion*, which one would have thought the most deformed Part of the Creation, at *Liberal's* Stroke, became more deformed, and started up into a Devil.

AMONG all the Persons that I touched, there was but one who stood the Test of my Wand; and after many Repetitions of the Stroke, stuck to his Form, and remained steady and fixed in his first Appearance. This was a young Man who boasted of soul Distempers, wild Debauches, Insults upon Holy Men, and Assaults to Religion.

MY Heart was extremely troubled at this Vision. The Contemplation of the whole Species, so entirely sunk in Corruption, filled my Mind with a Melancholy that is Inexpressible, and my Discoveries still added to my Affliction.

IN the midst of these Sorrows which I had in my Heart, methoughts there passed by me a Couple of Coaches with Purple Liveries. There sat in each of them a Person with a very venerable Aspect. At the Appearance of them, the People who were gathered round me in great Multitudes divided into Parties, as they were disposed to favour either of those reverend Persons: The Enemies of one of them begged me to touch him with my Wand, and assured me, I should see his Lawn converted into a Cloak. The Opposite Party told me with as much Assurance, That if I laid my Wand upon the other, I should see his Garments embroidered with Flower de Luce, and his Head cover'd with a Cardinal's Cap. I made the Experiment, and to my great Joy, saw them both without any Change, distributing their Blessings to the People, and praying for those who had reviled them. Is it possible, thought I, that good Men, who are so few in Number, should be divided among themselves, and give better Quarter to the Villains that are in their Party, than the most strictly Virtuous who are out of it? Are the Ties of Faction above their

those of Religion? — I was going on in my Soliloquies, but some sudden Accident awakened me, when I found my Hand grasped, but my Spear gone. The Reflection on so very odd a Dream made me figure to myself, what a strange Face the World would bear, should all Mankind appear in their proper Shapes and Characters, without Hypocrisy and Disguise? I am afraid, the Earth we live upon would appear to other intellectual Beings no better than a Planet peopled with Monsters. This should, methinks, inspire us with an honest Ambition of recommending ourselves to those invisible Spies, and of being what we would appear. There was one Circumstance in my foregoing Dream which I at first intended to conceal; but upon second Thoughts, I cannot look upon myself as a candid and impartial Historian, if I do not acquaint my Reader, that upon taking *Ithuriel's* Spear into my Hand, though I was before an old decrepit Fellow, I appeared a very handsome, jolly, black Man. But I know my Enemies will say, this is praising my own Beauty, for which Reason I will speak no more of it.

——— *Portica surgit*
Tempestus ———

Juv.

A poetical Storm arises.

N^o 238. *Tuesday*, October 17, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 16.

STORMS at Sea are so frequently described by the ancient Poets, and copied by the Moderns, that whenever I find the Winds begin to rise in a new Heroick Poem, I generally skip a Leaf or two till I come into fair Weather. *Virgil's Tempest* is a Master piece in this Kind, and is indeed so naturally drawn, that one

who has made a Voyage can scarce read it without being Sea sick.

LAND RICH WITH are no less frequent among the Poets than the former, but I remember none of them which have not fallen in the Country: for which Reason they are generally filled with the Lawings of Oxen, and the Bleatings of Sheep, and very often embellish'd with a Rainbow.

PARNASSUS's Land Shower is likewise the best in its Kind: It is indeed a Shower of Consequence, and contributes to the main Design of the Poem, by cutting off a tedious Ceremonial, and bringing Matters to a speedy Conclusion between two Potentates of different Names. My ingenious Kindman Mr. *Humfrey Haggstaff*, who treats of every Subject after a Manner that no other Author has done, and better than any other can do, has sent me the Description of a City Shower. I do not question but the Reader remembers my Country's Description of the Morning as it breaks in Town, which is joined to the 9th *Teller*, and is another exquisite Piece of this Local Poetry.

GARRULL, *Oh, you may find the Hawk*
(By just Perquisits) when to find a Liberty
While Rain depends, the purple Cat gives out
Her Frills, and pursues her Tail as usual
Returning Home at Night, you'll find the Hawk
Strike your offended Sense with double Sting
If you be wiser, then go out far to dine,
You'll spend in Church here more than save in Church
Arming Nature's just shooting Game forage,
Old Ashes thrash, your hollow Teeth will rage
Roasting in Coffee house to Vulgar Town,
He damps the Climate, and complexion of his Town.

ARKAN sublims the South along with *Delia's Wings*,
A subtle Cloud attracts the Hither Kings,
That fill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
And like a Drunkard gives it up again
Brief Helen sublims her Town from the Nose,
While the first descending Shower's in Town repose.

*Such is that Sprinkling which some careless Queen
Flirts on you from her Mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the Gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her Mop.
Not yet, the Dust had shun'd the unequal Strife,
But aided by the Wind fought still for Life;
And wasted with its Foe by violent Gust,
'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was Dust.
Ah! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
When Dust and Rain at once his Coat invade;
His only Coat, where Dust confus'd with Rain
Roughen the Nap, and leave a mingled Stain?*

*NOW in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
Threat'ning with Deluge this devoted Town.
To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.
The Templer spruce, while ev'ry Spout's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a Coach.
The tuck'd up Sempstress walks with hasty Strides,
While Streams run down her oil'd umbrella's Sides.
Here various Kinds by various Fortunes led,
Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their Fowds, and join to save their Wigs.
Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits;
And ever and anon with frightful Din
The Leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy Chairmen bore the wooden Steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed,
(Those Bully Greeks, who, as the Moderns do,
Instead of paying Chairmen, run them thro')
Laoco'n struck the Outside with his Spear,
And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear.*

*NOW from all Parts the swelling Kennels flow,
And bear their Trophies with them as they go:
Filtb of all Hues and Odours seem to tell
What Street they sail'd from, by their Sight and Smell.
Thry, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force,
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their Course,*

*d in huge Confluent join'd at Snow-Hill Ridge,
 It from the Conduit, prone to Holbourn Bridge,
 seepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts and Blood,
 woun'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in Mud,
 and Cats and Turnip-Tops come tumbling down the Flood.* }



— *Mecum certasse feratur?*

Ovid.

Shall he be said to have contend'd with me?

239. Thursday, October 19, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 18.

T is ridiculous for any Man to criticise on the Works of another, who has not distinguish'd himself by his Performances. A Judge would make but an indiffere[n]t Figure who had never been known at the Bar. Cicer[o] was reputed the greatest Orator of his Age and Country before he wrote a Book *De Oratore*; and Horace's greatest Poet before he published his *Art of Poetry*. his Observation arises naturally in any one who casts his Eye upon this last mentioned Author, where he will find the Criticisms placed in the latter End of his Book, at the end, after the finest Odes and Satires in the *Latin* tongue.

A Modern, whose Name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly Paper sell, was born a Critick and an Examiner, and, like one of the Race of the Serpent's Teeth, came into the World with a Sword in his Hand. His Works put me in Mind of the Story that is told of the German Monk, who was taking a Catalogue of a Friend's Library, and meeting with a New Book in it, entered it under the Title of *A Book that has the Beginning where the End should be*. This Author, in the last of his Crudities, has amassed together a Heap of Quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modeller Men than myself.

chine move, teaches to steer, expiates our Offences, raises Vapours, and looks larger as he sits.

WHAT Poem can be safe from this Sort of Criticism? I think I was never in my Life so much offended as at a Wag whom I once met with in a Coffee-house: He had in his Hand one of the Miscellanies, and was reading the following short Copy of Verses, which, without Flattery to the Author, is (I think) as beautiful in its Kind as any one in the *English* Tongue.

*Flavia the least and slightest Toy
Can with resistless Art employ.
This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
An Engine of small Force in Love;
But she with such an Air and Mien,
Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton Motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's Bow;
Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.*

WHEN this Coxcomb had done reading them, Heyday, says he, What Instrument is this that *Flavia* employs in such a Manner as is not to be told, nor safely seen? In ten Lines it is a 'Toy, a *Cupid's* Bow, a Fan, and an Engine in Love. It has wanton Motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.

SUCH Criticisms make a Man of Sense sick, and a Fool merry.

THE next Paragraph of the Paper we are talking of, falls upon some Body whom I am at a Loss to grieve at: But I find the whole Invective turns upon a Man who (it seems) has been imprisoned for Debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same Time must put the Examiner in Mind, that notwithstanding he is a Critick, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper Subject for Ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a Satire upon a Beggar.

AS for those little Retortings of my own Expressions, *of being dull by Design, witty in October, skining, ex-*
celling,

elling, and so forth; they are the common Cavils of every Writling, who has no other Method of shewing his Parts, but by little Variations and Repetitions of the Man's Words whom he attacks.

BUT the Truth of it is, the Paper before me, not only in this Particular, but in its very Essence, is like *Ovid's Echo*.

— *Quæ nec reticere loquenti,
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit* —

I should not have deserved the Character of a Cenfor had I not unadverted upon the abovementioned Author by a gentle Chastisement: But I know my Reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that nothing of this Nature for the future (unless it be written with some Wit) shall divert me from my Care of the Publick.

Epitaph

Ad populum phalaras. ———— Perf.

Show your Trappings to the Mob.

N^o 240. Saturday, October 21, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 20.

I DO not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched upon that useful Science of Physick, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a Professor of it. I have indeed joined the Study of Astrology with it, because I never knew a Physician recommend himself to the Publick, who had not a Sister Art to embellish his Knowledge in Medicine. It has been commonly observed in Compliment to the Ingenious of our Profession, that *Apolla* was God of Verse as well as Physick; and in all Ages the most celebrated Practitioners of our Country, were the particular Favourites of
th

the Muses. Poetry to Physick is indeed like the Gilt to a Pill: it makes the Art shine, and covers the Seve of the Doctor with the Agreeableness of the Company.

THE very Foundation of Poetry is good Sense: we may allow *Horace* to be a Judge of the Art.

Scribendi recte sapere est & principium & fons.

AND if so, we have Reason to believe, that same Man who writes well can prescribe well, if he applied himself to the Study of both. Besides, when we see a Man making Profession of two different Sciences is natural for us to believe he is no Pretender in which we are not Judges of, when we find him skilful that which we understand.

ORDINARY Quacks and Charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by collateral Assurances, and therefore always lay their Claim to some supernumerary Accomplishments which are well foreign to their Profession.

ABOUT twenty Years ago, it was impossible to walk the Streets without having an Advertisement thrust into your Hand of a Doctor who was arrived at Knowledge of the Green and Red Dragon, and had discovered the Female Fern Seed. No Body ever knew what this meant; but the Green and Red Dragon to amuse the People, that the Doctor lived very comfortably of them. About the same Time there was passed a hard Word upon every Corner of the Streets. To the best of my Remembrance, was

TETRACHYMMAGOGON,

which drew great Shoals of Spectators about it, who the Bill, that it introduced, with an unspeakable Curiosity; and when they were sick, would have no Body but this Learned Man for their Physician.

I once received an Advertisement of one who studied thirty Years by Candle light for the Good of Countrymen. He might have studied twice as long Day light, and never had been taken Notice of: But calculations cannot be over-valued. There are some

have gained themselves great Reputation for Physick by their Birth, as the *Seventh Son of a Seventh Son*; and there by not being born at all, as the *Unknown Doctor*, who, I hear, is lately gone the Way of his Patients, having died worth five hundred Pounds *per Annum*, though he was not born to a Half penny.

MY ingenious Friend Doctor *Saffold* succeeded my old Contemporary Doctor *Lilly* in the Studies both of Physick and Astrology, to which he added that of Poetry, as was to be seen both upon the Sign where he lived, and in the Bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Dr. *Cafe*, who erased the Verses of his Predecessor out of the Sign Post, and substituted in their Stead two of his own, which were as follow:

*Within this Place
Lives Dr. Cafe.*

THIS is said to have got more by this Distich, than Mr. *Dryden* did by all his Works. There would be no End of enumerating the several Imaginary Perfections and unaccountable Artifices, by which this Tribe of Men ensnare the Minds of the Vulgar, and gain Crowds of Admirers. I have seen the whole Front of a Mountebank's Stage, from one End to the other, faced with Patents, Certificates, Medals and Great Seals, by which the several Princes of *Europe* have testified their particular Respect and Esteem for the Doctor. Every great Man with a sounding Title has been his Patient. There I have seen twenty Mountebanks that have given Physick to the Czar of *Moscov*. The Great Duke of *Tuscany* escapes no better. The Elector of *Brandenburgh* was likewise a very good Patient.

THIS great Condescension of the Doctor draws upon him much Good will from his Audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching Tooth, his Ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a Person who has had so many Princes, Kings and Emperors, under his Hands.

I must not leave this Subject without observing, that as Physicians are apt to deal in Poetry, Apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by Oratory, and are therefor

therefore without Controversy the most eloquent Persons in the whole *British* Nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the Arts, especially that of which I am an humble Professor; but I must confess, for the Good of my native Country, I could wish there might be a Suspension of Physick for some Years, that our Kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the Wars, might have Leave to recruit itself.

AS for myself, the only Physick which has brought me safe to almost the Age of Man, and which I prescribe to all my Friends, is Abstinence. This is certainly the best Physick for Prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present Distemper. In short, my Recipe is, *Take Nothing*.

WERE the Body Politick to be physick'd like particular Persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same Manner. I remember when our whole Island was shaken with an Earthquake some Years ago, there was an impudent Mountebank who sold Pills which (as he told the Country People) were very good against an Earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe a Diet for the allaying popular Commotions, and national Ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a Case a whole People were to enter into a Course of Abstinence, and eat nothing but Water-gruel for a Fortnight, it would abate the Rage and Animosity of Parties, and not a little contribute to the Cure of a distracted Nation. Such a Fast would have a natural Tendency to the procuring of those Ends for which a Fast is usually proclaimed. If any Man has a Mind to enter on such a voluntary Abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the Caution of *Pythagoras* in particular.

Abstine a Fabis.

* Abstain from Beans.

That is, say the Interpreters, Meddle not with Elections; Beans having been made Use of by the Voters among the *Athenians* in the Choice of Magistrates.



1841. *Tuesday, October 24, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, October 23.

A METHOD of spending one's Time agreeably to a Thing so little studied, that the common Amusement of our young Gentlemen, (especially of such as at a Distance from those of the first Breeding) is Inking. This Way of Entertainment has Custom of Side; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few Companies that have been guilty of excess this Way, where there have not happened more accidents which make against, than for the Continuance of it. It is very common that Events arise from a haunch which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a Man's Reason and good Sense put him, his Tongue is apt to utter Things out of mere Spleen of Heart which may displease his best Friends, without saying more against it, than that it raises the Imagination and depresses the Judgment. Were there only this single Consideration, That we are less Masters of ourselves when we drink in the least Proportion above the Exigences of Thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks a little is not Master of himself, so he who drinks much is a Slave to himself. As for my Part, I ever esteem'd Drunkard of all vicious Persons the most vicious: For if Actions are to be weigh'd and considered according to the Intention of them, what can we think of him who puts himself into a Circumstance wherein he can have no Intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the Duties and Offices of Life, by a Suspension of all his faculties? If a Man consider, that he cannot undergo Oppression of Drink be a Friend, a Gentleman, a Master, or a Subject; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred

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to him, he would even then think of a Debauch Horror: But when he looks still further, and acknowledges, that he is not only expelled out of all Delights of Life, but also liable to offend against all, what Words can express the Terror and Detestation he would have of such a Condition? And yet he all this of himself who says he was drunk last Night

AS I have all along persisted in it, that all the Drunkards in general are in a State of Death, so I think add to the Non Existence of Drunkards, that they are killed by their own Hands. He is certainly as guilty of Murder who perishes by a slow, as he that is dispatched by an immediate Poison. In my last Lucubration I proposed the general Use of Water gruel, and hinted it might not be amiss at this very Season: But as some, whose Cases, in regard to their Families will not admit of Delay, I have used my Interest with several Wards of the City, that the wholesome Remedy above mentioned may be given in Taverns Kitchens to all the Mornings Draught Men within the City when they call for Wine before Noon. For a further Restraint and Mark upon such Persons, I have given Orders, that in all the Offices where Policies are kept upon Lives, it shall be added to the Article which prohibits that the Nominee should cross the Sea, the Words *Provided also, That the above-mentioned A. B. shall drink before Dinner during the Term mentioned in the Policy.*

I am not without Hopes but by this Method bring some unfixable Friends of mine into Shape and Breadth, as well as others who are languid and continue, into Health and Vigour. Most of the Self-deniers whom I yet hinted at, are such as preserve a certain Regularity in taking their Poison, and mix pretty well with their Food: But the most dangerous of those who destroy themselves, are such whose Youth fall into this Sort of Debauchery, and contract a certain Uneasiness of Spirit, which is not diverted but by Tippling as often as they can find Company in the Day, and conclude with downright Drunkenness at Night. These Gentlemen never find the Satisfaction of Youth, but skip the Years of

and are decrepit soon after they are of Age. Y
odfather to one of these old Fellows. He is now
nd thirty, which is the Grand Climacterick of a
Drunkard. I went to visit the crazy Wretch this
ng, with no other Purpose but to rally him under
in and Uncertainty of being sober.

T as our Faults are double when they affect
besides ourselves, so this Vice is still more odious
arried than a single Man. He that is the Husband
Woman of Honour, and comes Home over loaded
Vine, is still more contemptible in Proportion to
gard we have to the unhappy Consort of his Be-
. The Imagination cannot shape to its self any
more monstrous and unnatural than the Familiar
etween Drunkenness and Chastity. The wretched
r, who is the Perfection of Beauty and Innocency,
ig been thus condemned for Life. The Romantick
of Virginia devoted to the Jaws of Moulders, have
g in them so terrible as the Gift of *Astraea* to that
mal.

THE Reflection of such a Match as spotless Inno-
with abandoned Lewdness is what puts this Vice
world Figure it can bear with Regard to others;
then it is look'd upon with Respect only to the
sard himself, it has Deformities enough to make
greeable, which may be summed up in a Word,
owing, that he who resigns his Reason, is actu-
guilty of all that he is liable to from the Want of
n.

S. Among many other Enormities, there are two
following Letters which I think should be sud-
amended; but since they are Sins of Omission
I shall not make Remarks upon them till I find
delinquents persist in their Errors; and the Inter-
re Letters themselves shall be all their present Ad-
mon.

Bickerstaff,

Octob. 16.

REVEREND that frequent Divine Service at St.

Paul's, as well as myself, having with great
satisfaction observed the good Effect which your Ani-
malverſion

• madversion had on an Excess in Performance there; it
 • is requested, that you will take Notice of a contrary
 • Fault, which is the unconcerned Silence and the motionless Postures of others who come thither. If this
 • Custom prevails, the Congregation will resemble an
 • Audience at a Play house, or rather a dumb Meeting of
 • Quakers. Your censuring such Church-mutes in the
 • Manner you think fit, may make these Dissenters join
 • with us, out of Fear lest you should further animadvert
 • upon their Non-conformity. According as this succeeds, you shall hear from,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

B. B.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

• I WAS the other Day in Company with a Gentle-
 • man, who, in reciting his own Qualifications, concluded every Period with these Words, *the best of any Man in England*. Thus for Example: He kept the
 • best House of any Man in England; he understood this, and that, and t'other, the best of any Man in England. How harsh and ungrateful soever this Expression might
 • sound to one of my Nation, yet the Gentleman was one whom it no Ways became me to interrupt; but
 • perhaps a new Term put into his Mouth Words, (as they call a Sentence a Man particularly affects) may cure him. I therefore took a Resolution to apply to you,
 • who, I dare say, can easily persuade this Gentleman (whom I cannot believe an Enemy to the Union) to mend his Phrase, and be hereafter the wisest of any
 • Man in Great Britain. I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

Scoto-Britannus.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Mr. Humphry Trelooby, wearing his own Hair, a Pair of Buck-Skin Breeches, a Hunting-Wisp, with a new Pair of Spurs, has complained to the
 Censor,

Confer, That on Thursday last he was defended of His Majesty's Crown, under Pretence of a Duty to the Sexton for repairing the Cathedral of St. Paul, London: It is hereby ordered, That none hereafter require above Sixpence of any Country Gentleman under the Age of Twenty five for that Liberty; and that all which shall be received above the said Sum, of any Person, for beholding the Inside of that Sacred Edifice, be forthwith paid to Mr. Morphew for the Use of Mr. Bickenstaff, under Pain of further Consequence on the above mentioned Extortion.



— *Quis iniquus*

Tam patientis urbis, tam ferocius ut teneat se? Juv.

Who can with Patience behold this vile City, and contain himself?

N^o 243. Thursday, October 26, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 25.

IT was with very great Displeasure I heard this Day a Man say of a Companion of his with an Air of Approbation, *You know Tom. never fails of saying a Pleasant Thing.* He has a great deal of Wit, but Satire is his particular Talent. *Did you mind how he put the young Fellow out of Countenance that pretended to talk to him?* Such Impertinent Applauses, which one meets with every Day, put me upon considering what true Raillery and Satire were in themselves; and this, methought, occurred to me from Reflection upon the great and excellent Persons that were admired for Talents this Way. When I had run over several such in my Thoughts, I concluded, (however unaccountable this Assertion might appear at first Sight) that Good nature was an essential Quality in a Satirist, and that all the Sentiments which are beautiful in this Way of Writing must proceed from that Quality in the Author. Goodnature produces a Disdain of all Baseness, Vice and

Folly.

Folly, which prompts them to express themselves with Smartness against the Errors of Men, without Bitterness towards their Persons. This Quality keeps the Mind in Equanimity, and never lets an Offence unseasonably throw a Man out of his Character. When *Virgil* said, he that did not hate *Ruvius* might love *Mævius*, he was in perfect good Humour, and was not so much moved at their Absurdities, as passionately to call them Sots or Blockheads in a direct Invective, but laughed at them with a Delicacy of Scorn, without any Mixture of Anger.

THE best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse, was the Character among us of a Gentleman as famous for his Humanity as his Wit.

THE ordinary Subjects for Satire are such as incite the greatest Indignation in the best Tempers, and consequently Men of such a Make are the best qualified for speaking of the Offences in human Life. These Men can behold Vice and Folly, when they injure Persons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the same Severity as others resent the Ills they do themselves. A Good natur'd Man cannot see an over-bearing Fellow put a bashful Man of Merit out of Countenance, or out-strip him in the Pursuit of any Advantage, but he is on Fire to succour the Oppressed, to produce the Merit of the one, and confront the Impudence of the other.

THE Men of the greatest Character in this Kind were *Horace* and *Juvenal*. There is not, that I remember, one ill natur'd Expression in all their Writings, not one Sentence of Severity, which does not apparently proceed from the contrary Disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this Mind; and if they were read with this View, it might possibly persuade our young Fellows, that they may be very witty Men without speaking ill of any but those who deserve it: But in the Perusal of these Writers it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different Times. *Horace* was intimate with a Prince of the greatest Goodness and Humanity imaginable, and his Court was formed after his Example: Therefore the Faults that *Poet* falls upon were little Inconsistencies in Behaviour, false Pretences to Politeness, or impertinent Af-

festations of what Men were not fit for. Vices of a coarser Sort could not come under his Consideration, or enter the Palace of *Augustus*. *Juvenal*, on the other Hand, lived under *Domitian*, in whose Reign every Thing that was great and Noble was banished the Habitations of the Men in Power. Therefore he attacks Vice as it passes by in Triumph, not as it breaks into Conversation. The Fall of Empire, Contempt of Glory, and a general Degeneracy of Manners, are before his Eyes in all his Writings. In the Days of *Augustus*, to have talked like *Juvenal* had been Madness, or in those of *Domitian* like *Horace*. Morality and Virtue are every where recommended in *Horace* as became a Man in a polite Court, from the Beauty, the Propriety, the Convenience of pursuing them. Vice and Corruption are attacked by *Juvenal* in a Style which denotes, he fears he shall not be heard without he calls to them in their own Language, with a barefaced Mention of the Villanies and Obscenities of his Contemporaries.

THIS accidental Talk of these two great Men runs me from my Design, which was to tell some Coxcombs that run about this Town with the Name of Smart Satirical Fellows, that they are by no Means qualified for the Characters they pretend to, of being severe upon other Men, for they want Good nature. There is no Foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to flatter as rail agreeably without being Good natured.

THESE is a certain Impartiality necessary to make what a Man says bear any Weight with those he speaks to. This Quality, with Respect to Mens Errors and Vices, is never seen but in Good natur'd Men. They have ever such a Frankness of Mind, and Benevolence to all Men, that they cannot receive Impressions of Unkindness without mature Deliberation; and writing or speaking ill of a Man upon personal Considerations, is so irreparable and mean an Injury, that no one possess'd of this Quality is capable of doing it: But in all Ages there have been Interpreters to Authors when living, of the same Genius with the Commentators, into whose Hands they fall when dead. I dare say, it is impossible for any Man of more Wit than one of these to take any

of the four and twenty Letters, and form out of them a Name to describe the Character of a vicious Man with greater Life, but one of these would immediately cry, Mr. such a one is meant in that Place. But the Truth of it is, Satirists describe the Age, and Backbiters assign their Descriptions to private Men.

IN all Terms of Reproof, when the Sentence appears to arise from personal Hatred or Passion, it is not then made the Cause of Mankind, but a Misunderstanding between two Persons. For this Reason the Representations of a Good natured Man bear a Pleasantry in them, which shews there is no Malignity at Heart, and by Consequence are attended to by his Hearers or Readers, because they are unprejudiced. This Deference is only what is due to him; for no Man thoroughly nettled can say a Thing general enough to pass off with the Air of an Opinion declared, and not a Passion gratified. I remember a humourous Fellow at *Oxford*, when he heard any one had spoken ill of him, used to say, *I won't take my Revenge on him till I have forgiven him*. What he meant by this, was, that he would not enter upon this Subject till it was grown as indifferent to him as any other; and I have by this Rule seen him more than once triumph over his Adversary with an inimitable Spirit and Humour; for he came to the Assault against a Man full of sore Places, and he himself invulnerable.

THERE is no Possibility of succeeding in a Satirical Way of Writing or Speaking, except a Man throw himself quite out of the Question. It is great Vanity to think any one will attend a Thing because it is your Quarrel. You must make your Satire the Concern of Society in general, if you would have it regarded. When it is so, the Good nature of a Man of Wit will prompt him to many brisk and disdainful Sentiments and Replies, to which all the Malice in the World will not be able to repartee.



Infers se spens nebula, mirabile dictu!
Per medios, misceatque vias, nigro coarctatur ulli. Virg.

Then entering by the Gate, wraps in a Cloud,
(Struggle to relate) unseen amidst the Crowd.

N^o 243. Saturday, October 28, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 27.

I HAVE somewhere made mention of Cigzar's Ring, and intimated to my Reader, that it was at present in my Possession, though I have not since made any Use of it. The Tradition concerning this Ring is very Romantic, and taken Notice of both by *Plato* and *Fully*, who each of them make an admirable Use of it for the Advancement of Morality. This Cigzar was the Master Shepherd to King *Caudanor*. As he was wandering over the Plains of *Arden*, he saw a great Chafin in the Earth, and had the Curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the statue of an Hero in Brass, with Doors in the Sides of it. Upon opening them he found the Body of a dead Man, bigger than ordinary, with a Ring upon his Finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The Virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for upon his going into the Assembly of Shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the Stone of the Ring within the Palm of his Hand, and visible when he turned it towards his Company. Had *Plato* and *Cicero* been as well versed in the Occult Sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of Myttick Learning in this Tradition, but it is impossible for an Adept to be understood by one who is not an Adept.

As for myself, I have with much Study and Application arriv'd at this great Secret of making myself invisible, and by that Means conveying myself where I pleas'd; or to speak in Rhymerian Language, I have entered

into the Clefts of the Earth, discovered the Brazen and robbed the dead Giant of his Ring. The Tr says further of *Cyges*, that by the Means of this R gained Admission in the most retired Parts of the and made such Use of those Opportunities, that length became King of *Lydia*. For my own I who, have always rather endeavoured to impro Mind than my Fortune, have turned this Ring other Advantage than to get a thorough Insight i Ways of Men, and to make such Observations u Errors of others, as may be useful to the Publick, ever Effect they may have upon myself.

ABOUT a Week ago, not being able to sleep up, and put on my magical Ring, and with a T transported myself into a Chamber where I saw a I found it inhabited by a celebrated Beauty, though of that Species of Women which we call a Slattern. Head dress and one of her Shoes lay upon a Cha Petticoat in one Corner of the Room, and her that had a Copy of Verses made upon it but the E fore, with her Thread Stockings, in the Middle Floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could r bear gathering up her Cloaths together, to lay the Chair that stood by her Bed side, when, to m Surprise, after a little Muttering, she cried out, *do you do? Let my Petticoat alone.* I was startled; but soon found that she was in a Dream; being those, who, to use *Shakespeare's* Expression, are *so Thought*, that they utter in their Sleep every Thi pables in their Imagination. I left the Apartment Female Rake, and went into her Neighbour's, there lay a Male Coquet. He had a Bottle of Salt ing over his Head, and upon the Table by his E *Saunders's* Poems, with a little Heap of Black Fatche His Snuff box was within reach on a Chair: But was admiring the Disposition which he made of the Parts of his Dress, his Slumber seemed interrupte Fang, that was accompanied by a sudden Oath, turned himself over hastily in his Bed. I did not e seeing him in his nocturnal Pains, and left the Roo

I was no sooner got into another Bed chamber heard very harsh Words uttered in a smooth uniform

amazed to hear so great a Volubility in Reproach, thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; upon looking nearer, I saw the Head dress of the Person who spoke, which shewed her to be a Female, with a lying by her Side broad awake, and as quiet as a mouse. I could not but admire his exemplary Patience, discovered by his whole Behaviour, that he was then under the Discipline of a certain Lecture.

was entertained in many other Places with this kind of eternal Eloquence, but observed that most of those who I found awake, were kept so either by Envy or by Fear. Some of these were sighing, and others cursing, some in a low tone, some hugging their Pillows, and others gnashing their Teeth.

THE Covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful creature. I happened to come into a Room where one of my friends lay sick. His Physician and his Wife were in close per near his Head side. I overheard the Doctor say to the poor Gentlewoman, he cannot possibly live till Five o'clock in the Morning. She received it like the Mistress of a family prepared for all Events. At the same Instant in a Servant Maid, who said, *Madam, the Undertaker is below according to your Order.* The Words were out of her Mouth, when the sick Man cried out in a feeble Voice, Pray, Doctor, how went Bank-day at Change? This melancholy Object made me serious for diverting myself further this Way: But as I was going Home, I saw a Light in a Garret, and went into it, heard a Voice crying, *And, Hand, Stand, Turn'd, Turn'd.* I concluded him by this and the appearance of his Room to be a Lunatick; but upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a Poet, writing an epick upon the ensuing Peace.

It was now towards Morning, an Hour when Spirits are weak and Conjurors are obliged to retire to their own chambers, and feeling the Influence of it, I was half-asleep at Home, when I saw a Man had got half Way to his Neighbour's House. I immediately called to him, saying my Ring, appeared in my proper Person. He was something Magisterial in the Aspect of the staff, which made him run away in Confusion.

AS I took a Turn or two in my own Lodging, I was thinking, that, old as I was, I need not go to Bed alone, but that it was in my Power to marry the finest Lady in this Kingdom, if I would wed her with this Ring. For what a Figure would she that should have it make at a Visit, with so perfect a Knowledge as this would give her of all the Scandal in the Town? But instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in Matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving Friend the Author of the *Atalantis*, to furnish a new *Secret History of Secret Memoirs*.



*Quid valeat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere & furi ut possit quæ sentiat? — Hor.*

What can a Mother wish greater for her Child, than to be wise, and able to speak what he thinks?

N^o 244. Tuesday, October 31, 1710.

Will's Coffee house, October 30.

IT is no easy Matter, when People are advancing in any Thing, to prevent their going too fast for want of Patience. This happens in nothing more frequently, than in the Prosecution of Studies. Hence it is, that we meet Crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can speak. They affect the Flowers of Rhetorick before they understand the Parts of Speech. In the ordinary Conversation of this Town, there are so many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not one in twenty that talks to be understood. This proceeds from an Ambition to excel, or, as the Term is, to shine in Company. The Matter is not to make themselves understood, but admired. They come together with a certain Emulation, rather than Benevolence. When you fall among such Companions, the safe Way is to give yourself up, and let the Orators declaim for your Esteem, and trouble yourself no further. It is said, that a Poet

must be born so; but I think it may be much better shi-
of an Orator, especially when we talk of our Town Poets
and Orators; but the Town Poets are full of Rules and
Laws, the Town Orators go through thick and thin, and
are, forsooth, Persons of such eminent natural Parts and
Knowledge of the World, that they despise all Men as
inexperienced Scholasticks who wait for an Occasion be-
fore they speak, or who speak no more than is necessary.
They had half persuaded me to go to the Tavern the
other Night, but that a Gentleman whisper'd me, *Prithce,*
Jaar, go with us; there is *Tom. Pounce* will be there,
and he is a Fellow that talks as well as any Man in *Eng-*
land.

I must confess, when a Man expresses himself well
upon any Occasion, and his falling into an Account of
any Subject arises from a Desire to oblige the Company,
or from Politeness of the Circumstance itself, so that his
speaking of it at large is occasioned only by the Open-
ness of a Companion; I say, in such a Case as this, it is
not only pardonable, but agreeable, when a Man takes
the Discourse to himself; but when you see a Fellow
watch for Opportunities for being copious, it is excel-
lently troublesome. A Man that stammers, if he has
Understanding, is to be attended with Patience and Good-
nature; but he that speaks more than he needs, has no
Right to such an Indulgence. The Man who has a De-
fect in his Speech takes Pains to come to you, while a
Man of a weak Capacity with Fluency of Speech tri-
umphs in out-running you. The Stammerer strives to be
fit for your Company; the loquacious Man endeavours to
show you, you are not fit for his.

WILL Thoughts of this Kind do I always enter
into that Man's Company who is recommended as a Per-
son that talks well; but if I were to chuse the People
with whom I would spend my Hours of Conversation,
they should be certainly such as labour'd no farther than
to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and
would have Patience and Curiosity to understand me. To
have good Sense, and Ability to express it, are the most
essential and necessary Qualities in Companions. When
Thoughts rise in us fit to utter, among familiar Friends
there needs but very little Care in Cloathing them.

U R B A N U S

URBANUS is, I take it, a Man one might live with whole Years, and enjoy all the Freedom and Improvement imaginable, and yet be sensible of a Contradiction to you in all the Mistakes you can be guilty of. His great Good will to his Friends has produced in him such a general Dference in his Discourse, that if he differs from you in his Sense of any Thing, he introduces his own Thoughts by some agreeable Circumlocution; or he has often observed such and such a Circumstance that made him of another Opinion. Again, where another would be apt to say, 'This I am confident of, I may pretend to judge of this Matter as well as any Body,' *Urbanus* says, I am verily perswaded, I believe one may conclude. In a Word, there is no Man more clear in his Thoughts and Expressions than he is, or speaks with greater Diffidence. You shall hardly find one Man of any Consideration, but you shall observe one of less Consequence, form himself after him. This happens to *Urbanus*; but the Man who steals from him almost every Sentiment he utters in a whole Week, disguises the Theft by carrying it with quite a different Air. *Unfratelli* knows *Urbanus*'s doubtful Way of Speaking proceeds from Good nature and Good breeding, and not from Uncertainty in his Opinions. *Unfratelli* therefore has no more to do but repeat the Thoughts of *Urbanus* in a positive Manner, and appear to the Undiscerning a wiser Man than the Person from whom he borrows. But those who know him can see the Servant in his Master's Habit; and the more he trusts, the less do his Cloaths appear his own.

IN Conversation, the Medium is neither to affect Silence or Eloquence; not to value our Apprehension, and to endeavour to excel in who are of your Company, or equal Injuries. The great Enemies therefore to good Company, and those who transgress most against the Laws of Equality, (which is the Life of it) are, the Clown, the Wit, and the Pedant. A Clown, when he has Sense, is conscious of his want of Education, and with an awkward Bluntness hopes to keep himself in Countenance, by overthrowing the Use of all polite Behaviour. He takes Advantage of the Reluctant Good Breeding lay upon others not to offend him, to trespass against them, and is under the Man's own Shelter while he intrudes.

on him. The Fellows of this Class, are very frequent the Repetition of the Words, Rough and Manly. When these People happen to be by their Fortunes of a Rank of Gentlemen, they defend their other Advantages by an impudent Courage; and, to help out the effect of their Behaviour, add their being dangerous to stir being disagreeable. This Gentleman (though he pleases, professes to do so, and knowing that dares still on to do so) is not so painful a Companion, as he who'll please you against your Will, and resolves to be a fit.

THIS Man upon all Occasions, and wherever he falls Company with, talks in the same Circle, and in the same Round of Chat which he has learned at one of the tables of this Coffee house. As Poetry is in itself an elevation above ordinary and common Sentiments; so ere is no Pop to very near a Madman in indifferent company as a poetical one. He is not apprehensive of the Generality of the World are intent upon the illness of their own Fortune and Possession, and have little Capacity or Curiosity to enter into Matters of treatment or Speculation. I remember at a full Table

the City, one of those obsequious Wits was entertaining the Company with a Soliloquy (for so I call it when a Man talks to those who do not understand him) containing Wit and Humour. An honest Gentleman who I next to me, and was worth Half a Pound, stared at him, and observing there was some Sense, as he thought, set with his Impertinence, whistled me, *Tut, my Friend r H, this Fellow is wiser, know, than fool.* This was I my good Friend's Applause of the wisest Man of talk that I was ever present at, which wanted nothing make it excellent but that there was no Creation for it.

THIS Pedant is so obvious to Ridicule, that it would be to be one to offer to explain him. He is a Gentleman so well known, that there is none but those of his own Class who do not laugh at and avoid him. Pedantry proceeds from much Reading and little Understanding. A Pedant among Men of Learning and Taste, is like an ignorant Scurvill giving an Account of a polite Conversation. You may find he has brought with him

more

more than could have entered into his Head without being there, but still that he is not a Bit wiser than if he had not been there at all.



No 245. *Thursday*, November 2, 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 1.

THE Lady hereafter mentioned having come to me in very great Haste, and paid me much above the usual Fee as a Cunning Man to find her stolen Goods, and also having approved my late Discourse of *Adversity*, oblig'd me to draw up this, and insert it in the Body of my Paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS *Richard Howard's*, late Servant to the Lady *Fordragal*, a short thick lively, hard favoured Wench, of about Twenty nine Years of Age, her Eyes small and bleared, and Nose very broad at Bottom, and turning up at the End, her Mouth wide, and Lips of an unusual Thickness, two Teeth out before, the rest black and uneven, the Tip of her Left Ear being of a Mount Colour, her Voice kind and thrill, quick of Speech, and something of a *Wife* Accent, withdrew herself on *Wednesday* last from her Ladyship's Dwelling house, and, with the Help of her Confidants, carried off the following Goods of her said Lady, *viz.* a thick washed Callico Wrapper, a Musk coloured Velvet Mantle lined with Squirrel Skins, eight Night Shirts, four Pair of Silk Stockings curiously darned, six Pair of laced Shoes, new and old, with the Heels of half two Inches higher than their Fellows, a Quilted Portcoat of the largest Size, and one of Canvas with Whalebone Hoops; three Pair of Stays, button'd below the Left Shoulder, two Pair of Tips of the newest Fashion, six round about Aprons with Pockets, and four Stopped

Muffs

Mullin Night Balls very little decayed; a Silver Pot for Coffee or Chocolate, the Lid much luted; a broad silver'd flat Silver Plate for Sugar with Rhodii Wine, a Silver Ladle for Plum Pudding; a Silver Cheese-Board with three Tongues, an Ivory Handle, and Silvering at the End; a Silver Pistol in butter Eggs; one Pewee and two Cardinal Water Cups, two Crown Cups, and an Oshidge's Egg, with Pins and Feet of Silver, a Marrow Spoon with a Scamp at the other End, a Silver Orange Strainer, eight Sweet-meat Spoons made with Forks at the End, an Agate Handle Knife and Fork in a Sheath, a Silver Tongue Scraper, a Silver Tobacco Box, with a Tulip graved on the Top; and a Bible bound in Shagreen, with gilt Leaves and Clasp, never opened but once. Also a small Cabinet, with six Drawers inlaid with real Tortoise Shell, and Brass gilt Ornaments at the four Corners, in which were two Leather Pocket-books, three Pair of oiled Dogskin Gloves, seven Cakes of superfine Spanish Wool, Half a Dozen of Porcelain Dishes, and a Cube of Paper from thence; two Pair of brand new Plumpers, four Black lead Candles, three Pair of fashionable Eye-brows, two Sets of Ivory Teeth like the warts for wearing, and one Pair of Horns for common Use; *Adam and Eve* in Bagle Work, with out Fig Leaves, upon Canvas, cunningly wrought with her Ladyship's own Hand; several Pilgrims Circlets; a Cuckoo of 100 Diamonds, set strong and deep in Silver, with a Rump Jewel after the same Fashion; Bracelets of braided Hair, Pomander and Seed-pearl; a large old Purple Velvet Pate embroidered, and buttoned with a Spring, containing two Pictures in Miniature, the Features visible; a broad thick Gold Ring with a Hand in Hand graved upon it, and within, this Poesy, *If his Life does last, I'll hold thee fast*; another set round with small Rubies and Sparks, six wanting; another of *Loose Stone*, crack'd through the Middle; an *Alms-bell* and four *Tarckers*, one Guineas the full of the Coin, an Angel with a Hole bored through, a broken Half of a *Synops* Piece of Gold, a Crown piece with the Breeches, an old Nine pence bent both Ways by *Lilly* the Almanack-maker for Luck at Long-station, and twelve of the Shells called *Blackmure's Teeth*; one small Amber Box with

Applethorpe

Apoplestick Balsam, and one Silver gift of a larger Size for Cassia and Carraway Comfits, to be taken at long Sermons, the Lid enamell'd, representing a *Cupid* sitting for Hearts, with a Piece of Gold on his Hook; over his Head this Rhime, *Only with Gold, you me shall hold*. In the lower Drawer was a large new Gold Repeating Watch made by a *Frenchman*; a Gold Chain, and all the proper Appurtenances hung upon Steel Swivels, to wit, Lockets with the Hair of dead and living Lovers, Seals with Arms, Emblems and Devices cut in Cornelian, Agate and Onyx, with Cupids, Hearts, Darts, Altars, Flames, Rocks, Pickaxes, Roles, Thorns and Sun-flowers; as also Variety of ingenious *French* Motto's; together with Gold Stays for Quills, Scissars, Needles, Thimbles, and a Sponge dipped in *Hungary* Water, left but the Night before by a young Lady going upon a Frolick *Incog*. There was also a Bundle of Letters, dated between the Years 1670 and 1682, most of them signed *Philander*, the rest *Strephon*, *Amyntus*, *Corydon*, and *Adonis*; together with a Collection of Receipts to make Pallees for the Hands, Pomatums, Lip Salves, White Pou, Beautifying Creams, Water of Talk, and Frog Spawn Water; Decoctions for clearing the Complexion, and an approved Medicine to procure Abortion.

WHOMEVER can discover the aforesaid Goods, so that they may be had again, shall have fifty Guineas for the Whole, or proportionable for any Part.

N. B. Her Ladyship is pleased to promise ten Pounds for the Packet of Letters over and above, or five for *Philander's* only, bring her first Love. *My Lady bestows those of Strephon to the Finder, being so written, that they may serve to any Woman who reads them.*

P O S T S C R I P T.

AS I am Patron of Persons who have no other Friend to apply to, I cannot Suppress the following Complaint.

S I R,

I AM a Blackmoor Boy, and have, by my Lady's Order, been christened by the Chaplain. The good Man has gone further with me, and told me a great deal of good News; as, that I am as good as

my Lady herself as I am a Christian, and many other Things; But for all this, the Parson who came over with me from our Country is as much esteemed by her as I am. Besides this, the black Dog has a Collar that cost almost as much as mine. I desire also to know, whether now I am a Christian, I am obliged to dress like a Turk, and wear a Turbant. I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

POMPEY.



*Nulla enim sine defectu, optima illa
Quæ minime negatur.* ———— *Hum.*

*But Man is born without Faults; he is the best, who has
the fewest.*

From my usual Apartment, November 3.

WHEN one considers the Turn which Conversation takes in almost every Set of Acquaintance, Club or Assembly, in this Town or Kingdom, one cannot but observe, that in spite of what I am every Day saying, and all the Moral Writers since the Beginning of the World have said, the Subject of Discourse is generally upon one another's Faults. This in a great Measure proceeds from self Conceit, which were to be excluded in one or other individual Person; but the Faulty has spread itself almost over all the Species; and one cannot only say, *You, Jack or Will*, but in general, *But Man is a Creature*. From this Source it is, that my Excellence is faintly received, any Imperfection unmercifully exposed. But if Things were put in a true Light, and we would take Time to consider that Man in his very Nature is an imperfect Being, our Sense of this Matter would be immediately altered, and the Word Im-

perfection

perfection would not carry an unkind Idea than the Word *Humanity*. It is a pleasant Story that we forsooth, who are the only imperfect Creatures in the Universe, are the only Beings that will not allow of Imperfection. Some Body has taken Notice, that we stand in the Middle of Existencies, and are by this one Circumstance the most unhappy of all others. The Brutes are guided by Instinct, and know no Sorrow; the Angels have Knowledge, and they are happy; but Men are governed by Opinion, which is, I know not what Mixture of Instinct and Knowledge, and are neither indolent nor happy. It is very observable, that Criticks are a People between the Learned and the Ignorant, and by that Situation enjoy the Tranquillity of neither. As Criticks stand among Men, so do Men in general between Brutes and Angels. Thus every Man, as he is a Critick and a Coxcomb, till improved by Reason and Speculation, is ever forgetting himself, and laying open the Faults of others.

At the same Time that I am talking of the Cruelty of urging People's Faults with Severity, I cannot but bewail some which Men are guilty of for want of Admonition. These are such as they can easily mend, and no Body tells them of, for which Reason I shall make Use of the Penny Post (as I have with Success to several young Ladies about turning their Eyes, and holding up their Heads) to certain Gentlemen whom I remark habitually guilty of what they may reform in a Moment. There is a Fat Fellow whom I have long remarked wearing his Breast open in the Midst of Winter, out of an Affectation of Youth. I have therefore sent him just now the following Letter in my physical Capacity.

S I R,

FROM the 20th Instant to the First of *May* next, both Days inclusive, I beg of you to button your Waistcoat from your Collar to your Waistband. I am

Your most humble Servant,

Isaac Bickerstaff, *Philemath.*

THERE is a very handsome well shaped Youth that frequents the Coffee-houses about *Charing-Cross*, and ties

a very pretty Ribband with a Cross of Jewels at his Breast: This being something new, and a Thing in which the Gentleman may offend the *Heralds Office*, I have addressed myself to him as I am Censor.

Dear Countryman,

• **W**AS that Ensign of Honour which you wear,
• given you by a Prince or a Lady that you have
• served? If you bear it as an Absent Lover, please to
• hang it on a black Ribband: If as a rewarded Soldier,
• you may have my Licence to continue the red.

Your faithful Servant,

Bickerstaff, Censor.

THESE little Intimations do great Service, and are very useful, not only to the Persons themselves, but to inform others how to conduct themselves towards them.

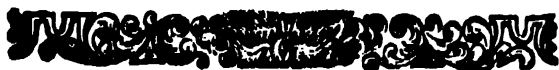
INSTEAD of this honest private Method, or a friendly one Face to Face, of acquainting People with Things in their Power to explain or amend, the usual Way among People is to take no Notice of Things you can help, and nevertheless expose you for those you cannot.

PLUMBERS and Lewis are constantly in each other's Company: They would, if they took proper Methods, be very agreeable Companions; but they so extravagantly aim at what they are unfit for, and each of them rallies the other so much in the wrong Place, that instead of doing each other the Offices of Friends, they do but instruct the rest of the World to laugh at them with more Knowledge and Skill. *Plumbus* is of a saturnine and sullen Complexion; *Lewis*, of a mercurial and airy Disposition. Both these Gentlemen have but very slow Parts, but would make a very good Figure did they pursue what they ought. If *Plumbus* would take to Business, he would in a few Years know the Forms of Orders so well as to direct and dictate with so much Ease, as to be thought a solid, able, and at the same Time a fine Man of Dispatch. *Lewis*, with a little Reading, and coming more into Company, would soon be able to write a Song or lead up a Country Dance. Instead of these proper Pursuits,

Pursuits, in Obedience to their respective Genius's, *Plumbus* endeavours to be a Man of Pleasure, and *Lewis* the Man of Business. This appears in their Speech, and in their Dress: *Plumbus* is ever egregiously fine, and talking something like Wit; *Lewis* is ever extremely grave, and with a silly Face repeating Maxims. These two pardon each other for affecting what each is incapable of, the one to be wise, and the other gay; but are extremely critical in their Judgments of each other in their Way towards what they pretend to. *Plumbus* acknowledges *Lewis* to be a Man of great Reach, because it is what *Plumbus* never cared for being thought himself, and *Lewis* allows *Plumbus* to be an agreeable Rake for the same Reason. Now were these dear Friends to be free with each other as they ought to be, they would change Characters, and be both as commendable, instead of being as ridiculous as their Capacities will admit of.

WERE it not too grave, all that I would urge on this Subject is, that Men are bewildered when they consider themselves in any other View than that of Strangers, who are in a Place where it is no great Matter whether they can, or unreasonable to expect they should, have every Thing about them as well as at their own Home. This way of thinking is, perhaps, the only one that can put this Being in a proper Posture for the Ease of Society. It is certain, that this would reduce all Faults into those which proceed from Malice or Dishonour: It would quite change our Manner of beholding one another, and nothing that was not below a Man's Nature would be below his Character. The Arts of this Life would be proper Advances towards the next; and a very good Man would be a very fine Gentleman. As it now is, human Life is inverted, and we have not learned half the Knowledge of this World before we are dropping into another. Thus, instead of the Raptures and Contemplations which naturally attend a well spent Life from the Approach of Eternity, even we old Fellows are afraid of the Ridicule of those who are born since us, and ashamed not to understand, as well as preivish to resign, the Mode, the Fashion, the Ladies, the Fiddlers, the Balls, and what not. *Dick Riptile*, who does not want Humour, is very pleasant at our Club when he sees

an old Fellow touchy at being laughed at for any Thing that is not in the Mode, and bawls in his Ear, *Prithie don't mind him; tell him thou art mortal.*



By Mrs. Jenny Dittall, Half-Sister to Mr. Bickerstaff.

*Edelp, nœ nos æque sumus omnes invisæ viris
Propter paucos, quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut vileamur
male. Teu.*

In troth we are all distasteful to the Men, by reason of a few, who make us all seem worthy of Punishment.

N^o 247. Tuesday, November 7, 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 6.

MY Brother having written the above Piece of *Latin*, desired me to take Care of the rest of the ensuing Paper. Towards this he bid me answer the following Letter, and said, Nothing I could write properly on the Subject of it would be disagreeable to the Motto. It is the Cause of my Sex, and I therefore enter upon it with great Alacrity. The Epistle is literally thus:

Mr. Bickerstaff,

Edenburgh, Octob. 23.

I PRESUME to lay before you an Affair of mine, and begs you'll be very sincere in giving me your Judgment and Advice in this Matter, which is as follows:

A very agreeable young Gentleman, who is endowed with all the good Qualities that can make a Man compleat, has this long Time maid Love to me in the most passionat Manner that was possible. He has left nothing unsaid to make me believe his Affections real; and in his Letters expressed himself so handsomly, and tenderly, that I had all the Reason imaginable to believe him sincere. In short, he positively has promised

promised me he would marry me: But I find all he said nothing; for when the Question was put to him, he wouldn't; but still would continue my humble Servant, and would go on at the old Rate, repeating the Assurances of his Fidelity (and at the same Time has none in him). He now writes to me in the same endearing Stile he us'd to do, would have me speak to no Man but himself. His Estate is in his own Hand, his Father being dead. My Fortune at my own Disposal, (mine being also dead) and to the full answers his Estate. Pray, Sir, be ingenuous, and tell me cordially, if you don't think I shall do myself an Injury if I keep Company or a Correspondance any longer with this Gentleman. I hope you'll favour an honest *North Briton* (as I am) with your Advice in this Amour; for I am resolv'd just to follow your Directions. Sir, you'll do me a sensible Pleasure, and very great Honour, if you'll please to insert this poor Scrole, with your Answer to it, in your *Tatler*. Pray fail not to give me your Answer; for on it depends the Happiness of

Disconsolat *Almeira*.

MADAM,

I HAVE frequently read over your Letter, and am of Opinion, that as lamentable as it is, it is the most common of any Evil that attends our Sex. I am very much troubled for the Tenderness you express towards your Lover, but rejoice at the same Time that you can so far surmount your Inclination for him as to resolve to dismiss him when you have my Brother's Opinion for it. His Sense of the Matter, he desired me to communicate to you. Oh *Almeira*! The common Failing of our Sex is to value the Merit of our Lovers rather from the Grace of their Address, than the Sincerity of their Hearts. He has expressed himself so handsomely! Can you say that, after you have Reason to doubt his Truth? It is a very melancholy Thing that in this Circumstance of Love (which is the most important of all others in Female Life) we Women who are, they say, always weak, are still weaker. The true Way of valuing a Man, is to consider his Reputation

Reputation among the Men: For Want of this necessary Rule towards our Conduct, when it is too late, we find ourselves married to the Out call of that Sex; and it is generally from being disagreeable among Men, that Fellows endeavour to make themselves pleasing to us. The little Accomplishments of coming into a Room with a good Air, and telling while they are with us what we cannot hear among ourselves, usually make up the whole of a Woman's Man's Merit. But if we, when we began to reflect upon our Lovers, in the first Place considered what Figures they make in the Camp, at the Bar, on the *Change*, in their Country, or at Court, we should behold them in quite another View than at present.

• WHERE we to behave ourselves according to this Rule, we should not have the just Imputation of favouring the filliest of Mortals, to the great Scandal of the wisest, who value our Favour as it advances their Pleasure, not their Reputation. In a Word, Madam, if you would judge aright in Love, you must look upon it as in a Case of Friendship. Were this Gentleman treating with you for any Thing but your self, when you had consented to his Offer, if he fell off, you would call him a Cheat and an Impostor. There is therefore nothing left for you to do, but to despise him, and yourself for doing it with Regret.

I am,

MADAM, &c.

I have heard it often argued in Conversation, that this evil Practice is owing to the perverted Taste of the Sex in the last Generation. A Libertine on the throne could very easily make the Language and the Fashion turn his own Way. Hence it is, that Woman treated as a Mistress, and not a Wife. It is from the writings of those Times, and the traditional Accounts of the Debauches of their Men of Pleasure, that the wretches now a-days take upon them forsooth to be like Swains, and perjured Lovers. Methinks I feel all a Woman rise in me, when I reflect upon the numerous Rogues that pretend to deceive us. Wretches,

that can never have it in their Power to over-reach any Thing living but their Mistresses! In the Name of Goodness, if we are designed by Nature as suitable Companions to the other Sex, why are we not treated accordingly? If we have Merit, as some allow, why is it not as base in Men to injure us as one another? If we are the Insignificants that others call us, where is the Triumph in deceiving us? But when I look at the Bottom of this Disaster, and recollect the many of my Acquaintance whom I have known in the same Condition with the *Northern Lass* that occasions this Discourse, I must own I have ever found the Perfidiousness of Man has been generally owing to ourselves, and we have contributed to our own Deceit. The Truth is, we do not conduct ourselves as we are courted, but as we are inclined. When we let our Imaginations take this unbridled Swing, it is not he that acts best in most lovely, but he that is most lovely acts best. When our humble Servants make their Addresses, we do not keep ourselves enough disengaged to be Judges of their Merit; and we seldom give our Judgment of our Lover, till we have lost our Judgment for him.

WHERE *Clinda* was passionately attended and address'd to by *Stephen*, who is a Man of Sense and Knowledge in the World, and *Cassio*, who has a plentiful Fortune and an excellent Understanding, she fell in Love with *Damon* at a Ball: From that Moment she that was before the most reasonable Creature of all my Acquaintance, cannot hear *Stephen* speak, but it is something to out of the *Way of Ladies Conversation*: And *Cassio* has never since open'd his Mouth before us, but he whispers me, *How seldom do Riches and Sense go together!* The Issue of all this is, that for the Love of *Damon*, who has neither Experience, Understanding or Wealth, she despises those Advantages in the other two which she finds wanting in her Lover; or else thinks he has them for no Reason but because he is her Lover. This, and many other Instances may be given in this Town; but I hope thus much may suffice to prevent the Growth of such Evils at *Edinburgh*.



By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

— *Media sepe tulit abita fides* —

Virgineis habitumque gerens. — Virg.

To whom bright Venus in the Woods appears.

A Spartan Virgin's Looks and Drest she wears.

N^o 248. Thursday, November 9. 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 8.

IT may perhaps appear ridiculous; but I must confess, this last Summer, as I was riding in *Foxfield Chase*, I met a young Lady whom I could hardly get out of my Head, and for ought I know, my Heart, ever since. She was mounted on a Pail, with a very well fancied Furniture. She sat her Horse with a very graceful Air; and when I saluted her with my Hat, she bowed to me so obligingly, that whether it was her Civility or Beauty that touched me so much, I know not; but I am sure I shall never forget her. She dwells in my Imagination in a Figure so much to her Advantage, that if I were to draw a Picture of Youth, Health, Beauty, or Modesty, I should represent any or all of them in the Person of that young Woman.

I do not find that there are any Disquisitions in the ancient Poets so beautiful as those they draw of Nymphs in their Pastoral Dresses and Exercises. *Virgil* gives *Phebus* the Habit of a *Spartan* Huntress when she is to put *Arms* in his Way, and relieve his Cares with the most agreeable Object imaginable. *Diana*, and her Train, are always described as Inhabitants of the Woods, and Followers of the Chase. To be well directed, is the safest Guard to Innocence; and, methinks, it should be one of the first Things to be regarded among People of Condition to find out proper Amusements for young Ladies. I cannot but think this of Riding might easily be revived among them, when they consider how much

it must contribute to their Beauty. This would be the best Portion they could bring into a Family Stock of Health, to transmit to their Posterity. charming Bloom, as this gives the Countenance much preferable to the real or affected Feebleness, which appear in the Faces of our modern E

THE Comedy called, *The Ladies Cure*, is the Affectation of wan Looks, and languid G a very entertaining Extravagance. There is, and in the Play complains, something so robust in Health, that it is with her a Point of Breeding licacy to appear in Publick with a sickly Air. natural Gaiety and Spirit which shine in the Count of such as form to themselves a Sort of diverting try by chusing Recreations that are Exercises, fit the false Ornaments and Graces that can be put on plying the whole Dispensary of a Toilet. An healthy and a cheerful Mind, give Charms, as irresistible as ble. The beautiful *Pyttiuna*, who came to T Week, has from the constant Prospect in a Country, and the moderate Exercise and Journey the Visits she made round it, contracted a certain her Countenance which will in vain employ the Painters and the Poets to represent. The becoming liguence in her Dress, the severe Sweetness of her and a certain innocent Boldness in all her Behaviour Effect of the active Recreations I am talking of.

BUT instead of such, or any other as innocent pleasing Method of passing away their Time with activity, we have many in Town who spend their Time in an indolent State of Body and Mind, without exertions or Reflections. I am apt to believe, that some Parents imagine their Daughters will be accented enough, if nothing interrupts their Growth, Shape. According to this Method of Education, name you twenty Families, where all the Girls in this Life is, that it is Time to rise and to go to Dinner: as if they were so insignificant as to be provided for when they are fed and clothed.

IT is with great Indignation that I see such of the Female World lost to human Society, as devoted to a Lazaret, which makes Life pa

with less Relish than in the hardest Labour. *Palestia* in her Drawing Room, is supported by Spirits to keep off the Returns of Spleen and Melancholy, before she can get over Half the Day for want of something to do, while the Wench in the Kitchen sings and sweats from Morning to Night.

THE next disagreeable Thing to a lazy Lady, is a very busy one. A Man of Business in good Company, who gives an Account of his Abilities and Dispatches, is hardly more insupportable than her they call a notable Woman, and a Manager. *Lady Good day*, where I visited the other Day at a very polite Circle, entertained a great Lady with a *Recipe* for a poultice, and gave us to understand, that she had done extraordinary Cures since she was last in Town. It seems a Countryman had wounded himself with his Rifle as he was mowing; and we were obliged to hear of her Charity, her Medicine, and her Humility, in the harshest Tone, and coarsest Language imaginable.

WHAT I would request in all this Prattle is, that our Females would either let us have their Persons, or their Minds, in such Perfection as Nature designed them.

THE Way to this is, that those who are in the Quality of Gentlewomen should propose to themselves some suitable Method of passing away their Time. This would furnish them with Reflections and Sentiments proper for the Companions of reasonable Men, and prevent the unnatural Marriages which happen every Day between the most accomplish'd Women and the veriest Dicks; the worthiest Men and the most insignificant Females. Were the general Turn of Womens Education of another Kind than it is at present, we should want one another for more Reasons than we do as the World now goes. The common Design of Parents is to get their Girls off as well as they can, and make no Conscience of putting into our Hands a Bargain for our whole Life, which will make our Hearts ache every day of it.

I shall therefore take this Matter into serious Consideration, and will propose, for the better Improvement of the Fair Sex, a *Female Library*. This Collection of Books shall consist of such Authors as do not corrupt while they divert, but shall tend more immediately to improve

improve them, as they are Women. They shall be such as shall not hurt a Feature by the Authority of the Reflections, nor cause one impertinent Glance by the Wantonness of them. They shall all tend to advance the Value of their Innocence as Virgins, improve the Understanding as Wives, and regulate their Tenderness as Parents. It has been very often said in those Lucubrations, that the Ideas which most frequently pass through our Imaginations, leave Traces of themselves in our Countenances. There shall be a strict Regard to this in my Female Library, which shall be furnished with nothing that shall give Supplies to Conversation or Impertinence, but the whole shall be so digested for the Use of my Students, that they shall not go out of Character in their Enquiries, but their Knowledge appear only a cultivated Innocence.

Per varias causas, per tot discrimina rerum,

Tendimus ~~to Italy~~ *Virg.*

Through Ticks and Stomachs to Italy we tend.

No 249. Saturday, November 11, 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 10.

I WAS last Night visited by a Friend of mine who has an inexhaustible Fund of Discourse, and so fails to entertain his Company with a Variety of Things and Hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in Compliance to my Way of Living, or his real Opinion, he advanced the following Paradox: That it required much greater Talents to fill up and compose a retired Life, than a Life of Business. Upon this Observation he rallied very agreeably the busy Men of the Age who only valued themselves for being in Motion, and flying through a Series of useless and insignificant Actions in the Heat of his Discourse, seeing a Piece of *Moss* lying on my Table, I say (says he) any of these odd Persons to produce shall the Adventures that this Piece

Penny Piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an Account of his Life.

MY Friend's Talk made so odd an Impression upon my Mind, that from after I was a bed I felt intently into a most unaccountable *Réverie*, that had neither Moral nor Delight in it, and cannot be so properly called a Dream as a Delirium.

MIC'HAEL'CHIT the Shilling that lay upon the Table seem'd to sit upon its Edge, and turning the Face towards me, open'd its Mouth, and in a soft silver Sound gave me the following Account of his Life and Adventures.

I was born, says he, on the Side of a Mountain, near a little Village of *Pova*, and made a Voyage to *England* in an *Ugou*, under the Convey of his *Friend's Boat*. I was, soon after my Arrival, taken out of my *Indian* Habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the *fringe* Mode, with the Face of *Queen Elizabeth* on one Side, and the *Arms* of the Country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful Inclination to ramble, and visit all the Parts of the new World into which I was brought. The People very much favoured my natural Disposition, and taught me to talk from Head to Head, that before I was five Year's old, I had travelled into almost every Corner of the Nation. But in the beginning of my sixth Year, to my unpleasable Grief, I fell into the Hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an Iron Chest, where I found five hundred more of my own Quality who lay under the same Confinement. The only Relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh Air every Morning and Evening. After an Imprisonment of several Years we heard somebody knocking at our Chest, and breaking it open with an Hammer. This we found was the old Man. He, who, as his Father lay a dying, was to guard us to come to our Release: He separated us that very Day. What was the Fate of my Companions I know not: As for myself, I was sent to the Apothecary's Shop for a Pint of *Uck*. The Apothecary gave me to an Herb Woman, the Herb Woman to a Butcher, the Butcher to a Brewer, and the Brewer to his Wife, who made a Present of me to a *Non-conformist* Preacher. After this Manner I made

my Way merrily thro' the World; as I told; before, we Shillings love nothing so as I travel; sometimes fetched in a Shoulder or mutton, some Play-Book, and often had the Satisfaction to Templer at a Twelve-penny Ordinary, or carry hi three Friends to *Westminster-Hall*.

IN the midtt of this pleasant Progress which from Place to Place, I was arrested by a supe old Woman, who shut me up in a greasy Purse, suance of a foolish Saying, That while she kept a *Elizabeth's* Shilling about her, she should never b out Money. I continued here a close Prisoner so Months, till at last I was exchanged for eight an Farthings.

I thus rambled from Pocket to Pocket till the ning of the Civil Wars, when (to my Sham spoken) I was employed in raising Soldiers aga King: For bring of a very tempting Breadth, a made Use of me to inveigle Country Fellows, them in the Service of the Parliament.

AS soon as he had made one Man sure, h was to oblige him to take a Shilling of a more Figure, and then practice the same Trick upon: Thus I continued doing great Mischief to the Cro my Officer chancing one Morning to walk abroac than ordinary, sacrificed me to his Pleasures, an Use of me to seduce a Milk-maid. This Wen me, and gave me to her Sweetheart, applyin properly than she intended the usual Form of, *Go and from my Love*. This ungenerous Gallant n her within few Days after, pawn'd me for a l Brandy, and drinking me out next Day, I was flat with an Hammer, and again set a running.

AFTER many Adventures, which it woul dious to relate, I was sent to a young Spendt Company with the Will of his deceased Father young Fellow, who I found was very extravagant great Demonstrations of Joy at the receiving th but opening it, he found himself disinherited off from the Possession of a fair Estate, by Virtue being made a Present to him. This put him in a *Pallion*, that after having taken me in hi

and curst me, he squirred me away from him as far as he could sling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented Place under a dead Wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the Usurpation of *Oliver Cromwell*.

ABOUT a Year after the King's Return, a poor Cavalier that was walking there about Dinner time, fortunately cast his Eye upon me, and, to the great Joy of us both, carried me to a Cook's Shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the King's Health. When I came again into the World, I found that I had been happier in my Retirement than I thought, having probably by that Means escaped wearing a monstrous Pair of Breeches.

BEING now of great Credit and Antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a Medal than an ordinary Coin; for which Reason a Gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a Counter, having got together some Dozens of us for that Use. We led a melancholy Life in his Possession, being busy at those Hours wherein our rare Coin is at rest, and partaking the Fate of our Master, being in a few Moments valued at a Crown, a Pound, or a Sixpence, according to the Situation in which the Fortune of the Cards placed us. I had at length the good Luck to see my Master break, by which Means I was again sent Abroad under my primitive Denomination of a Shilling.

I shall pass over many other Accidents of less Moment, and hasten to that fatal Catastrophe when I fell into the Hands of an Artist who converted me under Ground, and with an unmerciful Pair of Sheers cut off my Titles, clipped my Brims, retrenched my Shape, rubbed me to my Inmost Ring, and in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a Great. You may think what a Confusion I was in to see myself thus curtail'd and disfigur'd. I should have been ashamed to have shown my Head, had not all my old Acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful Figure, excepting some few that were punch'd through the Belly. In the Midst of this general Calamity, when every Body thought our Misfortune irretrievable, and our Case desperate, we were thrown into the Furnace together, and (as it often happens with Clies rising out of a Fire) appear'd with greater Beauty and Lustre than

we could ever boast of before. What has happen'd to me since this Change of Sex which you now see, I shall take some other Opportunity to relate. In the mean Time I shall only repeat two Adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my Life. The first was, my being in a Poet's Pocket, who was conversant with the Brightness and Novelty of my Appearance: that it gave Occasion to the finest Burlesque Poem in the British Language, intitled from me, *The Splendid Shilling*. The second Adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the Year 1703, when I was given away in Charity to a blind Man; but indeed this was by Mistake, the Person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the Hat among a Pennyworth of Farthings.



*Sic etenim justum geminis suspendere luncas
Auripitis libris? ————— Perf.*

Know'st thou with equal Hand to hold the Scale?

No 250. *Tuesday, November 14, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, November 13.

I last Winter erected a Court of Justice for the Correcting of several Knormities in Dress and Behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other Courts of this Realm. The Vintner's Cate which I there tried is still fresh in every Man's Memory. That of the Petticoats gave also a general Satisfaction, not to mention the more important Points of the Cane and Perspective; in which, if I did not give Judgments and Decrees according to the strictest Rules of Equity and Justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my Understanding. But as for the Proceedings of that Court, I shall refer my Reader to an Account of them, written by my Secretary,

etary, which is now in the Press, and will shortly be published under the Title of *Lillie's Reports*.

AS I last year presided over a Court of Justice, it is my Intention this Year to set myself at the Head of a Court of Honour. There is no Court of this Nature any where at present, except in *France*, where, according to the best of my Intelligence, it consists of such only as are Marshals of that Kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable Board at present who has not been driven out of the Field by the Duke of *Marlborough*: But whether this be only an accidental or a necessary Qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

AS for the Court of Honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit myself in it as President, with several Men of Honour on my Right Hand, and Women of Virtue on my Left, as my Assistants. The first Place of the Bench I have given to an old *Tangerine* Captain with a Wooden Leg. The second is a Gentleman of a long twitk'd Periwig without a Curl in it, a Must with very little Hair upon it, and a Thread bare Coat with new Buttons, being a Person of great Worth, and second Brother to a Man of Quality. The third is a Gentleman-Usher, extremely well read in Romances, and Grandson to one of the greatest Wits in *Germany*, who was some Time Master of the Ceremonies to the Duke of *Walsimbuttel*.

AS for those who sit further on my Right Hand, as it is usual in publick Courts, they are such as will fill up the Number of Faces upon the Bench, and serve rather for Ornament than Use.

THE chief upon my Left Hand are, an old Maiden Lady, that preserves some of the best blood of *England* in her Veins.

A *Welsh* Woman of a little Stature, but high Spirit.

AN old Prude that has censured every Marriage for these thirty Years, and is lately wedded to a young Rake.

HAVING thus furnished my Bench, I shall establish Correspondencies with the Horse Guards, and the Veterans of *Chelsea-College*; the former to furnish me with twelve Men of Honour as often as I shall have Occasion

Occasion for a Grand Jury, and the latter with good Men and true for a Petty Jury.

AS for the Women of Virtue, it will not be to me to find them about Midnight at Crimp and I

HAVING given this publick Notice of I must further add, that I intend to open it on Sevensnight, being *Monday* the twentieth Instant hereby invite all such as have suffered Injuries, fronts, that are not to be redressed by the Court of this Land, whether they be short Bows, citations, supercilious Looks, unreturned Smiles, behaviour, or forced Familiarity; as also all such as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous Expression, Juggle, or unkind Repartee; likewise all such as have been defrauded of their Right to the Wall, or of the upper End of the Table, or have been to place themselves in their own Wrong on the Seat of the Coach: These and all of these I above said, invite to bring in their several Complaints, in which they shall be relieved with a reasonable Expedition.

I am very sensible that the Office I have upon me will engage me in the Disquisition of weighty Points that daily perplex the Youth of this Nation, and therefore I have already directed several of them for my future Use; as, How may a Man brandish his Cane in the Telling a Story without hurting his Hearer? What Degree of Contumaciousness amounts to the Lye? How may a Man shall resent a Railing and cocking a Hat in his Face? If asking is an Atonement for treading upon one's Toes? How may a Man put up a Box on the Ear receive a Stranger in the Dark? Or, Whether a Man may take a Blow of his Wife? With several others of the like Nature.

FOR my Direction in the Duties of my Office I have furnished myself with a certain Astrological Scales which I have contrived for this Purpose of them I lay the Injuries, in the other the Grievances. The first are represented by little Weights of a Metal resembling Iron, and the other by little Weights of a Metal resembling Iron, and the other These are not only lighter than the Weights

in Averdupois, but also than such as are used in Troy-
 ight. The heaviest of those that represent the Injuries
 ount but to a Scruple; and decrease by so many Bul-
 lions, that there are several imperceptible Weights
 ich cannot be seen without the Help of a very fine
 croscopes. I might acquaint my Reader, that these
 les were made under the Influence of the Sun when
 was in *Libra*, and describe many signatures on the
 ights both of Injury and Reparation: But as this
 uld look rather to proceed from an Ostentation of my
 n Art than any Care for the Publick, I shall pass it
 is in silence.



*Quisnam igitur liber & Sapiens, sibi qui importunus,
 Quam neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;
 Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
 Fortis, Et in seipso totus totus atque rotundus,
 Externi nequid valent per late morari;
 In quem manent ruit semper fortuna. — Hor.*

he then is free & The wise Man, who is Master of him-
 self, who fears neither Poverty, Chains nor Death; who
 can govern his Passions, despise Honours; who is so hap-
 py in himself, that nothing external can ruffle his Tem-
 per; against whom Fortune shoots her Arrows in vain.

251. Thursday, November 16, 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 15.

'T is necessary to an easy and happy Life, to possess
 our Minds in such a Manner as to be always well sa-
 tied with our own Reflections. The Way to this State,
 to measure our Actions by our own Opinion, and not
 that of the rest of the World. The heats of other
 en ought to prevail over us in Things of less Considera-
 on, but not in Concerns where Truth and Honour are
 gaged. When we look into the Bottom of Things,
 what

what at first appears a Paradox, is a plain Truth; and those Propositions, which for want of being duly weigh'd seem to proceed from a Sort of Romantick Philosophy and Ignorance of the World, after a little Reflection are so reasonable, that it is direct Madness to walk by any other Rules. Thus to contradict our Desires, and to conquer the Impulses of our Ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward Sentiments approve is so much our Interest, and is absolutely necessary to our real Happiness, that to censure all the Wealth and Power in the World, where they stand in Competition with a Man's Honour, is rather good Sense than Greatness of Mind.

But if we consider that the Mind of a Man is the Master himself, we should think it the most unnatural Sort of Self Murder to sacrifice the Sentiment of the Soul to gratify the Appetites of the Body. What is it possible that when the Necessities of Life are supplied, a Man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful? When we meet a poor Wretch, urged with Hunger and Cold, asking an Alms, we are apt to think this a State we could rather Starve than submit to? But yet how much more despicable is his Condition who is above Necessity, and yet shall resign his Reason and his Integrity to purchase Superfluities? These are both abject and common Heggars; but sure it is less despicable to beg Supply to a Man's Hunger than his Vanity. But Custom and general Prepossessions have so far prevailed over an unthinking World, that those necessitous Creatures who cannot relish Life without Applause, Attendance and Equipage, are so far from making a contemptible Figure that distressed Virtue is less esteemed than successful Vice. But if a Man's Appeal in Cases that regard his Honour were made to his own Soul, there would be a standing Rule for our Conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be than appear Honourable. Mr Collier, in his Essay on Fortitude, has treated this subject with great Wit and Magnanimity. 'What *(scilicet)* can be more honourable than to have Courage enough to execute the Commands of Reason and Conscience to maintain the Dignity of our Nature, and the Estate assigned us? To be stout against Poverty, Pain, and

† Death itself? I mean so far as not to do any Thing
 † that's scandalous or sinful to avoid them? To stand Ad-
 † versity under all Shapes with Decency and Resolution?
 † To do this, is to be great above Title and Fortune.
 † This argues the Soul of an heavenly Extraction, and
 † is worthy the Offspring of the Deity.

WHAT a generous Ambition has this Man pointed
 to us? When Men have settled in themselves a Conviction
 by such noble Precepts, that there is nothing honourable
 that is not accompanied with Innocence; nothing mean
 but what has Guilt in it: I say, when they have attained
 thus much, though Poverty, Pain, and Death, may still
 retain their Terrors, yet Riches, Pleasures, and Honours,
 will easily lose their Charms, if they stand between us
 and our Integrity.

WHAT is here said with Allusion to Fortune and
 Fame, may as justly be applied to Wit and Beauty; for
 these latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little
 concern the Essence of the Soul. They are all laudable
 in the Man who possesses them only for the just Applica-
 tion of them. A bright Imagination, while it is subserv-
 vient to an honest and noble Soul, is a Faculty which
 makes a Man justly admired by Mankind, and furnishes
 him with Reflections upon his own Actions, which add
 Delicates to the Feast of a good Conscience: But when
 Wit descends to wait upon sensual Pleasures, or promote
 the base Purposes of Ambition, it is then to be con-
 demned in Proportion to its Excellence. If a Man will
 not resolve to place the Foundation of his Happiness in
 his own Mind, Life is a bewildered and unhappy State,
 incapable of Rest or Tranquillity. For to such a one
 the general Applause of Valour, Wit, nay of Honesty
 itself, can give him but a very feeble Comfort, since it
 is capable of being interrupted by any one who wants ei-
 ther Understanding or Good-nature to see or acknowledge
 such Excellencies. This Rule is so necessary, that one
 may very safely say, it is impossible to know any true Re-
 lish of our Being without it. Look about you in com-
 mon Life among the ordinary Race of Mankind, and you
 will find Merit in every Kind is allowed only to those
 who are in particular Districts or Sets of Company: But
 since Men can have little Pleasure in these Faculties
 which

which denominate them Persons of Distinction, let them give up such an empty Pursuit, and think nothing essential to Happiness but what is in their own Power, Capacity of reflecting with Pleasure on their own Actions, however they are interpreted.

IT is so evident a Truth, that it is only in our Bosoms we are to search for any Thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a Disgrace to our Natural talk of the taking our Measures from thence only a Matter of Fortitude. When all is well there, the Circumstances and Distinctions of Life, are the meer Scene of a Drama, and he will never act his Part well who has his Thoughts more fixed upon the Applause of the Audience than the Design of his Part.

THIS Life of a Man who acts with a steady Integrity, without valuing the Interpretation of his Acts, has but one uniform regular Path to move in, where he cannot meet Opposition, or fear Ambuscade. On the other Side, the least Deviation from the Rules of Honour introduces a Train of numberless Evils, and involves him in inexplicable Mazes. He that has entered into Guilt has bid adieu to Rest, and every Criminal has his Share of the Misery expressed so emphatically in Tragedians:

Macbeth shall sleep no more!

IT was with Detestation of any other Grandeur, and the calm Command of his own Passion, that the excellent Mr. Cowley cries out with so much Justice,

*If ever Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Thought to mean as to be great,
Continue, Heaven's Will from me to remove
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.*





Narrator of public Carousals

As per usual in such kind of

Disc.

*'Tis said of honest Cato, that he would often take a short
and cold*

No 234

Saturday, November 18, 1710

From my own Apartment, November 17.

THE following Letter, and several others to the
same Purpose, accuse me of a Pigeon of which I
am far from being guilty, to wit, the following the
cheerful Use of Wine.

From my Country House, October 23.

Mr. Nicolson,

YET I am sensible against Drinking, in *Taylor's*
Tracts, I like well enough in the main, but in
my humble Opinion you are wrong too right where
you lay in this Article; [Were there only this single
Consideration, that we are the less Masters of ourselves
if we drink the least Proportion beyond the Reigence
of 'Tisid; I hope no one drinks Wine to allay 'Tisid
Appetite. 'Tisid seems to be designed for a little In-
dulgence of Nature, for it were hard to suppose, that
the Author of Nature, who imposed upon her her Na-
tural and Pain, does not allow her her Pleasure,
and we may reckon among the latter the moderate Use
of the Grape. And though I am as much against its
Use, as whatever approaches it, as yourself, yet I can-
not but say may safely go farther than the Humors you
there prescribe, not only without forfeiting the Title of
being one's own Master, but also in pursuit of it in a
much greater Degree. If a Man's exceeding himself
upon any Subject with more Life and Vivacity, more
Variety of Ideas, more copiously, more fluently, and

' more to the Purpose, argues it, he think
 ' speaks more ready, and with greater Choice
 ' prehensive and significant Terms. I have
 ' Fortune now to be intimate with a Gentleman
 ' able for this Temper, who has an inexhausti-
 ' of Wit to entertain the Curious, the Grave,
 ' mous, and the Frolick. He can transfor-
 ' into different Shapes, and adapt himself to ev-
 ' pany; yet in a Coffee-house, or in the ordin-
 ' of Affairs, appears rather dull than sprightly.
 ' seldom get him to the Tavern; but when
 ' arrived to his Pint, and begins to look about
 ' his Company, you admire a thousand Thing
 ' which before lay buried. Then you discover the
 ' ness of his Mind, and the Strength of his
 ' accompanied with the most graceful Mirth. I
 ' by this enlivening Aid, he is whatever is
 ' structive, and diverting. What makes him
 ' agreeable is, that he tells a Story, serious or
 ' with as much Delicacy of Humour as *Cervantes*
 ' self. And for all this, at other Times, even
 ' long Knowledge of him, you shall scarce
 ' this incomparable Person a Whit more than what
 ' be expected from one of a common Capacity
 ' less, there are Men of great Parts that are
 ' downright Bashfulness, that by a strange Hesitancy
 ' Reluctance to speak, murder the finest and most
 ' Thoughts, and render the most lively Conceits
 ' and heavy.

' IN this Case, a certain Quantity of my
 ' Red Cordial, which you will, is an easy, and
 ' fallible Remedy. It awakens the Judgment
 ' Memory, ripens Understanding, disperses Melancholy,
 ' cheers the Heart; in a Word, restores the
 ' to himself and his Friends without the least
 ' disposition to the Patient. To be taken
 ' Evening in a reasonable Quantity before going
 ' Note; My Bottles are sealed with three
 ' Lucres and a Bunch of Grapes. Beware of
 ' fakes. I am,

Your most humble Servant

W H A

WHATSOEVER has been said against the Use of Wine, upon the Supposition that it enfeebles the Mind, and renders it unfit for the Duties of Life, bears forcibly to the Advantage of that delicious Juice, in Cases where it only heightens Conversation, and brings to Light agreeable Talents, which otherwise would have lain concealed under the Oppression of an unjust Modesty. I must acknowledge I have seen many of the Temper mentioned by this Correspondent, and own, Wine may very allowably be used in a Degree above the Supply of meer Necessity by such as labour under Melancholy, or are Tongue ty'd by Modesty. It is certainly a very agreeable Change, when we see a Glass raise a lifeless Conversation into all the Pleasures of Wit and good Humour. But when *Gossam* adds to his natural Impudence the Fluster of a Bottle, that which Fools call Fire when he was sober, all men abhor as Outrage when he is drunk. Thus he that in the Morning was only saucy, is in the Evening tumultuous. It makes one sick to hear one of these Fellows say, 'They love a Friend and a Bottle.' Nulsy Mirth has something too rustick in it to be considered without Terror by Men of Politeness: But while the Discourse improves in a well chosen Company, from the Addition of Spirits which flow from moderate Cups, it must be acknowledged, that leisure Time cannot be more agreeably, or perhaps more usefully, employed than at such Meetings: But there is a certain Prudence in this and all other Circumstances which makes Right or Wrong in the Conduct of ordinary Life. Sir *Jessy Wildacre* has nothing so much at Heart as that his Son should know the World betimes: For this End he introduces him among the Sots of his own Age, where the Boy learns to laugh at his Father from the Familiarity with which he sees him treated by his Equals. This the old Fellow calls living well with his Fleir, and teaching him to be too much his Friend to be impatient for his Estate. But for the more exact Regulation of Society, in this and other Matters, I shall publish Tables of the Characters and Relations among Men, and by them instruct the Town in making Sets and Companies for a Bottle. This Humour of Sir *Jessy* shall be taken Notice of in the first Place: for there is, methinks, a Sort

of Incest in Drunkenness, and Sons are not to behold Fathers stripped of all Reverence.

I 'T' is shocking in Nature for the Young, to see those, whom they should have an Awe for, in Circumstances of Contempt. I shall therefore utterly forbid, that those, in whom Nature should admonish to avoid too gross Familiarities, shall be received in Parties of Pleasure where there is the least Danger of Excess. I should run through the whole Doctrine of Drinking, but that my Thoughts are at present too much employed in the Modelling my *Court of Honour*, and altering the Seats, Benches, Bar, and Canopy from that of the Court wherein I last Winter sat upon Causes of less Moment. By the Way I shall take an Opportunity to examine, what Method is to be taken to make Joiners and other Artificers get out of a House they have once entered, not forgetting to tie them under proper Regulations. It is for want of such Rules that I have a Day or two longer than I expected been tormented and deafened with Hammers, insomuch that I neither can pursue this Discourse, nor answer the following and many other Letters of the highest Importance.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

• **W** R are Man and Wife, and have a Boy and a
 • Girl; the Lad Seventeen, the Maiden Sixteen.
 • We are quarrelling about some Parts of their Education. I *Ralph* cannot bear that I must pay for the
 • Girl's Learning on the Spinnet, when I know she has
 • no Far. I *Bridget* have not Patience to have my Son
 • whipped because he cannot make Verses, when I know
 • he is a Blockhead. Pray, Sir, inform us, is it absolutely
 • necessary that all who wear Breeches must be
 • taught to rhyme, all in Petticoats to touch an Instrument:
 • Please to interpose in this and the like Cases, to
 • end much solid Distress which arises from trifling
 • Causes, as it is common in Wedlock, and you will
 • • very much oblige us and ours,

Ralph }
Bridget } *Yokfellow.*



— *Pietate gravem ac meritis si forte visum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant.* Virg.

*If then some grave and worthy Man pass by,
To Silence hush'd, to hear his Words inclin'd, &c.*

253. *Tuesday, November 21, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, November 20.

Extract of the Journal of the Court of Honour, 1710.

Id Luna vicesimo Novembribus, hora nona antemeridiana.

THE Court being sat, an Oath prepared by the Censor was administred to the Assistants on his Right Hand, who were all sworn upon their Honour. The Women on his Left Hand took the same Oath upon their Reputation. Twelve Gentlemen of the House-wards were impanelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Tranchon, who is their Right Hand Man in a Troop, for their Foreman in the Jury. Mr. Tranchon immediately drew his Sword, and holding it with a Point towards his own Body, presented it to the Censor. Mr. Bickerstaff received it, and after having surveyed the Breadth of the Blade, and Sharpness of the Point, with more than ordinary Attention, returned it to the Foreman in a very graceful Manner. The rest of the Jury upon the Delivery of the Sword to their Foreman, drew all of them together as one Man, and saluted the Bench with such an Air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the great Magnanimity to execute what they should command. Mr. Bickerstaff, after having received the Compliments of his Right Hand, cast his Eye upon the Left, where the whole Female Jury paid their Respects by a low curtsy, and by laying their Hands upon their Mouths. Their

Their Forewoman was a profess'd *Platonist*, it spent much of her Time in exhorting the Sex to put Value upon their Persons, and to make it known themselves.

THERK followed a profound Silence, at length, after some Recollection, the Censor, who used hitherto uncovered, put on his Hat with gravity; and, after having composed the Brims of Manner suitable to the Gravity of his Character, the following Charge, which was received with and Attention, that being the only Applause we admit of, or is ever given in his Presence.

• THE Nature of my Office, and the Sole of this Occasion, requiring that I should open Session with a Speech, I shall cast what I have under two principal Heads.

• UNDER the first, I shall endeavour to shew the Necessity and Usefulness of this new erected and under the second, I shall give a Word of Instruction to every constituent Part of it.

• AS for the first, it is well observed by Pagan Heathen Poets;

Nisi miles est quod facimus, frustra est Gloria.

• Which is the same, Ladies, as if I should say, *be of no Reputation for me to be President of what is of no Benefit to the Publick.* Now the advantages that may arise to the Weal Publick from this Institution, will more plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers for the Want of it. Are not our streets daily filled with wild Pieces of Justice and rapine? Are not Crimes undetermined, and Rewards disproportioned? How often have we seen the innocent killed by Death, and the Liar himself decapitated by his own Cause? Nay, not only acting the Judge, but Executioner? Have we not known a Box or more severely accounted for than Manslaughter? these extrajudicial Proceedings of Mankind, as nearly just is frequently as capital as a just Murder.

• **HUT** the most pernicious Circumstance in this Case is, that the Man who suffers the Injury must put himself upon the same Foot of Danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just Revenge, so that the Punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the Innocent as the Guilty.

• I shall only mention a Case which happens frequently among the more polite Nations of the World, and which I the rather mention, because both Sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore you Gentlemen and you Ladies of the Jury will the rather take Notice of; I mean that great and known Case of Cuckoldom. Supposing the Person who has suffered Insults in his dearest and better Half; supposing, I say, this Person should resent the Injuries done to his tender Wife, What is the Reparation he may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor Lady, run through the Body, and left breathless upon the Bed of Honour. What then will you on my Right Hand say must the Man do that is affronted? Must our Sides be elbow'd, our Shins broken? Must the Wall, or perhaps our Mistress, be taken from us? May a Man butt his Forehead into a Brown, take up his Arm, or push at what we say, and must the Villain live after it? Is there no Redress for injured Honour? Yes, Gentlemen, that is the Delight of the Judicature we have here established.

• A Court of Conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for the determining of several Points of Property that were too little and trivial for the Cognizance of higher Courts of Justice. In the same Manner, our Court of Honour is appointed for the Satisfaction of several Niceties and Fumetines that do not pass for Wrongs in the Eye of our common Laws. But notwithstanding our Legislators of any Nation have taken into Consideration these little Circumstances, they are such as often lead to Crimes big enough for their Imputation, though they come before them too late for their Redress.

• **HICKSTICK**, I appeal to you, Ladies, [*He, Mr. Hickstuck turned to his Left Hand*] if there are not the little things and Trunks in Life that make it more uneasy than its most substantial Vices? Crimes large

‘nuously, Did you never lose a Morning’s Devotions because you could not offer them up from the highest Place of the Pew? Have you not been in Pain, eyes at a Ball, because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you love any of your Friends so much as those that are below you? Or have you any Favourites that walk on your Right Hand? You have answered me in your Looks, I ask no more.

‘I come now to the second Part of my Discourse, which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective Members of the Court, in which I shall be very brief.

‘AS for you, Gentlemen and Ladies my Assistant and Grand Juries, I have made Choice of you on my Right Hand, because I know you very jealous of your Honour; and you on my Left, because I know you very much concerned for the Reputation of others for which Reason I expect great Exactness and Impartiality in your Verdicts and Judgments.

‘I must in the next Place address myself to you, Gentlemen of the Council: You all know, that I have no chose you for your Knowledge in the litigious Parts of the Law, but because you have all of you formerly fought Duels, of which I have Reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable State of Benchers. My Advice to you is, only that in your Pleadings you are short and expressive: To which End you are to banish out of your Discourses all synonymous Terms, and unnecessary Multiplications of Verbs and Nouns. I do moreover forbid you the Use of the Words *also* and *likewise*; and must further declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any Pretence whatsoever, using the Particle *or*, I shall incessantly order him to be stripped of his Gown, and thrown over the Bar.

This is a true Copy:

Charles Lillie

N. B. The Sequel of the Proceedings of this Day will be published on *Tuesday* next.

Wonders.

Splendide wonders -- -- Hui.

He tells us of with a good Circum.

No 254. Thursday, November 23, 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

THESE are no Books which I more delight in than in Travels, especially those that describe remote Countries, and give the Writer an Opportunity of showing his Parts without incurring any Danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the Authors of this Kind, our renowned Countryman Sir *Johu Atkins* will be distinguished himself, by the Copiousness of his Invention, and the Cleanness of his Genius. The second is Sir *Johu* I take to have been *Richard Atkins* *Pinto*, a Person of infinite Adventure, and unbounded Imagination. One reads the Voyages of these two great Wits with as much Astonishment as the Travels of *Ulysses* in *Homere*, or of the *Red Cross Knight* in *Spenser*. All is enchanted Ground and Fairy Land.

I have got into my Hands by great Chance several Manuscripts of these two eminent Authors, which are filled with greater Wonders than any of those they have communicated to the Publick, and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether incredible. I am apt to think the ingenious Authors did not publish them with the rest of their Works, lest they should pass for Fictions and Fables. A Caution not unnecessary, when the Reputation of their Veracity was not yet established in the World. But as this Reason has now no further Weight, I shall make the Publick a Present of these curious Pieces at such Times as I shall find myself unprovided with other Subjects.

The present Paper I intend to fill with an Extract of Sir *Johu's* Journal, in which that learned and worthy Knight gives an Account of the Raising and Thawing of
Vol. IV. R1

several short Speeches which he made in the Territories of *Novæ Zembla*. I need not inform my Reader that the Author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange Quality in that cold Climate, when, speaking of abstracted Notions clothed in a visible Shape, he adds that apt Simile.

Like Words congel'd in Northern Air.

NOT to keep my Reader any longer in suspense, the Relation put into modern Language is as follows:

WE were separated by a Storm in the Latitude of 73, inasmuch that only the Ship which I was in, with a *Dutch* and *French* Vessel, got safe into a Creek of *Novæ Zembla*. We landed, in order to refit our Vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The Crew of each Vessel made themselves a Cabbin of 'Turf and Wood, at some Distance from each other, to fence themselves against the Inclemencies of the Weather, which was severe beyond Imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our Words, and could not hear one another at above two Yards Distance, and that too when we sat very near the Fire. After much Perplexity, I found that our Words froze in the Air before they could reach the Ears of the Persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirm'd in this Conjecture when, upon the Increase of the Cold, the whole Company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every Man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the Sounds no sooner took Air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable Spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every Man talking, and no Man heard. One might observe a Seaman, that could haul a Ship at a League's Distance, beckoning with his Hand, straining his Lungs, and tearing his Throat; but all in vain.

—————*Nec vox, nec verba figuntur.*

WE continued here three Weeks in this dismal Plight. At length upon a Turn of Wind, the Air about us began to thaw. Our Cabbin was immediately filled with a dry clattering Sound, which I afterwards found

be the Chattering of Contentants that lurked above Heads, and were often mixed with a gentle Hissing, which I imputed to the latter *S*, that seems to be only in the *English* Tongue. I soon after felt a

sort of Whispers rushing by my Ear, for those were of a soft and gentle Substance, immediately rising in the warm Wind that blew across our Cabin

etc were soon followed by Syllables and short Words, at length by whole Sentences, that melted together in *r*, as they were more or less congealed, so that we heard every Thing that had been *said* during the whole three Weeks that we had been *asleep*, if I may so call that Expression.

It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my Surprise, I heard some Body say, *No John, it is Midnight, and Time for the Ship to go to Bed.* This I knew to be the Pilot's *Order*, and upon recollecting myself I concluded that I had spoken these Words to me some Days before, though I could not hear them before the present *Thaw*.

Reader will easily imagine how the whole Crew was amazed to hear every Man talking, and seeing me to open his Mouth. In the midst of this great *Confusion* we were all in, we heard a Volley of Curses and *Blasphemy*, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very *stiff* Voice, which I knew belonged to the Boatswain, as was a very cholerick Fellow, and had taken his opportunity of Cursing and Swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several Times sent him the *Supper* on that Account, as I did not like to repeat it for these his pious *Indiscretions* when I met him on Shipboard.

I must not omit the Names of several *Beasties* in *offspring*, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long Sigh that accompanied them, as, *Dear me! Pretty Mrs. Pigger! When shall I see my Son again?* This betrayed several *Amours* which had been concealed till that Time, and furnished us with a great deal of Mirth in our Return to *England*.

WHEN this Confusion of Voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I procured a *Vill* to the *steward's Cabin*, which lay about a Mile further up than

several short Speeches which he made in the Territory of *Nova Zembla*. I need not inform my Reader that the Author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange Quality of that cold Climate, when, speaking of abstracted Notion clothed in a visible Shape, he adds that apt Simile.

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— *Non ulla, quæ vocis ageretur.*

WE continued here three Weeks in this dismal Plight. At length upon a Turn of Wind, the Air also began to thaw. Our Cabin was immediately fill'd with a dry clattering Sound, which I afterwards found

the crackling of Continents that broke above each, and were often infused with a gentle Hissing.

I inquired to the Cause of, that issued by the way in the *English* Tongue. I soon after felt a sort of Whiffers rushing by my Ear, for that he felt a soft and gentle Sublimance, immediately signified the warm Wind that blew across our Cabin were soon followed by Gillblades and short Winds, I thought by little Sentences, that melted away as they were borne on late conveyed, so that we said every Thing that had been *said* during the three Weeks that we had been *asleep*, if I may not Repose them. It was now very early in the day, and yet, to my surprise, I heard some Body say, *John, it is Midnight, and Time for the Ship to go to Bed.* This I knew to be the Pilot's, and upon recollecting myself I concluded that I spoken those Words in no long Days before, but I could not hear them before the present Day.

Reader will easily imagine how the whole Crew moved to hear every Man talking, and being no upon his Mouth. In the midst of this great Noise we were all in, we heard a Valley of Clashes and rattling for a long while, and moved in a very noisy, which I knew belonged to the Boatswain, was a very cholerick Fellow, and had taken his liberty of cursing and swearing at me when he in I could not hear him, for I had several times told him the Surgeons on that Account, as I did not repeat it for that his pious Sublimities when I in my Shipboard.

And not omit the Hisses of several Beards in *egg*, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long Sigh that accompanied them, as, *Dear 'Pretty Mrs. Pegg!* When shall I see my Son?

This betrayed several Amours which had been acted till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of Mirth in our Room in *egg*.

After this Confusion of Voices was pretty well thought I was afraid to utter any speaking, as I could not be heard, I proceeded a little to the

Cabin, which lay about a Mile further up from

the Country. My Crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their Hearing, though every Man uttered his Voice with the same Apprehensions that I had done.

——— *Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

AT about Half a Mile's Distance from our Cabin, we heard the Groanings of a Bear, which at first startled us; but upon Enquiry we were informed by some of our Company, that he was dead, and now lay in Salt, having been killed upon that very Spot about a Fortnight before, in the Time of the Frost. Not far from the same Place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous Snarls and Barkings of a Fox.

WE at length arrived at the little *Dutch Settlement*, and upon entering the Room, found it filled with Sighs that smelt of Brandy, and several other unfavoury Sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My Valet, who was an *Irishman*, fell into so great a Rage at what he heard, that he drew his Sword; but not knowing where to lay the Blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused Noises, but did not hear a single Word till about Half an Hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate Sounds of that Language, which wanted more Time than ours to melt and become audible.

AFTER having here met with a very hearty Welcome, we went to the *French Cabin*, who, to make Amends for there three Weeks Silence, were talking and disputing with greater Rapidity and Confusion than I ever heard in an Assembly even of that Nation. Their Language, as I found, upon the first Giving of the Weather fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an Error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the Freezing of the Sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in Breath: But I found my Mistake, when I heard the Sound of a Kit playing a Minuet over our Heads. I asked the Occasion of it; upon which one of the Company told me, that it would play there above a Week longer, if the Thaw continued: for, says he, finding ourselves bereft of Speech, we prevailed upon one of the

he Company, who had his Musical Instrument about him, to play to us from Morning to Night; all which Time we employed in Dancing, in order to dissipate our Chagrin, *Et tuer le temps.*

THE R^e Sir John gives very good Philosophical Reasons why the Kit could be heard during the Frost; but as they are something prolix, I pass them over in Silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable Author seems by his Quotations to have been well versed in the ancient Poets, which perhaps raised his Fancy above the ordinary Pitch of Historians, and very much contributed to the Embellishment of his Writings.



*Nec te tua pluvium, Pantheu,
Larentem pietas, nec Apollinis insula texit.* Virg.

*Not could Apollo's sacred Wrath save thee,
O Pantheu, or thy wanted Piety.*

N^o 255. Saturday, November 25, 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

To the Carver of Great Britain.

S I R,

I AM at present under very great Difficulties, which it is not in the Power of any one besides yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper Case to come before you *Chief of Honour*, I cannot tell; but thus it is. I am Chaplain to an honourable Family, very regular at the Hours of Devotion, and I hope of an unblameable Life; but for not offering to die at second Counte, I found my Patron and his Lady very fullen and out of Humour, though at first I did not know the Reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a Jelly, the Lady of the House, otherwise a devout Woman,

Pieces, and tilled up with Plums and Sugar, its Property, and, lastly, its Meat for his Master.

IN this Case I know not which to censure, from or the Chaplain, the Insolence of Power, or Jealousy of Dependence. For my own Part, I blush'd to see a Gentleman, whom I knew to be more Wit and Learning than myself, and who up with me at the University upon the same Liberal Education, treated in such an ignominious and sink beneath those of his own Rank, by that Character which ought to bring him Honour, deter Men of generous Minds from placing in such a Station of Life, and by that Means I excluded Persons of Quality from the improving and able Conversation of a learned and obsequious Bishop.

Mr. Odham lets us know, that he was from the Thought of such an Employment, by a dangerous sort of Treatment which often accompan

*Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
If they fight in some Noble Family;
Diet, and Horst, and thirty Pounds a Year,
Repairs the Advantage of his Lordship's Care,
The Credit of the Burgeis, and the State,
Are Things that in a Youngster's Sense stand great;
Little the unexpressed Heart does know,
What Slavery he still must undergo
To be, tho' in Silken Scent and Cassock dress'd,
Wears but a gaye Liberty at best
When Dinner call's, the Impudent must wait
With his White Head to salute the Aunt,
But hold it for a Favour seldom known,
To be be dignified, Honour to sit down.
Seen in the Court appears Sir Chapel, methinks
These Duties are not for a Spiritual Man,
Observe your Distance, and be sure to stand
Hand by the Coffer with your Cap in hand
There for Divine how you may seek your Death,
Till the kind Frisk comes for your Relief,
Let others who such Misadverser can brook,
Strike Countenance to every great Man's Look,
I raise my Freedom higher.*

THAT ANTHON'S BATTERY is the BATTERY of a Friend, and does not turn the Sacred Order into Violence, but is a just Venture on such Excesses as take Advantage from the Neediness of a Man of Merit, to impose on him Hardships that are by no Means suitable to the Dignity of his Profession.



===== *Definition of Justice, composed by Mr.*

Ving.

It is one Attempt to compel, and great Contradiction

The Proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in Great Lane on Monday the 28th of November, 1790. As far as Mr. Bicknell's, Esq. Case of Great Britain.

PETER BICKNELL, of London, Merchant, was indicted by the Honourable Mr. Thomas Cooke, of Great Hall in the County of Salop, for that the said Peter Bicknell did, in Lombard Street, London, between the Hours of Two and Three in the Afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Cooke, and after a short Salutation, put on his Hat, Value Five pence, while the Honourable Mr. Cooke stood bare headed for the Space of two Seconds. It was further urged against the Criminal, That during his Dispute with the Prosecution, he frequently rode the Wall of him, having clasped his Back against it in such a Manner, that it was impossible for Mr. Cooke to recover it again at his taking Leave of him. The Prosecution alleged, That he was the Head of a very antient Family, and that according to the Principles of all the younger Brothers of the said Family, he had never sullied himself with Business, but had chosen rather to live, like a Man of Honour, than do any Thing beneath his Quality. He produced several Witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the Twisting of a Whip, or the Ma-
king

king of a Pair of Nut-crackers, in which he worked for his Diversion, in order to make a £ now and then to his Friends. The Prisoner asked what he could say for himself, cast several reflections upon the Honourable Mr. Gules; as, That was not worth a Groat; That no Body in the would trust him for a Half penny; That he owed Money, which he had promised to pay him 1 Times, but never kept his Word: And in short, he was an idle beggarly Fellow, and of no Use to Publick. This Sort of Language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the Criminal That he spoke in Contempt of the Court, and he should be proceeded against for Contumacy, if he not change his Style. The Prisoner therefore came to be heard by his Counsel, who urged in his Defence That he put on his Hat through Ignorance, and the Wall by Accident. They likewise produced 4 Witnesses, That he made several Motions with his in his Hand, which are generally understood as a invitation to the Person we talk with to be covered that the Gentleman not taking the Hint, he was to put on his Hat, as being troubled with a Cold. There was likewise an *Irishman* who deposed, That he had heard him cough three and twenty Times Morning. And as for the Wall, it was alledged, he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a Shower of Rain which was then falling. The Court having consulted the Men of Honour, who sat on the Right hand on the Bench, found they were of that Opinion, That the Defence made by the Prisoner's Counsel, did rather aggravate than extenuate his Crime. That the Motions and Intimations of the Hat was a Token of Superiority in Conversation, and therefore to be used by the Criminal to a Man of the Profane Quality, who was likewise vested with a double Token of the Wall at the Time of their Conversation, both ways was the upper Hand, and as it was a Shelter from the Weather. The Evidence being very full and the Jury, without going out of Court, declared their Opinion unanimously by the Mouth of their Foreman That the Prosecutor was bound in Honour, to

10 Sun shine through the Criminal, or, as they afterwards explained themselves, to whip him through the Lungs.

THE Censor knitting his Brows into a Frown, and looking very sternly upon the Jury, after a little Pause, awoke them to know, 'That this Court was erected for 10 finding out of Penalties suitable to Offences, and to restrain the Outrages of private Justice; and that he expected they should moderate their Verdict. The Jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the devices of the Censor, after an Hour's Consultation, declared their Opinion as follows:

THAT in Consideration this was *Peter Plumb's* first offence, and that there did not appear any *Malice pre-consumpt* in it, as also that he lived in good Reputation among his Neighbours, and that his taking the Wall was only *Se defendendo*, the Prosecutor should let him scape with Life, and content himself with the Slitting of his Nose, and the Cutting off both his Ears. Mr. *ickerstaff* smiling upon the Court, told them, 'That he thought the Punishment, even under its present Mitigation, too severe; and that such Penalties might be of ill Consequence in a trading Nation. He therefore pronounced Sentence against the Criminal in the following Manner: That his Hat, which was the Instrument of Offence, should be forfeited to the Court: That the Criminal should go to the Ware house from whence he came, and thence, as Occasion should require, proceed to the *Exchange*, or *Garraway's* Coffee house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he, nor any of 10 Family of the *Plumbs*, should hereafter appear in the streets of *London*, out of their Coaches, that to the Footway might be left open and undisturbed for their Betters.

DATHAN a Pedling Jew, and T. R. ———, a *Welshman*, were indicted by the Keeper of an Alehouse in *Westminster*, for breaking the Peace and two earthen Mugs, in a Dispute about the Antiquity of their families, to the great Detriment of the House, and Disturbance of the whole Neighbourhood. *Dathan* said for himself, that he was provoked to it by the *Welshman* who pretended, that the *Welsh* were an antienter People than the *Jews*; whereas, says he, I can shew by this Genealogy in my Hand, that I am the Son of *Mosbeck*,
that

that was the Son of *André*, that was the Son of *André*, that was the Son of *André*. The *Witchman* herrupted him, and told him, That he could produce nothing as well as himself; for that he was *Tobias*, or *Shadrach*, or *Shemur*. He then turned himself Centur, and told him in the same broken Accè with much Warmth, that the *Tow* would needs that King *Chadwailan* was younger than *Grinche*. *Riches* seemed very much inclined to give it against *Barth*, as being a *Tow*; but finding it by some Repellents which the *Witchman* let fall in the Antiquity of his Family, to suspect that *Witchman* was a *Pro. Admitt*, he suffered them to go out, without any previous Admonition. At this Time they returned, and gave their Verdict, appearing the Persons at the Bar did neither wear a Sword, and that consequently they had no to quarrel upon a Point of Honour; to prevent violent Appeals for the future, they should both be told in the same Blanket, and there adjust their Party as they could agree it between themselves. Centur confirmed the Verdict.

Richard Norman was indicted by Major *Po* having used the Words, *Perhaps it may be so*, in dispute with the said Major. The Major urged, That Word *Perhaps*, was questioning his Veracity, and was an indirect Manner of giving him the Lie. *Norman* had nothing more to say for himself, than he intended no such Thing, and threw himself on the Mercy of the Court. The Jury brought in their Verdict.

All *Riches* stood up, and after having cast his Eyes over the whole Assembly, he said thus. I acquainted them, that he had laid down a Rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from which, as he conceived, would very much contribute to the shortening the Business of the Court; I mean, never to allow of the Lie being given by Fiction, Implication or Induction, but by the plain Words itself. He then proceeded to show the Mistake that had arisen in the English Nation from this pernicious Monosyllable. That it had bred the

Quarrels between the dearest Friends: That it had frequently thin'd the Guards, and made great Havock in an Army: That it had sometimes weakened the City with it's Hands; and, in a Word, had destroy'd many the bravest Men in the Isle of Great Britain. For the Prevention of which Evils for the future, he instructed the Jury to *pursue* the Word itself as a Nuisance the English Tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their Presentment, publish an Act of the Court, for the entire Banishment and Extermination of it out of the Discourse and Conversation of civil Societies.

This is a true Copy:

Charles Lillie.

MONDAY next is set apart for the Trial of several male Criminals.

N. B. The Case of the Haddock will come on between the hours of Nine and Ten.



*In nova fide animus mutatus dicere formas
Corpora: Dei, ceptis (nam vos mutastis & illas)
dipicte meis*-----Ovid. Met.

*Of Bodies chang'd to other Forms I sing,
To each assist (from whom these Changes spring.)*

1757. Thursday, November 30, 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY Nation is distinguished by Productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly useful in Religions, that stand up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great Variety of Sects and Opinions, that an ingenious Friend of mine, who is lately return'd from his Travels, assures me, there is a Show at this Time

carried

that was the Son of *Naboth*, that was the Son of *him*, that was the Son of ——. The *Welshman* here ruptured him, and told him, That he could produce analogy as well as himself; for that he was *John ap ap Shenken, ap Stones*. He then turned himself to Censor, and told him in the same broken Accent with much Warmth, that the *Traw* would needs up that King *Cadwallader* was younger than *Isaacar*. *Bickerstaff* seemed very much inclined to give Seal against *Dathan*, as being a *Traw*; but finding Reby some Expressions which the *Welshman* let fall in the Antiquity of his Family, to suspect that the *Welshman* was a *Proe Adamite*, he suffered the *Ju* go out, without any previous Admonition. After Time they returned, and gave their Verdict, T appearing the Persons at the Bar did neither of wear a Sword, and that consequently they had no to quarrel upon a Point of Honour; to prevent frivolous Appeals for the future, they should both of be tossed in the same Blanket, and there adjust the priority as they could agree it between themselves. Censor confirmed the Verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major *Pant* having used the Words, *Perhaps it may be so*, in dispute with the said Major. The Major urged, The Word *Perhaps*, was questioning his Veracity, and it was an indirect Manner of giving him the Lie. *R Newman* had nothing more to say for himself, than he intended no such Thing, and threw himself upon Mercy of the Court. The Jury brought in their Verdict Special.

Mr. *Bickerstaff* stood up, and after having cast Eyes over the whole Assembly, hem'd thrice. He acquainted them, that he had laid down a Rule to self, which he was resolved never to depart from which, as he conceived, would very much conduce the shortening the Business of the Court; I mean he, never to allow of the Lie being given by Corroption, Implication or Induction, but by the sole Use of the Word itself. He then proceeded to shew the Mischiefs that had arisen to the *English* Nation from pernicious Monosyllables; That it had bred the nu

tal Quarrels between the dearest Friends: That it had frequently thinn'd the Guards, and made great Havock in the Army: That it had sometimes weakened the City Train'd Bands; and, in a Word, had destroy'd many of the bravest Men in the Isle of Great Britain. For the Prevention of which Evils for the future, he instructed the Jury to *present* the Word itself as a Nuisance in the *English* Tongue; and further promised them, That he would, upon such their Presentment, publish an Edict of the Court, for the Intire Banishment and Exclusion of it out of the Discourses and Conversation of all civil Societies.

[*This is a true Copy*]

Charles Lillie.

MONDAY next is set apart for the Trial of several Female Conces.

N. B. The Case of the Havock will come on between the Hours of Nine and Ten.



*In nova fere animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora: Nil, ceptis (nam res mutastis & illas)
Aspirate meis*-----Ovid. Met.

*Of Bodies chang'd to other Forms I sing,
Ye Gods assist (from whom those Changes spring.)*

N^o 257. *Thursday, November 30, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY Nation is distinguished by Productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in Religions, that shoot up and flourish in this Climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great Variety of Sects and Opinions, that an ingenious Friend of mine, who is lately return'd from his Travels, assures me, there is a Show at this Time

carried

carried up and down in Germany, which represents all the Religions of *Christ's Religion*, in Wax work. Notwithstanding that the Manner of the Matter, in which the Images are wrought, makes it capable of being moulded into all Shapes and Figures: my Friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many several Faces, and very Features, as appeared in several of the Figures that composed the Show. I was indeed so pleased with the Design of the German Artist, that I begged my Friend to give me an Account of it in all its Particulars, which he did after the following Manner.

I have often, says he, been present at a Show of Elephants, Camels, Trumetaries, and other strange Creatures, but I never saw so great an Assembly of Spectators as were met together at the Opening of this great Piece of Wax work. We were all placed in a large Hall, according to the Price that we had paid for our Seats. The Curtain that hung before the Show was made by a Master of Tapestry, who had woven it in the Figure of a monstrous *Hydra*, that had several Heads, which brandished out their Tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these Heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprung up several in the Room of them; insomuch, that for one Head cut off, a Man might see ten, twenty, or an hundred of a smaller size, creeping through the Wound. In short, the whole Picture was nothing but Contusion and Blood shed. On a sudden, says my Friend, I was startled with a Plurality of many musical Instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short Tune, (if it might be so called) wholly made up of Jaws and Disoids. Among the rest there was an Organ, a Bagpipe, a Creaking Horn, a Sooty-symphonic Trumpet, with several Wind Instruments of a most disagreeable Sound, which I am not so much as know the Names of. After a short Plurality the Curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary Assembly of Figures that ever entered into a Man's Imagination. The Design of the Workman was so well expressed in the dumb Show before us, that it was not hard for an *English* to comprehend the Meaning of it.

THE principal Figures were placed in a Row, consisting of several Persons. The middle Figure, which immediately attracted the Eyes of the whole Company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a Matron, dressed in the Habit of an elderly Woman of Quality in Queen Elizabeth's Days. The most remarkable Parts of her Dress, was the Heaver with the Sceptre Crown; the Scarf that was darker than sable, and the Lawn Apron that was whiter than Erimin. Her Gown was of the richest black Velvet, and just upon her Heart studded with large Diamonds of an inestimable Value, disposed in the Form of a Cross. She bore an inexpressible Chearfulness and Dignity in her Aspect; and though she seemed in Years, appeared with so much Spirit and Vivacity, as gave her at the same Time an Air of Old Age and Immortality. I found my Heart touched with so much Love and Reverence at the Sight of her, that the Tears run down my Face as I looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon her, the more my Heart was melted with the Sentiments of filial Tenderness and Duty. I discovered every Moment something so charming in this Figure, that I could scarce take my Eyes off it. On its Right Hand there sat the Figure of a Woman so covered with Ornaments, that her Face, her Body, and her Hands, were almost intirely hid under them. The little you could see of her Face was painted; and what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial Wrinkles; but I was the less surprized at it, when I saw upon her Forehead an old fashioned Tower of gray Hairs. Her Head Dicks rose very high by three several Stories or Degrees; her Garments had a thousand Colours in them, and were embroidered with Crosses in Gold, Silver and Silk. She had nothing on, so much as a Glove or a Slipper, which was not marked with this Figure; nay, so superfluously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry Composition of Ribands, Silks and Jewels, and therefore cast my Eye on a Dame which was just the Reverse of it. I need not tell my Reader, that the Lady before described was *Papery*, or that she I am going to describe is *Prophesy*. She sat on the Left-Hand of the Venerable Matron, and so much resembled her in the

Features

Features of her Countenance, that she seemed her Sister; but at the same Time that one observed a Likeness in her Beauty, one could not but take Notice, that there was something in it sickly and sponatick. Her Face had enough to discover the Relation, but it was drawn up into a peevish Figure, swrowd with Discontent, and over-cast with Melancholy. She seemed offended at the Matron for the Shape of her Hat, as too much resembling the triple Coronet of the Person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she disbented from the white Apron and the Crin; for which Reasons she had made herself a plain homely Dowdy, and turned her Face towards the Secretary that sat on her Left Hand, as being afraid of looking upon the Matron, lest she should see the Harlot by her.

ON the Right Hand of *Papery* sat *Judaism*, represented by an old Man embroidered with Phylacteries, and distinguished by many Typical Figures, which I had not Skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the Rubbish of a Temple; but instead of weeping over it, (which I should have expected from him) he was counting out a Bag of Money upon the Ruins of it.

ON his Right Hand was *Deism*, or *Natural Religion*. This was a Figure of an half naked awkward Country Wench, who with proper Ornaments and Education would have made an agreeable and beautiful Appearance; but for want of those Advantages, was such a Spectacle, as a Man would blush to look upon.

I have now, continued my Friend, given you an Account of those who were placed on the Right Hand of the Matron, and who, according to the Order in which they sat, were *Deism*, *Judaism* and *Papery*. On the Left Hand, as I told you, appeared *Prophetry*. The next to her was a Figure which somewhat puzzled me; It was that of a Man looking, with Horror in his Eyes, upon a Silver Basin filled with Water. Observing something in his Countenance that looked like Lunacy, I fancied at first that he was to express that Kind of Distraction which the Physicians call the *Hydro Phobus*; but considering what the Intention of the Show was, I immediately recollected myself, and concluded it to be *Anabaptism*.

THE next Figure was a Man that sat under a most profound Composure of Mind. He wore an Hat whose Brims were exactly parallel with the Horizon. His Garment had neither Sleeve nor Skirt, nor so much as a superfluous Button. What they called his Cravat, was a little Piece of white Linen quilted with great Exactness, and hanging below his Chin about two Inches. Seeing a Book in his Hand, I asked our Artificer what it was, who told me it was the *Quaker Religion*, upon which I desired a Sight of it. Upon Perusal I found it to be nothing but a new fashioned Grammar, or an Art of abridging ordinary Discourse. The Numbers were reduced to a very small Number, as the *Eight, Friend, Babylon*. The Principal of his Pronouns was *Thou*, and as for *I*, *Ye* and *They*, I found they were not looked upon as Parts of Speech in this Grammar. All the Verbs wanted the second Person Plural, the Participles ended all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular Accent. There were no Adverbs besides *Yes* and *No*. The same Thrift was observed in the Prepositions. The Conjunctions were only *Heard* and *Not* and the Interjections brought under the three Heads of Sighing, Sobbing and Groaning.

THE next was at the End of the Grammar a little Nomenclature, called, *The Christian Man's Vocabulary*, which gave new Appellations, or (if you will) Christian Names to almost every Thing in Life. I replaced the Book in the Hand of the Figure, not without admiring the Simplicity of his Garb, Speech and Behaviour.

JUST opposite to this Row of Religions, there was a Statue dressed in a Fool's Coat, with a Cap of Nells upon his Head, laughing and pointing at the Figures that stood before him. This I don't suppose to say in his Heart, what *David's Fool* did some Thousands of Years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper Representative of those among us who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free thinkers by themselves.

THE next were many other Groups of Figures which I did not know the Meaning of; but seeing a Collection of both Sexes turning their Backs upon the Company, and laying their Heads very close together, I enquired after their Religion, and found that they
called

called themselves the *Philadelphians*, or the Family of Love.

IN the opposite Corner there sat another little Congregation of strange Figures, opening their Mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the Title of the *Sweet Singers of Israel*.

I must not omit, that in this Assembly of Wax there were several Pieces that moved by Clock work, and gave great Satisfaction to the Spectators. Behind the *Matron* there stood one of these Figures, and behind *Popery* another, which, as the Artist told us, were each of them the Genius of the Passion they attended. That behind *Popery* represented *Persecution*, and the other *Moderation*. The first of these moved by secret Springs towards a great Heap of dead Bodies that lay piled upon one another at a considerable Distance behind the principal Figures. There were written on the Foreheads of these dead Men several hard Words, as *Pro-Adamites*, *Sabbatarians*, *Camarunians*, *Muggletonians*, *Brownists*, *Independents*, *Masonites*, *Camisars*, and the like. At the Approach of *Persecution*, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody Flag, the whole Assembly of dead Men like those in the *Rebels* started up and drew their Swords. This was followed by great Clashings and Noise, when in the Midst of the Tumult, the Figure of *Moderation* moved gently towards this new Army, which upon her holding up a Paper in her Hand, inscribed *Liberty of Conscience*, immediately fell into a Heap of Carcasses, remaining in the same quiet Posture that they lay at first.





Oculis miseros crambe repetita——Juv.

The Wretches are surfeited with a Repetition of the same Thing over and over.

N^o 258. Saturday, December 2, 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 2.

WHEN a Man keeps a constant 'Table, he may be allowed sometimes to serve up a cold Dish of Meat, or tose up the Fragments of a Feast in a Ragoust. I have sometimes in a Scarcity of Provisions, been obliged to take the same Kind of Liberty, and to entertain my Reader with the Leavings of a former 'Treat. I must this Day have recourse to the same Method, and beg my Guests to sit down to a Kind of *Saturday's* Dinner. To let the Metaphor rest, I intend to fill up this Paper with a Bundle of Letters relating to Subjects on which I have formerly treated, and have ordered my Bookseller to print at the End of each Letter the Minutes with which I indorsed it, after the first Perusal of it.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

S I R,

Nov. 22, 1710.

DINING Yesterday with Mr. *South-British* and Mr. *William North-Briton*, two Gentlemen, who, before you ordered it otherwise, were known by the Names of Mr. *English* and Mr. *William Scot*: Among other Things, the Maid of the House (who in her Time I believe may have been a *North-British* Warming-pan) brought us up a Dish of *North-British* Collops. We liked our Entertainment very well, only we observed the Table Cloath, being not so fine as we could have wished, was *North-British* Cloth. But the

was

• worst of it was, we were disturbed all Dinner-
 • the Noise of the Children, who were playing
 • pay'd Court at *North-British* Hoppers; so we p
 • *North-Briton* sooner than we designed, and took
 • to *North Briton* Yard, about which Place most of
 • We had indeed gone a foot, only we were unde
 • Apprehensions lest a *North-British* Mist should
 • *South-British* Man to the Skin.

• WE think this Matter properly express'd, ac
 • to the Accuracy of the new Style scul'd by you
 • of your late Papers. You will please to giv
 • Opinion upon it to,

S I R,

Your most humble Servi

*See if this Letter is conformable to the Direction
 in the Tatler abovementioned.*

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

S I R,

Kent, Nov. 22,

• A Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who l
 • to be Brother to a Lord, though neither
 • ther nor Grandfather were so, is perpetually
 • Use of this Phrase, *A Person of my Quality*.
 • it in his Mouth fifty Times a Day, to his Lal
 • his Servants, his Children, his Tenants, and his
 • bours. Wet or dry, at home or abroad, drunk
 • ber, angry or pleas'd, it is the constant Burthen
 • Style. Sir, as you are Cenfor, of *Great Brit*
 • you value the Repose of a loyal County, and
 • putation of my Neighbour, I beg you will t
 • cruel Grievance into your Consideration, else,
 • own Particular, I am resolv'd to give up my
 • sell my Stock, and remove with my Wife an

• C

‘ Children next Spring to *Essex* or *Norwich*, if my
‘ Strength will permit me, being brought into a very
‘ weak Condition. I am (with great Respect)

S I R,

Your most obedient and
Languishing Servant, &c.,

Let this be referred to the Court of Honour.

Mr. Rickerstaff,

‘ I am a young Lady of a good Fortune, and at
‘ present invested by several Lovers who lay close
‘ Siege to me, and carry on their Attacks with all pos-
‘ sible Diligence. I know which of them has the first
‘ Place in my own Heart, but would freely cross my
‘ private Inclinations to make Choice of the Man who
‘ loves me best, which it is impossible for me to know,
‘ all of them pretending to an equal Passion for me.
‘ Let me therefore beg of you, dear Mr. *Rickerstaff*, to
‘ lend me your *Liberal’s* Spear, in order to touch this
‘ Troop of Rivals, after which I will most faithfully re-
‘ turn it to you again, with the greatest Gratitude.
‘ I am,

S I R, &c.

Q U E R Y 1. What Figure this Lady doth think her
Lover will appear in? Or what Symptoms he will be-
tray of his Passion upon being touched?

2. Whether a Touch of her Fan may not have the
same Efficacy as a Touch of *Liberal’s* Spear?

*Great Nicolo’s Inn
Square, Nov. 29.*

Honoured Sir,

‘ GRATITUDE obliges me to make this pub-
‘ lick Acknowledgment of the eminent Service
‘ you have done myself in particular, and the whole
‘ Body of Chaplains (I hope) in general. Coming Home
‘ on *Sunday* about Dinner time, I found Things strangely
‘ altered for the better; the Porter smiled in my Face
‘ when he let me in, the Footman bowed to me as I
‘ passed him, the Steward shook me by the Hand, and
‘ Mrs.

' Mrs. *Beatrice* dropped me a Courtesy as she went along.
 ' I was surprized at all this Civility, and knew not to
 ' what I might ascribe it, except to my bright Beaver
 ' and shining Scarf that were new that Day. But I
 ' was still more astonished to find such an agreeable
 ' Change at the Table: My Lord helped me to a
 ' fat Slice of Venison with his own Hand, and my Lady
 ' did me the Honour to drink to me. I offered to rise
 ' at my usual Time, but was desired to sit still, with this
 ' kind Expression, Come, Doctor, a Jelly or a Conserve
 ' will do you no Harm; don't be afraid of the Dessert.
 ' I was so confounded with the Favour, that I returned
 ' my Thanks in a most aukward Manner, wondering
 ' what was the Meaning of this total Transformation:
 ' But my Lord soon put an End to my Admiration, by
 ' shewing me a Paper that challenged you, Sir, for its
 ' Author, and rallied me very agreeably on the Subject,
 ' asking me which was best handled, the Lord or his
 ' Chaplain? I owned myself to think the Banter sharpest
 ' against ourselves, and that these were trifling Matters,
 ' not fit for a Philosopher to insist on. His Lordship
 ' was in so good a Humour, that he ordered me to re-
 ' turn his Thanks with my own, and my Lady joins in
 ' the same, with this one Exception to your Paper, That
 ' the Chaplain in her Family was always allowed Mine'd
 ' Pyes from *Albhalloes* to *Candlemas*. I am

S I R,

Your most obliged,

Humble Servant.

Requires no Answer,

T. W.

Mr. *Censor*,

Oxford, Nov. 27.

' I Have read your Account of *Nova Zembla* with
 ' great Pleasure, and have ordered it to be tran-
 ' scribed in a little Hand and inserted in Mr. *Toutin's* late
 ' Edition of *Hudibras*. I could wish you would furnish
 ' us with more Notes upon that Author, to fill up the
 ' Place of those dull Annotations with which several
 ' Editions of that Book have been incumbered. I would
 ' particularly desire of you to give the World the Story

of *Tallacotius*, who makes a very eminent Figure in the first *Canto*, not having been able to meet with any Account of the said *Tallacotius* in the Writings of any other Author. I am (with the most profound Respect)

The most humble of your Admirers,

Q. Z.

To be answered next Thursday, if nothing more material intervenes.

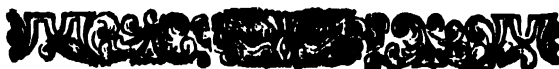
Mr. Censor,

IN your Survey of the People, you must have observed Crowds of single Persons that are qualified to increase the Subjects of this glorious Island, and yet neglect that Duty to their Country. In order to reclaim such Persons, I lay before you this Proposal.

Your most obedient Servant,

Tb. Cl.

This to be considered on Saturday next.



— *Exat censura columbas.*

Juv.

Poor Rogues are bang'd.

A Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer Lane on Monday the 27th of November, before Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; Censor of Great Britain.

ELIZABETH MAKERATE, of the Parish of St. Catherine's, Spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the Hatlock from under the Lady *Grave's* Airs, between the Hours of Four and Five, on Sunday the 26th of November. The Prosecutor deposed, That as she stood up to make a Courtesy to a Person of Quality in a neighbouring Pew, the Criminal conveyed away

away the Haddock by Stealth, inſomuch that the Proſecutor was obliged to ſit all the while ſhe was at Church, or to ſay her Prayers in a Poſture that did not become a Woman of her Quality. The Priſoner pleaded Inadvertency; and the Jury were going to bring it in Chance-melley, had not ſeveral Witneſſes been produced againſt the ſaid *Klimbeth Mahobate*, that ſhe was an old Offender, and a Woman of a bad Reputation. It appeared in particular, That on the Sunday before ſhe had detracted from a new Poſtcoat of Mrs. *Mary Doolittle*, having ſaid in the Hearing of ſeveral credible Witneſſes, that the ſaid Poſtcoat was ſcour'd, to the great Orif and Detriment of the ſaid *Mary Doolittle*. There were likewiſe many Evidences produced againſt the Criminal, that tho' ſhe never failed to come to Church on Sunday, ſhe was a moſt notorious Sabbath-breaker, and that ſhe ſpent her whole Time, during Divine Service, in diſparaging other Peoples Cloaths, and whiſpering to thoſe who ſat next her. Upon the whole, ſhe was found guilty of the Indictment, and received Sentence to aſk Pardon of the Proſecutor upon her bare Knees, without either Cuſhion or Haddock under her, in the Face of the Court.

N. B. As ſoon as the Sentence was executed on the Criminal, which was done in open Court with the utmoſt Severity, the ſix Lady of the Bench on Mr. *Dickſon's* Right Hand ſtood up, and made a Motion to the Court, That whereaſ it was impoſſible for Women of Faſhion to ſit themſelves before the Church was half done, and whereaſ many Cuſtom and Inconveniencies did ariſe thereupon, it might be lawful for them to ſend a Footman in order to keep their Places, as was uſual in other polite and well regulated Aſſemblies. The Motion was ordered to be entered in the Books, and conſidered at a more convenient Time.

CHARLES CALVERT, Linen-Draper, in the City of *Wexhamſter*, was indicted for ſpeaking obſcenely to the Lady *Penelope Trumbard*. It appeared, That the Proſecutor and her Woman going in a Stage Coach from *London* to *Wexhamſter*, where they were to be met by the Lady's own Chariot, the Criminal and another of his Acquaintance travelled with them in the ſame Coach, at which Time the Priſoner talked bawdy for the Space

of three Miles and a Half. The Prosecutor alledged That over-against the *Old Fox* at *Knights-Bridge* he mentioned the Word *Linen*: That at the further End of *Kensington* he made Use of the Term *Smock*; and that before he came to *Hammer-smith*, he talked almost a Quarter of an Hour upon Wedding-Shirts. The Prosecutor's Woman confirmed what her Lady had said, and added further, That she had never seen her Lady in so great a Confusion, and in such a Taking, as she was during the whole Discourse of the Criminal. The Prisoner had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own Trade, and meant no hurt by what he said. The Jury however found him guilty, and represented by their Forewoman, That such Discourses were apt to sully the Imagination, and that by a Concatenation of Ideas, the Word *Linen* implied many Things that were not proper to be stirred up in the Mind of a Woman who was of the Prosecutor's Quality, and therefore gave it as their Verdict, That the Linen Draper should lose his Tongue. Mr. *Bickerstaff* said, he thought the Prosecutor's Ears were as much to blame as the Prisoner's Tongue, and therefore gave Sentence as follows: That they should both be placed over against one another in the midst of the Court, there to remain for the Space of one Quarter of an Hour, during which Time the Linen-draper was to be gagged, and the Lady to hold her Hands close upon both her Ears; which was executed accordingly.

EDWARD CALLICOTT was indicted as an Accessory to *Charles Cambrick*, for that he the said *Edward Callicott* did, by his Silence and Stances, seem to approve and abet the said *Charles Cambrick*, in every Thing he said. It appeared, That the Prisoner was Foreman of the Shop to the aforesaid *Charles Cambrick*, and by his Post obliged to smile at every Thing that the other should be pleased to say: Upon which he was acquitted.

JUSTASSHALLLOW was indicted in the Name of *Dame Winifred*, sole Relict of *Richard Dainty*, Esq; for having said several Times in Company, and in the Hearing of several Persons there present, That he was extremely obliged to the Widow *Dainty*. and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his Gratitude. The

Prosecutor urged, 'That this might blast her Reputation and that it was in Effect a blasting of Favours which he had never received. 'The Prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the Construction which was put upon his Words, and said, 'That he meant nothing by them, but that the Widow had befriended him in a Lease, and was very kind to his younger sister. 'The Jury finding him little Weak in his Understanding, without going out of the Court, brought in their Verdict *Ignoramus*.

MRS LIZABETH DENNISON was accused by the Lady *Berry How'do*, for having said, 'That she the Lady *Berry How'do* was painted. 'The Prisoner brought several Persons of good Credit to witness to her Reputation, and proved by undeniable Evidence, that she was never at the Place where the Words were said to have been uttered. 'The Court observing the Behaviour of the Prosecutor, found Reason to believe that she had indicted the Prisoner for no other Reason but to make her Complexion be taken Notice of, which indeed was very fresh and beautiful: He therefore asked the Offender with a very stern Voice, How she could presume to spread to groundless a Report? And whether she saw any Colours in the Lady *How'do's* Face that could procure Credit to such a Falshood? Do you see (says he) any Lilies or Roses in her Cheeks, any Bloom, any Probability?—The Prosecutor not able to bear such Language any longer told him, 'That he talked like a blind old Fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any Opinion of his Wisdom: But she was soon put to Silence, and sentenced to wear her Mask for five Months, and not to presume to show her Face till the Town should be empty.

HENRY JAMES RUTLEDGE, Esq; was indicted for having told the Lady *Kewbloom* at a publick Hall, 'That she looked very well for a Woman of her Years. 'The Prisoner not denying the Fact, and persisting before the Court that he looked upon it as a Compliment, the Jury brought him in *Non compos mentis*.

The Court is adjourned to Monday the 11th Instant.

Copied 4900.

Charles Lillie.

POST

RECEIVED

Non entemque datum est habere verum.

Mart.

It is not for every Man to be witty.

261. *Thursday, December 24. 1711.*

From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate Dissertation upon *Thumbs in Montaigne's Essay*, and another upon *Nails in the Fish of a Tank*. I am here going to write one upon *Noses*, having chosen for my Text the following Verses out of *Hudibras*.

*No learned Dissertation from
The knowing Part of France's Nam
Can Supplement Noses, which
Lasted as long as France's March:
But when the Date of Nock was out,
Off dropp'd the Symptomatick Smart*

NOTWITHSTANDING that there is nothing obscure in Natural Knowledge, and that I intend to give little Office as may be to Readers of a well bred imagination, I must, for my own Quiet, desire the Critics (who in all Things have been famous for good sense) to refrain from the Lecture of this curious *Text*. These Gentlemen were formerly worked out and distressed by the Irish Philosophical Nails, which was ways looked upon as an Instrument of Perdition, and which they were used to rock, talk or draw up in a contentious Manner, upon reading the Works of their ingenious Contemporaries. It is not therefore for this Generation of Men that I write the present Translation.

*Non enim aptus noster
Nathus habere tam longam.*

N a

but

but for the Sake of some of my Philosophical Friends in the Royal Society, who peruse Discourses of this Nature with a becoming Gravity, and a Desire of improving by them.

MANY are the Opinions of learned Men concerning the Rise of that fatal Mixture which has always taken a particular Pleasure in venting its Spight upon the Nose. I have seen a little Burlesque Poem in *Italian* that gives a very pleasant Account of this Matter. The Fable of it runs thus; *Mars* the God of War, having served during the Siege of *Naples* in the Shape of a French Colonel, received a Visit one Night from *Venus* the Goddess of Love, who had been always his professed Mistress and Admirer. The Poem says, she came to him in the Disguise of a Bawling Wench, with a Bottle of Brandy under her Arm. Let that be as it will, he managed Matters so well, that she went away big bellied, and was at length brought to Bed of a little *Cupid*. This Boy, whether it was by Reason of any bad Food that his Father had eaten during the Siege, or of any particular Malignity in the Stars that reigned at his Nativity, came into the World with a very sickly Look, and crazy Constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his Bow, he made Discoveries of a most perverse Disposition. He dipp'd all his Arrows in Poison, that rotted every Thing they touched; and what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the Nose, quite contrary to the Practice of his elder Brothers, who had made a human Heart their Butt in all Countries and Ages. To break him of this roguish Trick, his Parents put him to School to *Mercutio*, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the Noses of Mankind; but in Spight of Education, the Boy continued very unlucky; and though his Malice was a little softened by good Instructions, he would very frequently let fly an inveterate Arrow, and wound his Victims oftner in the Nose than in the Heart. Thus far the Fable.

I need not tell my learned Reader, that *Corymbus* has drawn a *Cupid* taking his Lesson from *Mercutio*, conformable to this Poem; nor that the Poem itself was designed as a Burlesque upon *Franciscus*.

IT was a little after this fatal Siege of *Naples* that *Tallacutus* began to practise in a Town of *Germany*. He was the first Clap Doctor that I meet with in History, and a greater Man in his Age than our celebrated *Dr. Wall*. He saw his Species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new Dissemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in Pursuance of a very reasonable Invention, set up a Manufacture of Noses, having first got a Patent that none should presume to make Noses, besides himself. His first Patient was a great Man of *Portugal*, who had done good Services to his Country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his Nose. *Tallacutus* grafted a new one on the remaining Part of the Gristle or cartilaginous Substance which would freeze, smell, take Snuff, pronounce the Letters *M*, or *N*, and in short, do all the Functions of a genuine and natural Nose. There was however one Misfortune in this Experiment: The *Portuguese's* Complexion was a little upon the Subfusc, with very black Eyes and dark Eyebrows; and the Nose being taken from a Porter that had a white *German* Skin, and cut out of those Parts that are not exposed to the Sun, it was very visible that the Features of his Face were not Fellows. In a Word, the *Camde* resembled one of those maimed antique Statues that has often a modern Nose of fresh Marble gilded to a Face of such a yellow, Ivory Complexion, as nothing can give but Age. To remedy this Particular for the future, the Doctor got together a great Collection of Porters, Men of all Complexions, black, fair, brown, dark, fallow, pale and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a Patient of the most out of the way Colour not to find a Nose to match it.

THE Doctor's House was now very much enlarged, and become a kind of College, or rather Hospital, for the fashionable Cripples of both Sexes that resorted to him from all Parts of *Europe*. Over his Door was fastned a large Golden Snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great Gates at *Brown Nose College* in *Oxford*; and as it is usual for the Learned in Foreign Universities to distinguish their Houses by a Latin Sentence, the Doctor writ underneath this great Golden Proboscis two Verses out of *David*.

*Militat omnis amans, habet & sua castra Cupido,
Poutice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.*

IT is reported that *Taliacotius* had at one Time in his House twelve *German* Counts, nineteen *French* Marquesses, and a hundred *Spanish* Cavaliers, besides one solitary *English* Esquire, of whom more hereafter. Tho' the Doctor had the Monopoly of Noses in his own Islands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed if a Man had Occasion for a high *Romain* Nose, he must go to the Price of it. A Carbuncle Nose likewise bore an excessive Rate; but for your ordinary short turned up Noses, of which there was the greatest Consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the Purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.

THE Sympathy betwixt the Nose and its Parent was very extraordinary. *Hudibras* has told us, that when the Porter died the Nose dropped of Course, in which Case it was always usual to return the Nose, in order to have it interred with its first Owner. The Nose was likewise affected by the Pain as well as Death of the Original Proprietor. An eminent Instance of this Nature happened to three *Spaniards*, whose Noses were all made out of the same Piece of Brawn. They found them one Day shoot and swell extremely; upon which they sent to know how the Porter did, and heard upon Enquiry, that the Parent of the Noses had been severely kicked the Day before, and that the Porter kept his Bed on Account of the Bruises it had received. This was highly resented by the *Spaniards*, who found out the Person that had used the Porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same Manner as if the Indignity had been done to their own Noses. In this and several other Cases it might be said, That the Porters led the Gentlemen by the Nose.

ON the other Hand, if any Thing went amiss with the Nose, the Porter felt the Effects of it, insomuch that it was generally articulated with the Patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old Courses, but should on no Pretence whatsoever smell Pepper, or eat

Musket, on which Creation the Part where the Incision had been made was lateral with undeposable 'Wings and 'Flockings.

The *Englishman* I before mentioned was by very irregular, and relayed to frequently into the Billings, which at last brought him to the learned *Talisman*, that in the Space of two Years he wore out five Noses, and by that Means to immortal the Porters, that if he would have given good for a Nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young Gentleman was born of honest Parents, and passed his first Years in Fox hunting; but accidentally quitting the Woods, and coming up to London, he was so charmed with the Beauties of the Playhouse, that he had not been in Town two Days before he got the Misfortune which carried off this Part of his Face. He used to be called in Germany, The *Englishman* of five Noses, and, The Gentleman that had three as many Noses as he had Ears. Such was the Gallery of those Times.

I shall close this Paper with an Advertisement to the young Men of this Town, which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh coloured Faces, that have made their first Appearance in it this Winter. I must therefore assure them that the Art of making Noses is entirely lost; and in the next Place, beg them not to follow the Example of our ordinary Town Babes, who live as if there was a *Talisman* to be met with at the Corner of every Street. Whatever young Men may think, the Nose is a very becoming Part of the Face, and a Man makes but a very silly Figure without it. But it is the Nature of Youth not to know the Value of any Thing till they have lost it. The general Precept therefore I shall leave with them is, To regard every Town Woman as a particular Kind of Queen, that has a Judgment upon their Noses; and that, amidst her Flatteries and Allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humorous Phrase of old *Montes*:

Ego tibi faciem donascula mundaui.

or Keep your Face out of my Way, or I'll take off your Nose.



N^o 261. Saturday, December 9, 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 8.

IT is the Duty of all who make Philosophy the Entertainment of their Lives, to turn their Thoughts to practical Schemes for the Good of Society, and not pass away their Time in fruitless Searches, which tend rather to the Ostentation of Knowledge than the Service of Life. For this Reason I cannot forbear reading even the common Bills that are daily put into People's Hands as they pass the Streets, which give us Notice of the present Residence, the past Travels and infallible Medicines of Doctors useful in their Generation, though much below the Character of the renowned *Taliacottus*. But upon a nice Calculation of the Successes of such Adepts, I find their Labours tend mostly to the enriching only one Sort of Men, that is to say, the Society of Upholders. From this Observation, and many other which occur to me when I am numbering the good People of *Great Britain*, I cannot but favour any Proposal which tends to repairing the Losses we sustain by *eninent Cures*. The best I have met with in this Kind has been offered to my Consideration, and recommended in a Letter subscribed, *Thomas Clement*. The Title to his printed Articles runs thus: *By the Profitable Society at the Wheat Sheaf over against Tom's Coffee house in Rattel Street Covent Garden, new Proposals for promoting a Contribution towards raising two hundred and fifty Pounds to be made on the Baptizing of any Infant born in Wedlock*. The Plan is laid with such proper Regulations, as serve (to such as fall in with it for the Sake of their Posterity) all the Uses, without any of the Inconveniences of Settlements. By this Means such whose Fortunes depend upon their own Industry, or personal Qualifications, need not be deterred by Fears of Poverty from that State which Nature and Reason

pre-

prescribe to us as the Fountain of the greatest Happiness in human Life. The Censors of *Rome* had Power vested in them to lay Taxes on the unmarried; and I think I cannot shew my Impartiality better than in enquiring into the extravagant Privileges my Brother Bachelors enjoy, and fine them accordingly. I shall not allow a single Life in one Sex to be reproached, and held in Esteem in the other. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if an old Bachelor, who lives in Contempt of Matrimony, were obliged to give a Portion to an old Maid who is willing to enter into it. At the same Time I must allow, that those who can plead Courtship, and were unjustly rejected, shall not be liable to the Pains and Penalties of Celibacy. But such as pretend an Aversion to the whole Sex, because they were ill treated by a particular Female, and cover their Sense of Disappointment in Women under a Contempt of their Favour, shall be proceeded against as Bachelors Convict. I am not without Hopes, that from this slight Warning all the unmarried Men of Fortune, Taste and Refinement, will, without further Delay, become Lovers and Humble Servants to such of their Acquaintance as are most agreeable to them, under Pain of my Censures: And it is to be hoped the rest of the World, who remain single for fear of the Incumbrances of Wedlock, will become Subscribers to Mr. *Clement's* Proposal. By these Means we shall have a much more numerous Account of Births in the Year 1711, than any ever before known in *Great Britain*, where merely to be born is a Distinction of Providence, greater than being born to a Fortune in another Place.

As I was going on in the Consideration of this good Office which Mr. *Clement* proposes to do his Country, I received the following Letter, which seems to be dictated by a like modest and publick Spirit, that makes Use of me also in its Design of obliging Mankind.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*;

- I N the Royal Lottery for a Million and a Half, I
- had the good Fortune of obtaining a Prize. From
- before the Drawing I had devoted a Fifth of whatever
- should arise to me to Charitable Uses. Accordingly
- I lately troubled you with my Request and Commis-

- non for placing Half a Dozen Youths with Mr. Moe,
- Writing Matter in *Colly Street*, to whom it is said, we
- owe all the fine Dyer, Plummer, and the Composure
- of all the Plates, for the drawing and paying the Tickets.
- He pleads therefore, good Sir, to find or make Let
- ture for completing therewith, for I would not appear
- concerned in this small Matter. I am very much

Your humble Servant, &c.

I T is no small Pleasure to observe, that in the midst of a very degenerate Age, there are still Spirits which retain their natural Dignity, and pursue the Course of their Fellow Creatures. Some in making themselves useful by protracted Service, some by secret Generosity. Were I at Liberty to discover even all the Good I know of many Men living at this Time, there would want nothing but a suitable Historian to make them appear as illustrious as any of the noblest of the oldest *Antients*. The cunning some have used to do handsome and worthy Actions, the Artists to do Men Services, and escape their Names, has produced to many surprising Incidents (which have been laid before me during my Contship) as, in the Opinion of Posterity, would oblige this Age of all its Crimes and Follies. I know no Way to deal with such delicate Minds as these, but by asserting them, that when they cease to do Good, I shall tell all the Good they have done already. Let therefore the Benefactor to the Youths above mentioned continue such Bounties, upon Pain of being publicly exposed. But there is no Probability of his running into that Hazard, for a strong Habit of Virtue can make Men intend the receiving Acknowledgments due to their Merit, till they are out of a Capacity of receiving them. I am to very much charmed with Accidents of this kind, that I have made a Collection of all the memorable handsome Things done by private Men in my Time. As a Specimen of my Manner of noting such Actions, take the following Fragment out of much more which is written in my Year Book on the remarkable Will of a Gentleman, whom I shall here call *Collymore*.

' THIS Day died that plain and excellent Man,
' my much honoured Friend *Calaneo*, who bequeathed
' his whole Estate to a Gentleman no Way related to
' him, and to whom he had given no such Expectation
' in his Life-time.'

HE was a Person of a very enlarged Soul, and thought the nearest Relation among Men to be the Resemblance of their Minds and Sentiments. He was not mistaken in the Worth of his successor, who received the News of this unexpected good Fortune with an Air that showed him less moved with the Benefit, than the Loss of the Benefactor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, That on Monday the 11th Instant the Case of the Will comes on, between the Hours of Ten and Eleven, at the Court of Honour; where both Persons are to attend, the Meeting there not being to be understood as a Visit, and the Right of the next Visit being then to be wholly settled, according to the Prayer of the Plaintiff.



*Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus actus,
Ora toris molles, pulchritudo cadere moris
Doctus, Et ingenium culpam de figure ludo.* Perf. Sat. 5.

*Soft Education does thy Style refine,
And the great Agents of the powerful Gown;
Gentle or sharp, according to thy Choice,
To laugh at Follies, or to laugh at Pious.*

No 262. Tuesday, December 12, 1710.

Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

THOMAS TRELLE, Gent. was indicted by several Ladies of his sisters Acquaintance for a very rude Affront offered to them at an Entertainment,
to

to which he had invited them, on *Tuesday* the 7th of *November* last past, between the Hours of Eight and Nine in the Evening. The Indictment set forth, that the said Mr. *rentall*, upon the serving up of the Supper, desired the Ladies to take their Places according to their different Age and Seniority, for that it was the Way always at his Table to pay Respect to Years. The Indictment added, That this produced an unspeakable Confusion in the Company; for that the Ladies, who before had pressed together for a Place at the upper End of the Table, immediately crowded with the same Disorder towards the End that was quite opposite; That Mrs. *Frontley* had the Insolence to clap herself down at the very lowest Place of the Table; That the Widow *Partlet* seated herself on the Right Hand of Mr. *Frontley*, alledging for her Excuse, that no Ceremony was to be used at a round Table; That Mrs. *Fidget* and Mrs. *Fesine* disputed above Half an Hour for the same Chair, and that the latter would not give up the Cause till it was decided by the Parish Register, which happened to be kept hard by. The Indictment further saith, That the rest of the Company who sat down, did it with a Reserve to their Right, which they were at Liberty to assert on another Occasion; and that Mrs. *Mury Pippe*, an old Maid, was placed by the unanimous Vote of the whole Company at the upper End of the Table, from whence she had the Confusion to behold several Mothers of Families among her Inferiors. The Criminal alledged in his Defence, That what he had done was to raise Mirth, and avoid Ceremony, and that the Ladies did not complain of his Rudeness till the next Morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great Readiness and Alacrity. The Censor frowning upon him, told him, That he ought not to discover so much Levity in Matters of a serious Nature, and (upon the Jury's bringing him in Guilty) sentenced him to treat the whole Assembly of Ladies over again, and to take Care that he did it with the Decorum which was due to Persons of their Quality.

REBECCA SHAPELY, Spinster, was indicted by Mrs. *Sarah Smack*, for speaking many Words reflecting upon her Reputation, and the Heels of her Silk

Slippers, which the Prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two Inches higher than they really were. The Prosecutor urged, as an Aggravation of her Guilt, That the Prisoner was herself guilty of the same Kind of Forgery which she had laid to the Prosecutor's Charge, for that she the said *Rebecca Shapely* did always wear a Pair of Steel Rodice, and a false Rump. The Censor order'd the Slippers to be produced in open Court, where the Heels were adjudg'd to be of the Statutable Size. He then order'd the Grand Jury to search the Criminal, who, after some Time spent therein, acquitted her of the Rodice, but found her guilty of the Rump; upon which she received Sentence as is usual in such Cases.

WILLIAM TRIPPER, Riquire, of the *Middle Temple*, brought his Action against the Lady *Elizabeth Prudely*, for having refused him her Hand as he offer'd to lead her to her Coach from the Opera. The Plaintiff set forth, That he had enter'd himself into the List of those Volunteers who officiate every Night behind the Boxes as Gentlemen Ushers of the Play house: That he had been at a considerable Charge in white Gloves, Periwiges and Snuff Boxes, in order to qualify himself for that Employment, and in Hopes of making his Fortune by it. The Counsel for the Defendant replied, That the Plaintiff had given out that he was within a Month of Wedding their Client, and that she had refused her Hand to him in Ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a Promise that she would give it him in Marriage. As soon as their Pleadings on both Sides were finished, the Censor order'd the Plaintiff to be cashier'd from his Office of Gentleman-Usher to the Play house, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill Design; and at the same Time order'd the Defendant either to marry the said Plaintiff; or to pay him Half a Crown for the new Pair of Gloves and Coach hire that he was at the Expence of in her Service.

THE Lady *Townly* brought an Action of Debt against Mrs. *Flambroan*, for that the said Mrs. *Flambroan* had not been to see the Lady *Townly*, and wish her Joy, since her Marriage with Sir *Ralph*, notwithstanding the the said Lady *Townly* had paid Mrs. *Flambroan* a Visit upon her first coming to Town. It was urg'd in the De-
half

half of the Defendant, That the Plaintiff had never given her any regular Notice of her being in Town: That the Visit she alledged had been made on a *Monday*, which she knew was a Day on which Mrs. *Flambeau* was always abroad, having set aside that only Day in the Week to mind the Affairs of her Family: That the Servant who enquired whether she was at Home, did not give the Visiting Knock: That it was not between the Hours of Five and Eight in the Evening: That there were no Candles lighted up: That it was not on Mrs. *Flambeau's* Day; and, in short, That there was not *one* of the essential Points observed that constitute a Visit. She further proved by her Porter's Book, which was produced in Court, that she had paid the Lady *Townly* a Visit on the 24th Day of *March*, just before her leaving the Town in the Year 1709-10, for which she was still Creditor to the said Lady *Townly*. To this the Plaintiff only replied, That she was now under Covert, and not liable to any Debts contracted when she was a single Woman. Mr. *Bickerstaff* finding the Cause to be very intricate, and that several Points of Honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving Judgment upon it till the next Session Day, at which Time he ordered the Ladies on his Left Hand to present to the Court a Table of all the Laws relating to Visits.

WINTERED LEAR brought her Action against *Rakodsky*, for having broken a Marriage-Contract, and wedded another Woman, after he had engaged himself to marry the said *Winifred Lear*. She alledged, That he had ogled her twice at an Opera, thrice in St. *James's* Church, and once at *Poor's* Puppet Show, at which Time he promised her Marriage by a Side Glance, as her Friend could testify that sat by her. Mr. *Bickerstaff* finding that the Defendant had made no further Overture of Love or Marriage, but by Looks and ocular Engagement; yet at the same Time considering how very apt such impudent Seducers are to lead the Ladies Hearts astray, ordered the Criminal to stand upon the Stage in the *Play House*, between each Act of the next Opera, there to be exposed to publick View as a false *Ogler*.

UPON the Ruling of the Court, Mr. *Bickerstaff* having taken one of these Counterparts in the very Fact

as he was ogling a Lady of the Grand Jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the Statute of Ogling. He likewise directed the Clerk of the Court to draw up an Edict against these common Cheats, that make Women believe they are distracted for them by staring them out of Countenance, and often blast a Lady's Reputation whom they never spoke to, by saucy Looks and distant Familiarities.



Minima contentos nocte Britannos.

Juv. Sat. 2.

The Britons contented with very little Night.

N^o 263. *Thursday, December 14, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, December 13.

AN old Friend of mine being lately come to Town, I went to see him on *Tuesday* last about Eight a-Clock in the Evening, with a Design to sit with him an Hour or two, and talk over old Stories; but upon enquiring after him, his Servant told me he was just gone to Bed. The next Morning as soon as I was up and dressed, and had dispatched a little Business, I came again to my Friend's House about Eleven a Clock, with a Design to renew my Visit; but upon asking for him, his Servant told me he was just sat down to Dinner. In short, I found that my old fashioned Friend religiously adhered to the Example of his Forefathers, and observed the same Hours that had been kept in the Family ever since the Conquest.

IT is very plain, that the Night was very much longer formerly in this Island than it is at present. By the Night, I mean that Portion of Time which Nature has thrown into Darkness, and which the Wisdom of Mankind had formerly dedicated to Rest and Silence. This used to begin at Eight a Clock in the Evening, and conclude at Six in the Morning. The Curfew, or Eight a Clock

a Clock Bell, was the Signal throughout the Nation for putting out their Candles and going to Bed.

OUR Grandmothers, tho' they were wont to sit up the last in the Family, were all of them fast asleep at the same Hours that their Daughters are busy at Crimp and Ballet. Modern Statesmen are concerting Schemes, and engaged in the Depth of Politics, at the Time when their Forefathers were laid down quietly to Rest, and had nothing in their Heads but Dreams. As we have thus thrown Business and Pleasure into the Hours of Rest, and by that Means made the natural Night but Half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great Part of the Morning; so that near two Thirds of the Nation lie fast asleep for several Hours in broad Day light. This Irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a Lady of Quality in *Great Britain* that ever saw the Sun rise. And if the Humour increases in Propension to what it has done of late Years, it is not impossible but our Children may hear the Bell-man going about the Streets at Nine a Clock in the Morning, and the Watch making their Rounds till Eleven. This unaccountable Disposition in Mankind to continue awake in the Night, and sleep in the Sun shine, has made me enquire, Whether the same Change of Inclination has happened to any other Animals? For this Reason I desired a Friend of mine in the Country to let me know, Whether the Lark rises as early as he did formerly? And whether the Cock begins to crow at his usual Hour? My Friend has answered me, That his Poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the Birds and the Beasts of his Neighbourhood keep the same Hours that they have observed in the Memory of Man; and the same which, in all Probability, they have kept for these five thousand Years.

If you would see the Innovations that have been made among us in this Particular, you may only look into the Hours of Colleges, where they still dine at Eleven, and sup at Six, which were doubtless the Hours of the whole Nation at the Time when those Places were founded. But at present the Courts of Justice are scarce opened in *Westminster Hall* at the Time when *William Rufus* used to go to Dinner in it. All Business is driven forward. The Land Marks of our Fathers (if I may so

call them) are removed, and planted further up into the Day; inasmuch that I am afraid our Clergy will be obliged (if they expect full Congregations) not to look any more upon Ten a Clock in the Morning as a Canonical Hour. In my own Memory the Dinner has crept by Degrees from Twelve a Clock to Three, and where it will fix no Body knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a Memorial in the Behalf of Supper against Dinner, setting forth, 'That the said Dinner has made several Encroachments upon the said Supper, and entered very far upon his Frontiers; 'That he has banished him out of several Families, and in all has driven him from his Head Quarters, and forced him to make his Retreat into the Hours of Midnight; and, in short, 'That he is now in Danger of being entirely confounded and lost in a Breakfast. Those who have read *Lucian*, and seen the Complaints of the Letter T. against S. upon Account of many Injuries and Usurpations of the same Nature, will not, I believe, think such a Memorial forced and unnatural. If Dinner has been thus postponed, or (if you please) kept back from 'Time to 'Time, you may be sure that it has been in Compliance with the other Business of the Day, and that Supper has still observed a proportionable Distance. There is a venerable Proverb, which we have all of us heard in our Infancy, of *putting the Children to Bed, and laying the Ghost to the Fire*. This was one of the familiar Sayings of our Forefathers, but may be properly used in the literal Sense at present. Who would not wonder at this perverted Policy of those who are reckoned the most polite Part of Mankind, that prefer Sea Coals and Candles to the Sun, and exchange for many cheerful Morning Hours, for the Pleasures of Midnight Revels and Debauchery? If a Man was only to consult his Health, he would chuse to live his whole 'Time (if possible) in Day-light, and to retire out of the World into Silence and Sleep, while the raw Damps and unwholesome Vapours fly abroad without a Sun to disperse, moderate, or controul them. For my own Part, I value an Hour in the Morning as much as common Libertines do an Hour at Midnight. When I find myself awakened into Being, and perceive my Life renewed within me, and at the same 'Time

*Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her Hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new Delight,
Awake; the Morning shines, and the fresh Field
Calls us; now lose the Prime, to mark how Spring
Our tined Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed,
How Nature paints her Colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid Sweets.*

*Such a bis'pring wak'd her, but with startl'd Eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:*

*O Sole! in whom my Thoughts find all Repose,
My Glory, my Perfection, glad I see
Thy Face, and Morn return'd.—*



Favete linguis. ————— Hor.

Be silent.

N^o 264. Saturday, December 16, 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 15.

B OCCALINI, in his *Parnassus*, indicts a Laconick Writer for speaking that in three Words which he might have said in two, and sentences him for his Punishment to read over all the Works of *Guiccardin*. This *Guiccardin* is so very prolix and circumstantial in his Writings, that I remember our Countryman Dr. *Donne*, speaking of that majestick and concise Manner in which *Mosis* has described the Creation of the World, adds, 'That if such an Author as *Guiccardin* were to have written on such a Subject, the World itself would not have been able to have contained the Books that gave the History of its Creation.'

I look upon a tedious Talker, or what is generally known by the Name of a Story-Teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix Writer. An Author
may

may be toss'd out of your Hand, and thrown aside when he grows dull and tiresome; but such Liberties are so far from being allowed towards your Orators in common Conversation, that I have known a Challenge sent a Person for going out of the Room abruptly, and leaving a Man of Honour in the Midst of a Dissertation. This Kail is at present so very common and epidemical, That there is scarce a Coffee house in Town that has not some Speakers belonging to it, who utter their Political Essays, and draw Parallels out of *Rake's Chronicle* to almost every Part of her Majesty's Reign. It was said of two ancient Authors who had very different Beauties in their Style, That if you took a Word from one of them, you only spoiled his Eloquence; but if you took a Word from the other, you spoiled his Sense. I have often applied the first Part of this Criticism to several of these Coffee-house Speakers whom I have at present in my Thoughts, tho' the Character that is given to the last of those Authors, is what I would recommend to the Imitation of my loving Countrymen: But it is not only publick Places of Resort, but private Clubs and Conversations over a Bottle, that are infested with this inquisitious Kind of Animal, especially with that Species which I comprehend under the Name of a busy Teller. I would earnestly desire these Gentlemen to consider, that no Point of Wit or Mirth at the End of a Story can atone for the Tattle. That that has been told before they come at it. I would likewise lay it Home to their serious Consideration, Whether they think that every Man in the Company has not a Right to speak as well as themselves? And whether they do not think they are invading another Man's Property when they engross the Time which should be divided equally among the Company to their own private Use?

WILLIAM makes this Kail the much greater in Conversation is, that these Humdrum Companions seldom endeavour to wind up their Narrations into a Point of Mirth or Instruction, which might make some Amends for the Tediousness of them, but think they have a Right to tell any Thing that has happened within their Memory. They look upon Matter of Fact to be a sufficient Foundation for a Story, and give us a long Account of Things, not

because they are entertaining or surprizing, but because they are true.

MY ingenious Kinsman, Mr. *Humphry Wagstaff*, uses to say, The Life of Man is too short for a Story-Teller.

ALCITHUS. *It* might be Half an Hour in telling what a Clock it was: But as for us *Postdiluvians*, we ought to do every Thing in Haste; and in our Speeches as well as Actions, remember that our Time is short. A Man that talks for a Quarter of an Hour together in Company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great Part of my Span. A Quarter of an Hour may be reckoned the eight and fortieth Part of a Day, a Day the three hundred and sixtieth Part of a Year, and a Year the threescore and tenth Part of Life. By this moral Arithmetick, supposing a Man to be in the Talking World one third Part of the Day, whoever gives another a Quarter of an Hour's Hearing, makes him a Sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth Part of his convertible Life.

I would establish but one great general Rule to be observed in all Conversation, which is this, *That Men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.* This would make them consider, Whether what they speak be worth hearing? Whether there be either Wit or Sense in what they are about to say? And, whether it be adapted to the Time when, the Place where, and the Person to whom it is spoken?

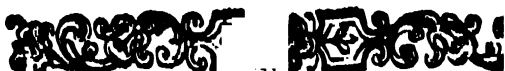
FOR the utter Extermination of these Orators and Story Tellers, which I look upon as very great Pests of Society, I have invented a Watch which divides the Minute into twelve Parts, after the same Manner that the ordinary Watches are divided into Hours; and will endeavour to get a Patent, which shall oblige every Club or Company to provide themselves with one of these Watches (that shall lie upon the Table as an Hour Glass is often placed near the Pulpit) to measure out the Length of a Discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a Man one Round of my Watch, that is, a whole Minute to speak in; but if he exceeds that Time, it shall be lawful for any of the Company to look upon the Watch, or to call him down to Order.

PROVIDED

PROVIDED however, that if any one can it appear he is turned of Threescore, he may take or, if he pleases, three Rounds of the Watch, w giving Offence. Provided also, That this Rule b construed to extend to the Fair Sex, who shall still Liberty to talk by the ordinary Watch that is n Use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this Automaton, which may be easily carried in the l without any Incumbrance, to all such as are tr with this Infirmary of Speech, that upon pulling ou Watches, they may have frequent Occasion to c what they are doing, and by that Means cut the l of the Story short, and hurry to a Conclusion. only add, That this Watch, with a Paper of Dir how to use it, is sold at *Charles Lillie's*.

I am afraid a *Tatler* will be thought a very im Paper to censure this Humour of being talkative: would have my Readers know, that there is a p preference between 'Tattle and Loquacity, as I shall fl large in a following Lucubration, it being my De throw away a Candle upon that Subject, in order plain the whole Art of 'Tatling in all its Branch Subdivisions.



Arbitrator hic igitur factus de lite jocosæ. Ovis
He therefore is made Arbitrator of the jocular Con

N^o 205. Tuesday, December 10, 1710.

Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour

AS soon as the Court was sat, the Ladies Bench presented, according to Order, a T all the Laws now in Force, relating to Vint and V Days, methodically digested under their respective which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the and afterwards proceeded upon the Business of the

HENRY HEEDLESS, Esquire, was indicted by Colonel *Truhy* of her Majesty's Train'd Bands, upon an Action of Assault and Battery; for that he the said Mr. *Heedless* having espied a Feather upon the Shoulder of the said Colonel, struck it off gently with the End of a Walking Staff, Value Three pence. It appeared, That the Prosecutor did not think himself injured till a few Days after the aforesaid Blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several Days, and conferred upon it with other Officers of the Militia, he concluded, that he had in Effect been cudgell'd by Mr. *Heedless*, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The Counsel for the Prosecutor alledged, That the Shoulder was the Tenderest Part in a Man of Honour; That it had a natural Antipathy to a Stick, and that every Touch of it, with any Thing made in the Fashion of a Cane, was to be interpreted as a Wound in that Part, and a Violation of the Person's Honour who received it. Mr. *Heedless* replied, That what he had done was out of Kindness to the Prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the Head of the Train'd Bands with a Feather upon his Shoulder; and further added, That the Stick he had made use of on this Occasion was so very small, that the Prosecutor could not have felt it, had he broke it on his Shoulders. The Censor hereupon directed the Jury to examine into the Nature of the Staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that Particular. Upon which he explained to them the different Degrees of Offence that might be given by the Touch of Crab-tree from that of Cane, and by the Touch of Cane from that of a plain Hazle Stick. The Jury, after a short Perusal of the Staff, declared their Opinion by the Mouth of their Foreman, That the Subsilance of the Staff was *Bottish* Oak. The Censor then observing that there was some Dull on the Skirts of the Criminal's Coat, ordered the Prosecutor to beat it off with the aforesaid oaken Plant; and thus, said the Censor, I shall decide this Cause by the Law of Retaliation: If Mr. *Heedless* did the Colonel a good Office, the Colonel will by this Means return it in Kind; but if Mr. *Heedless* should at any Time boast that he had cudgell'd the Colonel, or laid his Staff over his Shoulders, the Colonel might boast,

in his Turn, that he has brushed Mr. *Headless's* Jacket, or (to use the Phrase of an ingenious Author) that he has rubbed him down with an Oaken Towel.

Benjamin Rudy of London, Merchant, was indicted by *Jaiper Tattle*, Esq; for having pulled out his Watch and looked upon it thrice, while the said Esquire *Tattle* was giving him an Account of the Funeral of the said Esquire *Tattle's* first Wife. The Prisoner alledged in his Defence, That he was going to buy Stocks at the Time when he met the Prosecutor; and that during the Story of the Prosecutor, the said Stocks rose above two *per Cent.* to the great Detriment of the Prisoner. The Prisoner further brought several Witnesses, That the said *Jaiper Tattle*, Esq; was a most notorious Story-Teller: That before he met the Prisoner, he had hinder'd one of the Prisoner's Acquaintance from the Pursuit of his lawful Business, with the Account of his second Marriage; and that he had detained another by the Button of his Coat, that very Morning, till he had heard several witty Sayings and Contrivances of the Prosecutor's eldest Son, who was a Boy of about five Years of Age. Upon the whole Matter, Mr. *Rickerstaff* dismissed the Accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the Prosecutor to pay Damages to the Prisoner for what the Prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient an Hearing. He further reprimanded the Prosecutor very severely, and told him, That if he proceeded in his usual Manner to interrupt the Business of Mankind, he would set a Fine upon him for every Quarter of an Hour's Impertinence, and regulate the said Fine according as the Time of the Person so injured should appear to be more or less precious.

Sir Paul Scatch, Knight, was indicted by *Peter Double*, Gent. for not returning the Bow which he received of the said *Peter Double*, on *Wednesday* the 6th Instant at the Play house in the *Hay Market*. The Prisoner denied the Receipt of any such Bow, and alledged in his Defence, That the Prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his Face, but that when he bowed to the said Prosecutor, he would take no Notice of it, or bow to some Body else that sat quite on the other Side of him. He likewise alledged, that several Ladies had complained of the Prosecutor, who, after ogling them a Quarter of an

Hour.

four, upon their making a Courtesy to him, would not return the Civility of a Bow. The Censor observing several Glances of the Prosecutor's Eye, and perceiving, that when he talked to the Court, he look'd upon the Jury, found Reason to suspect there was a wrong Call in his Sight, which upon Examination prov'd true. The Censor therefore ordered the Prisoner (that he might not produce any more Confusions in publick Assemblies) never to bow to any Body whom he did not at the same Time call to by his Name.

Oliver Bluff and *Benjamin Newcomb*, were indicted for going to fight a Duel since the Decision of *The Court of Honour*. It appeared, That they were both taken up in the Street as they passed by the Court, in their Way to the Fields behind *Montague House*: The Criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a Challenge which had been made above a Week before the *Court of Honour* was erected. The Censor finding some Reasons to suspect (by the Humbleness of their Behaviour) that they were not so very brave as they would have the Court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the Grand Jury, who found a Breast Plate upon the one, and two Quires of Paper upon the other. The Breast Plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a Peg over Mr. *Archibuff's* Tribunal, and the Paper to be laid upon the Table for the Use of his Clerk. He then ordered the Criminals to button up their Hosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their Duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the Court, and retired to their respective Lodgings.

The Court then adjourned till after the Holidays.

Copied verbatim,

Charles Lillie.



Ridens est pulset lufion decentius aetas.

Hor.

Youth may be merry and Sportful with a better Grace.

N^o 166. *Thursday, December 21, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, December 20.

I would be a good Appendix to *The Art of Living and Dying*, if any one would write *The Art of growing Old*, and teach Men to resign their Pretensions to the Pleasures and Gallantries of youth, in Proportion to the Alteration they find in themselves by the Approach of Age and Infirmities. The Infirmities of this Stage of Life would be much fewer, if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous and active Part of our Days; but instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present Follies, the Ambition of many of us is still to be the same sort of Fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed Lover of Women, That our Sex grows old with a much worse Grace than the other does; and have ever been of Opinion, that there are more well-pleased old Women, than old Men. I thought it a good Reason for this, that the Ambition of the Fair Sex being confined to advantageous Marriages, or shining in the Eyes of Men, then Parts were over sooner, and consequently the Errors in the Performance of them. The Conversation of this Evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two top Women shall not make a Balance for the Crowds of Coxcombs among ourselves, diversified according to the different Pursuits of Pleasure and Business.

RETURNING home this Evening a little before my usual Hour, I have had treated myself in my easy Chair.

Chair, flung the Fire and Struck my Cat, but I want long to come tumbling up stairs. I saw my Door opened, and a human Figure advancing towards me, so fantastically put together, it was some Minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate Friend *Tom Truffle*. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own Chair, a Compliment I pay to few. The first Thing he uttered was, *Now*, fetch me a Cup of your Cherry Brandy before you offer to ask any Question. He drunk a lusty Draught, sat silent for some Time, and at last broke out; I am come (quoth he) to insult thee for an old fantastick Doctor as thou art in ever do- lecting the Women. I have this Evening visited two Widows, who are now in that State I have often heard you call an After Life; I suppose you mean by it, an Existence which grows out of past Entertainments, and is an untimely Delight in the Dissatisfactions which they owe to their Hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but Patience, (continued he) till I give you a succinct Account of my Ladies, and of this Night's Adventure. They are much of an Age, but very different in their Characters. The one of them, with all the Advances which Years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic Strain of Love and Friendship which she fell into in her Youth; the other has transferred the enormous Passions of her first Years to the Love of Comics, Pills and Favours, with which she is always surrounded; but the Genius of each of them will best appear by the Account of what happened to me at their Houses. About Five this Afternoon, being shed with Windy, the Weather settling, and Time trying a little upon my Hands, I resolved, at the Instigation of my evil Genius, to visit them, their Husbands having been out Contemperate. This I thought I could do without much Trouble, for both live in the very next Street. I went first to my Lady *Cassocks*, and the Butler, who had lived long in the Family, and seen me often in his Mother's Time, ushered me very civilly into the Parlor, and told me, though my Lady had given strict Orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black Boy acquaint his Lady, that I was to wait upon her. In the Window lay two

Letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a Water: The first directed to the Divine *Cosmelia*, the second to the Charming *Lucinda*; but both, by the indented Characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady Hands. Such uncommon Addresses increased my Curiosity, and put me upon asking my old Friend the Butler, If he knew who those Persons were? Very well, says he: This is from Mrs. *Furbish* to my Lady, an old School Fellow and great Crony of her Ladyship's, and this the Answer. I enquired in what County she lived. Oh dear! says he, but just by in the Neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this Morning, and that Letter came and was answered within these two Hours. They have taken an odd Fancy, you must know, to call one another hard Names, but for all that they love one another hugely. By this Time the Boy returned with his Lady's humble Service to me, desiring I would excuse her, for she could nor possibly see me, nor any Body else, for it was Opera Night.

METTHINKS, (says I) such innocent Folly as two old Womens Courtship to each other, should rather make you merry, than put you out of Humour. Peace, good *Man*, (says he) no Interruption I beseech you. I got toon to Mrs. *Feeble*'s, she that was formerly *Betty Frix*; you must needs remember her, *Tom Feeble* of *Brown Nose* fell in Love with her for her fine Dancing. Well, Mrs. *Useful*, without further Ceremony, carries me directly up to her Mistress's Chamber, where I found her environ'd by four of the most mischievous Animals that can ever infest a Family; an old shock Dog with one Eye, a Monkey chained to one Side of the Chimney, a great grey Squirrel to the other, and a Parrat, waddling in the Middle of the Room. However, for a while, all was in a profound Tranquillity. Upon the Mantle Tree, for I am a pretty curious Observer, stood a Pot of Lambetive Elestuary, with a Stick of Liquorish, and near it a Phial of Rose-Water and Powder of Tutty. Upon the Table lay a Pipe filled with Betony and Colts foot, a Roll of Wax Candle, a Silver Spitting Pot, and a *S-cilla* Orange. The Lady was plac'd in a large Wicker Chair, and her Feet wrapped up in Flannel, supported by Cushions; and in this Ar-

e (would you believe it, *hinc*) was the reading a
uance with Spectacles on. The first Compliments
, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter
Conversation, a violent Fit of Coughing seized

This awaked Shock, and in a Trice the whole
m was in an Uproar; for the Dog barked, the
irel squealed, the Monkey chattered, the Parrot
med, and *Ursula*, to appease them, was more cla
ous than all the rest. You, *hinc*, who know how

harsh Noise affects my Head, may guess what I
red from the hideous Din of these discordant Sounds.
length all was appeased, and Quiet restored: A
it was drawn for me, where I was no sooner seated,
the Parrot fixed his horny Beak, as sharp as a Pair
beers, in one of my Heels, just above the Shoe. I
ng from the Place with an unusual Agility, and so
g within the Monkey's Reach, he snatches off my

Bob wig, and throws it upon two Apples that
e roasting by a fullen Sea Coal Fire. I was unable
ugh to save it from any further Damage than smok
the Foretop. I put it on, and composing myself
vell as I could, I drew my Chair towards the other
of the Chimney. The good Lady as soon as she

recovered Breath, employed it in making a thou
Apologies, and with great Eloquence, and a nu
ous Train of Words, lamented my Misfortune. In
Middle of her Harangue, I felt something scratch
near my Knee, and feeling what it should be, found
Squirrel had got into my Coat Pocket. As I en
doured to remove him from his Burrow, he made
Teeth meet through the fleshy Part of my Fore
ger. This gave me an unexpressible Pain. The
gay Water was immediately brought to bathe it,

Gold-beaters skin applied to stop the Blood. The
y renewed her Excuses; but being now out of all
ence, I abruptly took my Leave, and hobbling
on Stairs with headless Haile, I set my Foot full in
oil of Water, and down we came to the Bottom to
ier. Here my Friend concluded his Narrative, and,
a composed Countenance, I began to make him
mpliments of Condolence; but he started from his
ar, and said, *hinc*, you may spare your Speeches.

I expect no Reply : When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me ; but the next Woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young One.



*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, Et omnes
Replevit stellis, exortus uti uertus sol.* Lucret.

*Who's excelled all Mankind in Genius, and out-shone
them, as the Sun does the Stars.*

N^o 267. Saturday, December 23, 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I HAVE heard, that it is a Rule among the Conventuals of several Orders in the *Romish* Church, to shut themselves up at a certain Time of the Year, not only from the World in general, but from the Members of their own Fraternity, and to pass away several Days by themselves in settling Accounts between their Bodies and their own Souls, in cancelling unrepented Crimes, and renewing their Contracts of Obedience for the future. Such stated Times for particular Acts of Devotion, or the Exercise of certain religious Duties, have been enjoined in all Civil Governments, whatever Duty they worshipped, or whatever Religion they professed. That which may be done at all Times, is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some Time more than another ; and therefore, though several Duties may be suitable to every Day of our Lives, they are most likely to be performed if some Days are more particularly set apart for the Practice of them. Our Church has accordingly instituted several Seasons of Devotion, when Time, Custom, Preterition, and (if I may so say) the Fashion itself, call upon a Man to be serious and attentive to the great End of his Being.

I have

I have hinted in some former Papers, that the greatest and wisest of Men in all Ages and Countries, particularly in *Rome* and *Greece*, were renowned for their Piety and Virtue. It is now my Intention to shew how those in our own Nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for Learning and Knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their Adherence to the Religion of their Country.

I might produce very shining Examples from among the Clergy; but because Priestcraft is the common Cry of every cavilling empty Scribler, I shall shew that all the Laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary Genius in their Writings, and were the Glory of their Times, were Men whose Hopes were filled with Immortality, and the Prospect of future Rewards, and Men who lived in a dutiful Submission to all the Doctrines of Revealed Religion.

I shall in this Paper only Instance *Sir Francis Bacon*, a Man who for the Greatness of Genius, and Compass of Knowledge, did Honour to his Age and Country: I could almost say, to Human Nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary Talents which were divided amongst the greatest Authors of Antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive Knowledge of *Aristotle*, with all the beautiful Lights, Graces and Embellishments of *Cicero*. One does not know which to admire most in his Writings, the Strength of Reason, Force of Style, or Brightness of Imagination.

THIS Author has remarked in several Parts of his Works, that a thorough Insight into Philosophy makes a good Believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a Race of despicable Infidels as the little profigate Writers of the present Age, whom (I must confess) I have always accused to myself, not so much for their Want of Faith as their Want of Learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find among the Works of this extraordinary Man a Prayer of his own composing, which, for the Elevation of Thought and Greatness of Expression, seems rather the Devotion of an Angel than a Man. His principal Fault seems to have been the Excess of that Virtue which covers a Multitude of Faults. This betrayed him to so great an Indulgence towards

his Servants, who made a corrupt Use of It, that it shap'd him of all those Riches and Honours which a long Series of Merits had heap'd upon him. But in this Prayer, at the same Time that we find him prostrating himself before the great Mercy Seat, and humbled under Afflictions, which at that Time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the Sense of his Integrity, his Zeal, his Devotion, and his Love to Mankind, which give him a much higher Figure in the Minds of Thinking Men, than that Greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg Leave to write down the Prayer itself, with the Title to it, as it was found among his Lordship's Papers, written in his own Hand, not being able to furnish my Readers with an Entertainment more suitable to this solemn Time.

*A Prayer, or Devotion, made by my Lord BACON,
Chancellor of England.*

• **M**OST gracious Lord God, my merciful Fa-
• ther; from my Youth up my Creator, my Re-
• deemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, foundedst and
• searchest the Depths and Secrets of all Hearts; Thou
• acknowledgest the Upright of Heart; Thou judgest
• the Hypocrite; Thou ponderest Mens Thoughts and
• Dongs as in a Balance; Thou measurest their Inten-
• tions as with a Line; Vanity and crooked Ways can-
• not be hid from Thee.

• REMEMBER, O Lord! how thy Servant hath
• walked before Thee; remember what I have said
• sought, and what hath been principal in my Intentions.
• I have loved thy Assemblies, I have mourned for the
• Divisions of thy Church, I have delighted in the
• Brightness of thy Sanctuary. The Vine, which thy
• Right Hand hath planted in this Nation, I have ever
• prayed unto Thee that it might have the first and
• the latter Rain, and that it might stretch her Bran-
• ches to the Seas, and to the Floods. The State and
• Bread of the Poor and Oppressed have been precious
• in mine Eyes; I have hated all Cruelty and Hardness
• of Heart; I have (though in a despised Weed) pro-
• cured the Good of all Men. Wavy have been my

• Enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the
 • Sun almost set upon my Displeasure; but I have been
 • as a Dove, free from Superfluity of Maliciousness.
 • Thy Creatures have been my Books, but thy Scrip-
 • tures much more. I have sought Thee in the Courts,
 • Fields and Gardens, but I have found Thee in thy
 • Temples.

• THOUSANDS have been my Sins, and ten
 • thousands my Transgressions, but thy Sanctifications have
 • remained with me, and my Heart (through thy Grace)
 • hath been an unquenched Coal upon thine Altar.

• O LORD, my Strength! I have since my Youth
 • met with Thee in all my Ways, by thy Fatherly
 • Compassions, by thy comfortable Chastisements, and
 • by thy most visible Providence. As thy Favours have
 • increased upon me, so have thy Corrections; so as
 • thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever
 • as my worldly Blessings were exalted, so secret Darts
 • from Thee have pierced me; and when I have af-
 • cended before Men, I have descended in Humiliation
 • before Thee. And now when I thought most of
 • Peace and Honour, thy Hand is heavy upon me, and
 • hath humbled me according to thy former Loving-
 • kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly School, not
 • as a Bastard, but as a Child. Just are thy Judgments
 • upon me for my Sins, which are more in Number
 • than the Sands of the Sea, but have no Proportion to
 • thy Mercies; for what are the Sands of the Sea?
 • Earth, Heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy
 • Mercies. Besides my innumerable Sins, I confess be-
 • fore Thee, that I am Debtor to Thee for the gra-
 • cious Talent of thy Gifts and Graces, which I have
 • neither put into a Napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to
 • Exchangers, where it might have made best Profit,
 • but mispent it in Things for which I was least fit: So
 • I may truly say, my Soul hath been a Stranger in
 • the Course of my Pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O
 • Lord, for my Saviour's Sake, and receive me unto thy
 • Bosom, or guide me in thy Ways.



——— *O te, Pollane, cerebri*
Filium! Aeternum tacitus, cum quilibet ille
Garrivet. ————— *Hor.*

Would I were like rough Manly in the Play,
To send Impertinents with Kicks away.

N^o 268. *Tuesday, December 26, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, December 25.

AT my coming Home last Night, I found upon my Table the following Petition or Projectt, sent me from *Lloyd's Coffee-house* in the City, with a Present of *Port Wine*, which had been bought at a late Auction held in that Place.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; Censor of Great Britain.

Lloyd's Coffee-house, Lombard street. Dec. 23.

WE the Customers of this Coffee house, observing that you have taken into your Consideration the great Mischiefs daily done in this City by Coffee-house Orators, do humbly beg Leave to represent to you, That this Coffee house being provided with a Pulpit for the Benefit of such Auctions that are frequently made in this Place, it is our Custom, upon the first coming in of the News, to order a Youth, who officiates as the Kidney of the Coffee-house, to get into the Pulpit, and read every Paper with a loud and distinct Voice, while the whole Audience are sipping their respective Liquors. We do therefore, Sir, humbly propose, that there be a Pulpit erected within every Coffee-house of this City and

' the adjacent Parts; That one of the Waiters of the
 ' Coffee-house be nominated as Reader to the said Pul-
 ' pit; That after the News of the Day has been pub-
 ' lished by the said Lecturer, some Politician of good
 ' Note do ascend into the said Pulpit; and after ha-
 ' ving chosen for his Text any Article of the said News,
 ' that he do establish the Authority of such Article,
 ' clear the Doubts that may arise thereupon, compare
 ' it with Parallel Texts in other Papers, advance upon it
 ' wholesome Points of Doctrine, and draw from it sa-
 ' lutary Conclusions for the Benefit and Edification of
 ' all that hear him We do likewise humbly propose,
 ' That upon any such Politician's quitting the Pulpit,
 ' he shall be succeeded by any other Orator that finds
 ' himself moved by the same publick Spirit, who shall
 ' be at full Liberty either to enforce or overthrow what
 ' the other has said before him, and may in the same
 ' Manner be succeeded by another Politician who shall
 ' with the same Liberty confirm or impugn his Reasons,
 ' strengthen or invalidate his Conjectures, enlarge upon
 ' his Schemes, or erect new ones of his own. We
 ' do likewise further propose, That if any Person, of
 ' what Age and Rank soever, do presume to cavil at any
 ' Paper that has been read, or to hold forth upon it
 ' longer than the Space of one Minute, that he be im-
 ' mediately ordered up into the Pulpit, there to make
 ' good any Thing that he has suggested upon the Floor.
 ' We do likewise further propose, That if any one plays
 ' the Orator in the ordinary Coffee-house Conversation,
 ' whether it be upon Peace or War, on Plays or Ser-
 ' mons, Business or Poetry, that he be forthwith desired
 ' to take his Place in the Pulpit.

' THIS, Sir, we humbly presume may in a great
 ' Measure put a Stop to those superficial Statesmen who
 ' would not dare to stand up in this Manner before a
 ' whole Congregation of Politicians, notwithstanding the
 ' long and tedious Harangues and Dissertations which
 ' they daily utter in private Circles, to the Breaking of
 ' many honest Traders, the Seducing of several emi-
 ' nent Citizens, the Making of numberless Miscalcu-
 ' lations, and to the great Detriment and Disquiet of her
 ' Majesty's Subjects.

I do heartily concur with my ingenious Friends at the above mentioned Coffee house in these their Propositions; and because I apprehend there may be Reasons to put an immediate Stop to the Grievance complained of, it is my Intention, That till such Time as the aforesaid Pulpits can be erected, every Orator do place himself within the Bar, and from thence dictate whatsoever he shall think necessary for the Publick Good.

AND further, because I am very desirous that proper Ways and Means should be found out for the suppressing of Story Tellers and fine Talkers in all ordinary Conversions whatsoever, I do insist, That in every private Club, Company or Meeting over a Bottle, there be always an Elbow Chair placed at the Table, and that as soon as any one begins a long Story, or extends his Discourse beyond the Space of our Minute, he be forthwith thrust into the said Elbow Chair, unless upon any of the Company's calling out to the Chan, he breaks off abruptly, and holds his Tongue.

THERE are two Species of Men, notwithstanding any Thing that has been here said, whom I would exempt from the Disgrace of the Elbow Chair. The first are those Buffoons that have a Talent of mimicking the Speech and Behaviour of other Persons, and turning all their Satires, Friends and Acquaintance into Ridicule. I look upon your *Postumes* as a Legion in a Man, or at least to be like *Peg's* Moulder, with an hundred Mouths and as many Tongues.

— — — *Tongue centum sunt, vixit centum.*

And therefore would give him as much Time to talk in, as would be allowed to the whole Body of Persons he represents, were they actually in the Company which they divert by Proxy. Provided however, That the said *Postumes* do not, upon any Pretence whatsoever, utter any Thing in his own particular Opinion, Language or Character.

I would likewise, in the second Place, grant an Exemption from the Elbow Chair to any Person who treats the Company, and by that Means may be supposed to pay for his Audience. A Guest cannot take it ill if

he be not allowed to talk in his Turn by a Person who puts his Mouth to a better Employment, and stops it with good Beef and Mutton. In this Case the Guest is very agreeably silenced, and seems to hold his Tongue under that Kind of Bribery which the Antients called, *Bon in Lingua*.

IF I can once extirpate the Race of solid and substantial Humdrums, I hope by my wholesome and repeated Advices, quickly to reduce the insignificant Title tattlers and Matter of Fact Men that abound in every Quarter of this great City.

EPICURETUS, in his little System of Morality, prescribes the following Rule with that beautiful Simplicity which shines through all his Precepts. *Beware that thou never tell thy Dreams in Company; for notwithstanding thou mayest take a Pleasure in telling thy Dreams, the Company will take no Pleasure in hearing them.*

THIS Rule is conformable to a Maxim which I have laid down in a late Paper, and must always inculcate into those of my Readers who find in themselves an Inclination to be very talkative and impertinent, That they should not speak to please themselves, but those that hear them.

IT has been often observed by witty Essay Writers, That the deepest Waters are always the most silent; that empty Vessels make the greatest Sound, and tinkling Cymbals the worst Musick. The Marquis of *Hallifax*, in his admirable Advice to a Daughter, tells her, That good Sense has always something fallen in it: But as Silence does not imply Silence, but an ill natured Silence, I with his Lordship had given a softer Name to it. Since I am engaged unawares in Quotations, I must not omit the Satire which *Horace* has written against this impertinent talkative Companion, and which, I think, is fuller of Honour than any other Satire he has written. This great Author, who had the nicest Taste of Conversation, and was himself a most agreeable Companion, had so strong an Antipathy to a great Talker, that he was afraid some time or other it would be mortal to him, as he has very humourously described it in his Conversation with an impertinent Fellow who had like to have been the Death of him.

*Interpellandi locus hic erat: Est tibi mater,
Cognati, quis te salvo est apus? Haud mihi quijquam.
Omnes compoivi. Felicis, nunc ego vestro.
Confite, namq; inflat fatum mihi triste, Sabella
Quod pueri coxinit divina mora annis urna.
Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus aufiret ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.
Garrulus hunc quando contumet cumque loquaces,
Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit aetas.*

Thus translated by Mr. OLDHAM:

- Here I got Room to interrupt: Have you
- A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now?
- Not one, they are all dead. 'Tis so, I guess,
- The happier they (said I) who are at Rest.
- Poor I am only left unmurdered yet:
- Hail, I beseech you, and dispatch me quite,
- For I am well convince'd my Time is come;
- When I was young a Gipsy told my Doom.
- This Lad, said she, (and look'd upon my Hand)
- Shall not by Sword or Poison come to's End,
- Nor by the Fever, Dropsy, Gout or Stone;
- But he shall die by an eternal Tongue:
- Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wise,
- Let him avoid great Talkers, I advise.



THE TATLER

*— The angry Lady do not
in malice —*

These Letters lead to solid Ills.

N^o 49. *Thursday, December 28, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, December 27.

I find my Correspondents are universally offended at me for taking Notice to select of their Letters, and fear People have taken the Advantage of my Silence to go on in their Prizes, for which Reason I shall hereafter be more careful to answer all lawful Questions and just Complaints as soon as they come to my Hands. The two following Epistles relate to very great Mistake in the most important Articles of Life, Love and Friend-ship.

Mr. Richcraft,

Perthshire, Decemb. 22.

I am my Misfortune to be enamoured of a Lady that is neither very beautiful, very witty, nor at all well natured; but has the Vanity to think she excels in all these Qualifications, and therefore is cruel, insolent and harmful. When I study to please her, she treats me with the most Rudeness and ill Man-ners. If I approach her Person, she fights, she scratches me. If I offer a civil Salute, she bites me, intimates that very lately, before a whole Assembly of Ladies and Gentlemen, she spyt out a considerable Part of my Left Cheek. This is no former done, but she begs my Pardon in the most handsome and becoming Terms imaginable, gives herself worse Language than I could find in my Heart to do, lets me embrace her to passion; but while she is rolling at herself, protests she deserves

the Rileem of no one living, says I am too good to contradict her when she thus accuses herself. This atones for all, tempts me to renew my Addresses, which are ever returned in the same obliging Manner. Thus, without some speedy Relief, I am in Danger of losing my whole Face. Notwithstanding all this, I doat upon her, and am satisfied she loves me, because she takes me for a Man of Sense, which I have been generally thought, except in this one Instance. Your Reflections upon this strange Amour would be very useful in these Parts, where we are over-run with wild Beauties and Rumps. I earnestly beg your Assistance, either to deliver me from the Power of this unaccountable Infatuation, or, by some proper Animadversions, civilize the Behaviour of this agreeable Ruttick. I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

Ebenezer.

Mr. Rickerstaff,

Now take Leave to address you in your Character of Censor, and complain to you, That among the various Errors in Conversation which you have corrected, there is one which, though it has not escaped a general Reproof, yet seems to deserve a more particular Severity. 'Tis an Humour of Jest on disagreeable Subjects, and insisting on the Jest, the more it creates Uneasiness; and this some Men think they have a Title to do as Friends. Is the Design of Jest, to provoke? Or does Friendship give a Privilege to say Things with a Design to shock? How can that be called a Jest, which has nothing in it but Bitterness? 'Tis generally allowed necessary, for the Peace of Company, that Men should a little study the Temper of each other; but certainly that must be in order to shun what is offensive, not to make it a constant Entertainment. The frequent Repetition of what appears harsh, will unavoidably leave a Rancour that is fatal to Friendship; and I doubt much, whether it would be an Argument of a Man's good Humour, if he should

• he roused by perpetual Teazing, to treat those that do
 • it as his Enemies. In a Word, whereas 'tis a common
 • Practice to let a Story die, merely because it does not
 • touch, I think such as mention one they find does, are
 • as troublesome to Society, and as unfit for it, as *Wags*,
 • *Men of Fire*, *good Talkers*, or any other Apes in Con-
 • versation; and therefore, for the Publick Benefit, I
 • hope you'll cause them to be branded with such a
 • Name as they deserve. I am,

S I R, Yours,

Patient Friendly.

THE Case of *Ehouscar* is a very common one, and is always cured by Neglect. These satirical Returns of Affection proceed from a certain Vanity in the other Sex, supported by a perverted Taste in ours. I must publish it as a Rule, That no Faults which proceed from the Will, either in a Mistress or a Friend, are to be tolerated: But we should be so complaisant to Ladies, to let them displease when they aim at doing it. Pluck up a Spirit, *Ehouscar*, recover the Use of your Judgment, and her Faults will appear, or her Beauties vanish. *Her Faults begin to please me as well as my own*, is a Sentence very prettily put into the Mouth of a Lover by the Comic Poet; but he never design'd it for a Maxim of Life, but the Picture of an Imperfection. If *Ehouscar* takes my Advice, the same Temper which made her insolent to his Love, will make her submissive to his Indifference.

I cannot wholly ascribe the Faults mentioned in the second Letter to the same Vanity or Pride in Companions who secretly triumph over their Friends, in being sharp upon them in Things where they are most tender. But when this Sort of Behaviour does not proceed from that Source, it does from Barrenness of Invention, and an Inability to support a Conversation in a Way less offensive. It is the same Poverty which makes Men speak or write finuttily, that forces them to talk vexingly. As obscene Language is an Address to the Lewd for Applause, so are sharp Allusions an Appeal to the ill-natured. But mean
and

and illiterate is that Conversation where one Man
uses his Wit to make another exercise his Patience.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Plagius has been told again and
both in publick and private, That he preaches ex-
cellently, and still goes on to preach as well as ever,
this to a polite and learned Audience: This is to
That he would not hereafter be so eloquent, except
Country Congregation; the Proprietors of Tillotson's
having consulted the Learned in the Law, whether
ing a Sermon they have purchased, is not to be
publishing their Copy.

Mr. Dogood is desired to consider, that his Stor-
were upon a Weakness, and not a Folly.



Cum pulchris tunicis sumus nova consiliis & spes.

His Designs and Hopes will be alter'd by his fine Cla-

N^o 270. Saturday, December 30, 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 29.

ACCORDING to my late Resolution,
the Holy Days to be no improper Season
to visit the Town with the Addressees of my Cor-
dents. In my Walks every Day there appear all
me very great Offenders in the Point of Dress
armed Taylor had the Impudence Yesterday in it
to smile in my Face, and pull off a laced Hat to
it were in Contempt of my Authority and C
However, it is a very great Satisfaction, that
People as well as myself are offended with these
practices. The following Notices from Persons

ferent Sexes and Qualities are a sufficient Instance how useful my Lucubrations are to the Publick.

Jack's Coffee house near

Guildhall, Dec. 27.

Cousin Bickerstaff.

‘T has been the peculiar Blessing of our Family to be always above the Smiles or Frowns of Fortune, and by a certain Greatness of Mind to restrain all irregular Fondnesses or Passions. From hence it is, that though a long Decay, and a numerous Descent, have obliged many of our House to fall into the Arts of Trade and Business, no one Person of us has ever made an Appearance that betrayed our being unsatisfied with our own Station of Life, or has ever affected a Mien or Gesture unluitable to it.

‘YOU have up and down in your Writings very justly remarked, That it is not this or the other Profession of Quality among Men that gives us Honour and Esteem, but the well or ill behaving ourselves in those Characters. It is therefore with no small Concern, that I behold in Coffee houses and publick Places my Brethren, the Tradesmen of this City, put off the smooth, even and antient Decorum of thriving Citizens, for a fantastical Dress and Figure, improper for their Persons and Characters, to the utter Destruction of that Order and Distinction which of Right ought to be between St. James's and Milk street, the Camp and Chappinide.

‘I have given myself some Time to find out, how distinguish the Frays in a Lot of Muslins, or drawing up a Parcel of Thread Laces, or making a Party sick of Treason of Sagathy or Scotch Plod, should to a laced Hat or Sword, a Wig tied up with an embroidered Coat. The College say, proceeds from a Sort of Delirium in the Brain, which it break out first about the Head, and, till some timely Remedies, fall upon the Left Thigh, and from thence in little Mazes and Windings run over the whole Body, as appears by pretty Ornaments on the Buttons, Button holes, Garbings, Sides of the Breeches, and the like. I beg

- the Favour of you to give us a Discourse wholly up
- the Subject of Habits, which will contribute to
- better Government of Conversation among us, and
- particular oblige,

S I R,

Your affectionate Cousin,

Peix Tranquil

At Home Bickerstaff, Esq; Consul of Great Britain.

The humble Petition of Ralph Noh, Haberdashier of H
and many other poor Sufferers of the same Trade,

Sheweth,

- T H A T for some Years last past the Use of C
- and Silver Gallon upon Hats has been ab
- universal, being indistinguishably worn by Rich
- Squires, Lords, Footmen, Heaus, Sportsmen, Trid
- Clerks, Priests, Minnats, Colliers, Petty Fellows
- Sharpers.

- T H A T the said Use and Custom has been
- Ways very prejudicial to your Petitioners. First
- that it has induced Men, to the great Damage of y
- Petitioners, to wear their Hats upon their Heads,
- which Means the said Hats last much longer whole
- they would do it worn under their Arms. Next
- in that very often a new Dressing and a new Face
- ply the Place of a new Hat, which Grievance we
- chiefly sensible of in the Spring time, when the C
- pany is leaving the Town; it so happening commo
- that a Hat shall frequent all Winter the finest and
- Attendants without any Ornament at all, and in
- shall be tricked up with Gold or Silver to keep C
- pany with Rufflers, and ride in the Rain.

- A L L which Premises your Petitioners humbly j
- you to take into your Consideration, and either to
- point a Day in your Court of Honour, when all t
- tenders to the Gallon may enter their Claims,
- have them approved or rejected, or to give us i

' other Relief as to your great Wisdom shall seem
' meet.

And your Petitioners, &c.

*(I R D R my Friend near Temple Bar, the Author of
the Hunting Cuck, to assist the Court when this Petition
is read, of which Mr. Lillie is give him Notice.*

To Isaac Nickerstaff, Esq; Crafts of Great Britain.

The humble Petition of Elizabeth Bleeker, Spinster,

Sheweth,

' **T**HAT on the sixth of this Instant December, her
' Friend Rebecca Hide and your Petitioner walk-
' ing in the Strand, saw a Gentleman before us in a
' Crown, whose Periwig was so long, and so much pow-
' der'd, that your Petitioner took Notice of it, and said,
' she wonder'd that Lawyer would so spoil a new Crown
' with Powder. To which it was answered, That he
' was no Lawyer, but a Clergyman. Upon a Wager
' of a Pot of Coffee we overtook him, and your Petiti-
' oner was soon convinced she had lost.

' YOUR Petitioner therefore desires your Worship
' to cite the Clergyman before you, and to settle and ad-
' just the Length of Canonical Periwigs, and the Quan-
' tity of Powder to be made Use of in them, and to
' give such other Directions as you shall think fit.

And your Petitioner, &c.

*Q. Whether this Gentleman be not Chaplain to a Regi-
ment, and in such Case allow Powder accordingly.*

AFTER all that can be thought on these Subjects, I
must confess, That the Men who dress with a certain
Ambition to appear more than they are, are much more
excusable than those who betray, in the Adorning their
Persons, a secret Vanity and Inclination to shine in
Things, whetsoe'er they did succeed, it would rather
lessen than advance their Character. For this Reason I
am more provoked at the Allegations relating to the
Clergy.

Clergyman, than any other hinted at in these Complaints. I have indeed a long Time with much Concern observed Abundance of *Pretty Fellows* in Sacred Orders, and shall in due Time let them know, that I pretend to give *Ecclesiastical* as well as *Civil* Censures. A Man well bred and well dressed in that Habit adds to the Sacredness of his Function an Agreeableness not to be met with among the Laity. I own I have spent some Evenings among the Men of Wit of that Profession with an inexpressible Delight. Their habitual Care of their Character gives such a Chastisement to their Fancy, that all which they utter in Company is as much above what you meet with in other Conversation, as the Charms of a modest, are superior to those of a light Woman. I therefore earnestly desire our young Millionaries from the Universities to consider where they are, and not dress, and look, and move like young Officers. It is no Disadvantage to have a very handsome white Hand; but were I to preach Repentance to a Gallery of Ladies, I would, methinks, keep my Gloves on: I have an unfeigned Affection to the Class of Mankind appointed to serve at the Altar, therefore am in Danger of running out of my Way, and growing too serious on this Occasion; for which Reason I shall end with the following Epistle, which, by my Interest in *Tom. Trot* the Penny Post, I procured a Copy of.

To the Reverend Mr. Ralph Ince, Chaplain to the Countess Dowager of Brumpton.

S I R,

- I Heard and saw you preach last Sunday. I am an
- Ignorant young Woman, and understood not half
- you said: But ah! your Manner, when you held up
- both your Hands towards our Pew! Did you design to
- win me to Heaven or yourself?

Your humble Servant,

Penitence Gentle.

ADVERTISEMENT'S.

Mr. Proctorstaff of Clare-Hall in Cambridge is received as a Kinsman, according to his Request bearing Date the 20th Instant.

THE distressed Son of Asculapius is desired to be more

N^o 271.

Tuesday, January 2, 1710.

THE Printer having informed me, That there are as many of these Papers printed as will make four Volumes, I am now come to the End of my Ambition in this Matter, and have nothing further to say to the World under the Character of *Issac Bickerstaff*. This Work has indeed for some Time been disagreeable to me, and the Purpose of it wholly lost by my being so long understood as the Author. I never designed in it to give any Man any secret Wound by my Concealment, but spoke in the Character of an old Man, a Philosopher, an Humourist, an Astrologer, and a Censor, to allure my Reader with the Variety of my Subjects, and insinuate, if I could, the Weight of Reason with the Agreeableness of Wit. The general Purpose of the whole has been to recommend Truth, Innocence, Honour and Virtue, as the chief Ornaments of Life; but I considered, that Severity of Manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that Reason, and that only, chose to talk in a Mask. I shall not carry my Humility so far as to call myself a vicious Man, but at the same Time must confess, my Life is at best but pardonable. And with no greater Character than this, a Man would make but an indifferent Progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable Vices, which Mr. *Bickerstaff* has done with a Freedom of Spirit that would have lost both its Beauty and Efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. *Stile*.

AS to the Work itself, the Acceptance it has met with is the best Proof of its Value; but I should err against that Candour which an honest Man should always carry about him, if I did not own that the most approved Pieces in it were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against, by myself. The *Stand* that has assisted me in those noble Discourses upon
the

the Immortality of the Soul, the glorious Prospects of another Life, and the most sublime Ideas of Religion and Virtue, is a Person who is too kindly my Friend ever to own them; but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the Glory of them. I must acknowledge at the same Time, that I think the sweet Strokes of Wit and Humour in all Mr. *B. A. S.*'s Locutions are those for which he also is beholden to him.

As for the Satirical Part of these Writings, those against the Gentlemen who profess Gaming are the most licentious; but the Main of them I take to come from loving Gamblers, as Invectives against the Fortunate; for in very many of them I was very little else but the Transcriber. If any have been more particularly mark'd at, such Persons may impute it to their own Behaviour (before they were touch'd upon) in publicly speaking their Repentment against the Author, and professing they would support any Man who should insult him. When I mention this Subject, I hope Major General *P.*, Brigadier *B.*, and my Lord *L.*, will accept of my Thanks for their frequent good Offices, in protecting their Readiness to partake any Danger that should betide me in so just an Undertaking, as the Endeavour to banish Fraud and Cozenage from the Presence and Conversation of Gentlemen.

BUT what I find is the least excusable Part of all this Work is, That I have in some Places in it touch'd upon Matters which concern both Church and State. All I shall say for this is, That the Points I allud'd to are such as concerned every Christian and Freeholder in *England*; and I could not be cold enough to conceal my Opinion on Subjects which related to either of those Characters. But Politics apart I must confess, it has been a most exquisite Pleasure to me to trace Characters of Domestic Life, and put those Parts of it which are least observed into an agreeable View; to enquire into the Seeds of Vanity and Affectation, to lay before the Reader the Emptiness of Ambition: In a Word, to trace human Life through all its Mazes and Revels, and show much shorter Methods than Men ordinarily practice to be happy, agreeable, and great.

BUT

BUT to enquire into Men's Faults and Weaknesses has something in it so unwelcome, that I have often seen People in Pain to set before me, whose Modesty only makes them think themselves liable to Censure. This, and a Thousand other nameless Things, have made it an irksome Task to me to persecute Mr. *Hicks* any longer; and I believe it does not often happen, that the Reader is delighted where the Author is dissuaded.

A [I. I can now do for the further Circulation of the Town, is to give them a faithful Index and Explanation of Passages and Allusions, and sometimes of Persons intended in the several scattered Parts of the Work. At the same Time the succeeding Volumes shall discover which of the whole have been written by me, and which by others, and by whom, as far as I am able, or permitted.

THUS I have voluntarily done what I think all Authors should do, when called upon. I have published my Name to my Writings, and given myself up to the Mercy of the Town (as *Shakspeare* expresses it) with all my Imperfections on my Head. The indulgent Readers

Must oblige,

Must obedient,

Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

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This image shows a blank page from a ledger or account book. It features two vertical columns separated by a central line. The left column is wider than the right. Faint horizontal lines are visible across the page, indicating rows for entries. The paper appears aged and slightly discolored.



